SAMUEL BUTLER

AUTHOR OF EREWHON

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S. Butler Panx

Emery Walker Ph. Sc.

Family Prayers

"I did this in 1864 and if I had gone on doing things out of my own head instead of making Studies, I should have been all right." S.B.

Canvas 20 in. by 16 in.

SAMUEL BUTLER

AUTHOR OF EREWHON

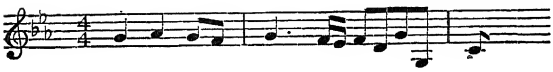
(1835-1902)

A MEMOIR

BY

HENRY FESTING JONES

HANDEL, Fuga VI.



IN TWO VOLUMES

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CHAPTER XXIV

THE WAY OF ALL FLESH

The Way of All Flesh was, as the reader will have observed, altered and re-written in accordance with Miss Savage's criticisms and suggestions; and so intimately was it connected with her that, after her death, Butler could not bring himself to work on it any more; nevertheless, until the end of his life, he always intended to do so. Begun in 1873 and not touched after 1885 it is one of the books—perhaps the principal book—he had in mind when, in 1898, he wrote this sentence in the account of the relations between himself and Pauli:

> If in my books, from *Erewhon* [1872] to *Luck or Cunning?* [1887] there is a something behind the written words which the reader can feel but not grasp—and I fancy that this must be so—it is due, I believe, to the sense of wrong which was omnipresent with me, not only in regard to Pauli, the Darwins, and my father, but also in regard to my ever-present anxiety about money.

In the Appendix is given a chronology of the novel and also a list of addenda. The chronology was made in the course of re-writing the book because he found he was liable to forget the dates, and so, to avoid contradicting himself, he made a statement for reference, to which perhaps he did not strictly adhere. In the addenda he put notes of things to be inserted, which were perhaps not all inserted when the time came.

In form the story is, like the Book of Job and the *Odyssey*, that of the good man passing through trials and coming out triumphant in the end. Ernest is sustained by faith in "a something as yet but darkly known which

makes right right and wrong wrong" (chap. lxviii.). If there is but little love-interest in the book, the *Odyssey* does not contain more and the Book of Job contains less. Had he wished to write a love story, no doubt he could have done it; and the relations between Edward Overton and Alethea, supposed to be in love and yet never marrying, would have provided material for an account of a sentimental attachment. The parties might even have been allowed to marry when they were both past seventy. They never marry and Butler thought that the reader was entitled to some explanation. All the explanation he gets, however, is contained in ch. xviii. when they meet at Ernest's christening:

> It is impossible for me to explain how it was that she and I never married. We two knew exceedingly well, and that must suffice for the reader. There was the most perfect sympathy and understanding between us; we knew that neither of us would marry anyone else. I had asked her to marry me a dozen times over; having said this much I will say no more upon a point which is in no way necessary for the development of my story.

These words represent the fact about as accurately as Theobald's letter represents the fact when, in proposing to Christina, he tries to blind her to any lack of fervour there may be in his subsequent conduct by throwing into her eyes the dust of an imaginary dead love. Butler's difficulty arose partly from his having made Alethea so beautiful. If Miss Savage had been beautiful he might have wanted to marry her, and then he would have had a precedent in real life from which to draw the relations between Edward Overton and Alethea. As it was he had no precedent for the situation he had created in the book; the relations between himself and Isabella might have supplied hints, but Isabella could not have written Miss Savage's letters, while Alethea could. In other respects also Isabella was too different from an educated Englishwoman of his own class to afford much help; and, after all, Ernest was the hero, not Edward Overton. So he wrote the mysterious passage I have quoted, and left the reader to make what he could of it.

He knew that the first few chapters, dealing with

Ernest's ancestry, were a little long, but he wished to emphasise Ernest's pre-natal experiences and wrote the opening and left it as it stands intentionally, meaning it to be illustrative of the theory of *Life and Habit.* The climax is the spiritual and physical emancipation of a human being from the unnatural restraints imposed upon him by the stupidity, folly, and ignorance of those who had controlled his early life.

Returning with a cold from a Christmas outing he wrote to one of his sisters (29th December 1885):

> Curiously enough, like all unimaginative people, I have a fancy that everyone else has a cold as soon as I get one myself; whereas, until I had caught one, I thought that really no one was at all likely to have one. I hope this fancy is groundless so far as you all are concerned.

He often spoke of his unimaginativeness, but I think he knew that like Nausicaa (*The Authoress of the Odyssey*, p. 202) he was endowed with that other and "highest kind of imagination which consists in wise selection and judicious application of material derived from life." He used to say: "Appropriate passages are intended to be appropriated"; he was always on the look-out for appropriate phrases and incidents, and acquired great skill in fitting them in. The incidents may in his pages be sometimes presented not as other people saw them, but they appear as he himself saw them, except for occasional twists which he thought necessary for artistic reasons. Instances of appropriation occur on nearly every page. The shepherd (chap. xiv.) who was covered with confusion when they came to the words "Shepherds with your flocks abiding" is taken from a boy at school with me who, it was said, always blushed when the choir practised "He saw the lovely youth," in *Theodora*; and Butler's old uncle, Philip Worsley, said, as George Pontifex says (chap. xviii.), "You forget you have to deal with a stomach that is totally disorganised."

I do not know whether any one ever actually preached the sermon introducing the delicate blossom unfolding and promising autumn fruit on the barren fig-tree, but it

was a story current at Cambridge about Butler's time. Ernest's sermon (chap. lxi.) about the little cake of the widow of Zarephath was invented, and contains an echo of part of this note:

MEAD

Mead is the lowest of the intoxicants, just as Church is the lowest of the dissipations, and carraway seed the lowest of the condiments.

Ernest was thinking of how in his boyhood on Sunday mornings on the way home from church, he used sometimes to accompany his elders to call on a kind old lady with broad ribbons to her cap who would bring out of the sideboard a glass of mead (in my own case it was raisin wine) and a slice of seed cake wherewith to regale her young visitor. Ernest assumed that among his congregation there must be some in whose memories the peculiar odour emanating from that sideboard cupboard was still lingering.

I am afraid I must confess to being the culprit who provided Ernest with his pseudo-death-bed regret that he had been much too good to his parents (chap. lxxx.). It was while I was recovering from scarlet fever in Barnard's Inn in the winter of 1881-1882. I was very weak, and Butler had to stoop down to hear what I said. When I had said it he burst out laughing, and exclaimed, "Oh, you're all right," just as the nurse claps her hands when Ernest is recovering in prison.

Christina's death-bed (chap. lxxxiii.) is drawn partly from Mrs. Butler's death-bed at Mentone in 1873:

"She has been the comfort and mainstay of my life for more than thirty years," said Theobald, as soon as all was over, "but one could not wish it prolonged," and he buried his face in his handkerchief to conceal his want of emotion.

Part of this speech is slightly altered from the words of a letter Canon Butler wrote from Mentone, 21st March 1873; and as for the rest of it, Butler often told me how his father wandered about the house as the end approached repeating that one could not wish it prolonged. I suppose

that Christina's cry, "Oh, I knew he would come, I knew, I knew he would come," and Ernest's breaking down and weeping at her bed-side, are taken from what happened when Butler approached his dying mother at Mentone, but he never told me so. It was Mrs. Bridges who made the muddle about putting the letters into the wrong envelopes. The incident occurred during Canon Butler's illness in 1883, and one of the letters was to Langar asking for the prayers of the congregation; naturally they went wrong, for which she abused Butler who had been told to post them.

When he went to stay with his people there really was in his bedroom a card with the words:

> Be the day weary, or be the day long,
> At last it ringeth to Evensong.

It will be remembered that Ernest at family prayers (chap. lxxxiii.) knelt next Charlotte and said the responses perfunctorily. This also is founded on fact as will appear from this note made in 1883:

> When I was last at Shrewsbury I noted that the prayers began, "O God, who art always more ready to hear than we to pray." Is it not rather impertinent to tell God this?
>
> I knelt next my elder sister and repeated the responses to the Lord's Prayer, but perfunctorily—not enough for her to be able to lay hold of, but perfunctorily as one who meant to do the lot, and then forgot a bit, and then woke up a bit. I don't know whether she noticed, and I took care she should not be able to think it was intentional.

Here is a chain of notes about Butler's two sisters of whom Charlotte Pontifex is but a faint sketch:

Jones and I at the Royal Institution

> We went at the beginning of this month to hear a lecture on evolution by a man named Weldon. It was very dull; we thought it would be, but I thought I rather ought to go. I sat just below James Martineau; he looked very old; I think he knew me but am not sure. Jones and I arrived some half-an-hour before the lecture began, so we brought out *The Bird o' Freedom* and *The Sporting Times*, perhaps the two most uncultured papers in London, and read them while waiting. [1885.]

Mrs. Bridges and Mrs. Weldon

On the afternoon of this same day my sister Harrie had called on me by arrangement for a cup of tea and to meet Jones. She was highly charged with electricity, but she wanted to make an impression on Jones, and more particularly to outshine May, who had had a similar interview with Jones a year before. This, however, was not to bar her right to scratch me should occasion offer, and in the course of time the occasion was induced to offer itself in this wise. I said that we were going to hear the lecture referred to in the preceding note, and added that Mr. Weldon, the lecturer, might be a far away cousin of ours as we had Weldon ancestors who had lived at Naseby during the civil wars. Harrie said she knew nothing of this, but hoped we were not related to Mrs. Weldon.

"Oh no," said I, "I hope not, she's horrid."

I could see that Harrie had been getting more and more highly charged with electricity, and my words were the occasion of an immediate flash.

"I must say, Sam," she said, "that I think you know a great many very horrid women."

I said I did not know Mrs. Weldon, and had never even seen her.

Harrie said: "Perhaps not, but I think you are apt to take extreme views of people."

I laughed it off, and changed the subject, but Harrie flushed up and, I hope, felt better inasmuch as she had had her scratch. As for Mrs. Weldon she must be rather disagreeable, at least one would think so, for she is at this moment undergoing a sentence of six months' imprisonment for libel.

I saw Harrie look up at the sketches which hang over my mantelpiece; she said nothing, and I said they were most of them my own.

Harrie said: "Yes, I see they——," and then stopped.

She meant to say she could see they were by me as they were so bad, but stopped before she got to the word "are" which, however, she knew very well would go without saying. [1885.]

Miss Butler's Carol

Good news! good news for all the world
  Peals out from every steeple,
A tale of joy without alloy
  To us and all the people.

Homeward we flock from East and West,
Home to our yearly meeting,
A sense of rest in every breast,
On every lip a greeting.
Old friends clasp hands, old foes make peace,
Old sorrows fade away;
For Christ was born in Bethlehem,
And this is Christmas Day.

All through the night the silent stars
Looked forth from cloudless skies,
Trembling for very joy until
The morning star should rise;
All heaven seemed bursting into song,
All nature listening,
The expectant world [1] on bended knee
Was waiting for the King.
Now dawn is come, the angels sing,
And we are glad as they;
For Christ was born in Bethlehem,
And this is Christmas Day.

Our Gavotte Album

The day after I had read the foregoing (May's Carol) I took Jones's and my Gavottes to Novello's for engraving. I did not notice that the stars had been particularly noisy on the preceding evening; the buses were going about the streets much as usual and, only that the pavement was greasy by reason of the thaw, there was not much evidence of sympathy on the part of inanimate nature. True, there had been an explosion on the underground railway a few days previously, and also Mr. Gladstone was indisposed, but neither of these events was distinctly connected with the Gavottes, so I just took them to Novello's and came home to dinner. [1885.]

Narcissus

Or rather my part of it. I played "Ah, cruel Fortune" to May. She did not say anything except:

"I should like to see how the words go."

I gave her the music, and she said no more. Then I played the choruses. She said:

"And have you brought down all that you have done?"

I said I had, and there the matter ended.

Harrie went on writing letters and said nothing whatever. [1884.]

[1] May wrote "All Christendom," but the Editor [of *The Albany Magazine*, in which the carol appeared, January 1885] reflected that Christendom was not yet in existence and changed the reading.—S. B.

TWO ARE BETTER THAN ONE

I heard some one say this and replied:

"Yes, but the man who said that did not know my sisters."

This proverb is the help-meet for The Half is Greater than the Whole of Hesiod. [1893.]

And Butler thought he was letting Ernest off easily by giving him only one sister when he had two himself.

Towneley is intended as a contrast to Ernest. He crowded into Towneley all the good things he had observed in those of his friends whom he most admired. There had been nothing wrong in Towneley's bringing up. With a great price Ernest obtained his freedom, but Towneley was born free. His parents died when he was very young in order that he might not be bullied in childhood, and they were drowned by the overturning of a boat in order that there might be no suspicion of either of them having died of any disease which Towneley might have inherited.

After the book was published, Canon M'Cormick said to me:

"Well, I've got *The Way of All Flesh*, and I must say I find it very painful reading."

I said, "I told you not to read it."

He replied, "Yes, I know you did; but I was obliged to get it. Of course, I see he has put me in—of course I am Towneley, and he says a great many very kind things about me; but I am glad you called, because I particularly want you to understand that the incident of Towneley's visit to Miss Snow is not drawn from life."

I did not tell the old gentleman that Towneley was drawn more from Pauli, or rather from what Butler had persuaded himself that Pauli was, than from any one else, for this would have been to tell him that the "kind things" were not all about him. But the particular incident of Towneley's visit to Miss Snow was drawn from Butler himself, not from Pauli. Butler never was on sufficiently intimate terms with Pauli to be able to take any such incident from him.

Other people thought the book "very painful reading."

Some years after Butler's death I met a lady at dinner who told me she had been reading *The Old Wives' Tale* by Arnold Bennett, and asked me to recommend her some other book. I recommended *The Way of All Flesh*. She was up in arms in a moment. The book had been mentioned to her by a Quaker friend, and she had got it and begun it. It had disgusted and shocked and horrified her so much that she had burnt it in the fire in her drawing-room grate.

I was never quick, as Butler was, to recognise and appropriate appropriate passages; but next time I met this lady, having had time to think over her words, I said:

"Would you mind my introducing your burning *The Way of All Flesh* into the Life of Butler which I am writing?"

She remembered all about it, but was coy because, as she said, burning is not very polite treatment. I replied:

"Never mind about the rudeness. Haven't you noticed that authors do not object to abuse? The only thing that really irritates them is indifference."

"Oh, there was none of that," she exclaimed, and graciously gave her consent.

Both Ernest and Edward Overton are pieces of self-portraiture and give a far better idea of Butler than could ever be given by any one else except that, no doubt from considerations of modesty, he suppresses many of his own good points. Any one who knew him can recognise many passages wherein he is laughing at himself and at his own little failings, oddities, and quixotisms.

When Edward Overton doubts whether Ernest ever will be as wary as he ought to be about trusting any one who is kind to him—this is a dig at himself. He was always thinking, as he says of Ernest (chap. lxxvii.), that people had a claim upon him for some inestimable service they had rendered him or some irreparable mischief done to them by himself, so much so that I used to say of him that he must always pay double and other people might only pay him half.

Again (chap. lxxiii.) when Ernest finds that no absolutely incontrovertible first principle is possible, and is just as well pleased as though he had found the most perfect system imaginable—all he wanted was to know which way it was to be—this is exactly like himself. And so it is when (chap. lxxx.) "having found a theory on which to justify himself, he slept in peace." As with Butler so with Ernest, when anything puzzled him there must be a theory, only a working hypothesis if you like, but final, pro tem. This was part of the tidiness of Butler's nature which Ernest inherited from the author.

Again, any statement involving a contradiction, not realised as such by the person making it, outraged his sense of tidiness. No one felt more acutely than he did that life depends upon the equilibrium resulting from the clash of opposites, and this involves the existence of contradictions. But these are not untidy contradictions springing from muddle-headedness and carelessness ; there is no untidiness in intentional contradictions which are pigeon-holed as such from the first.

The episode (chap. xliv.) of the old gentleman, who turned out to be the police magistrate, watching Ernest in the train, is taken from something that happened to Butler. He was going in the Underground from the Temple to High Street, Kensington, *i.e.* from Clifford's Inn to the Albert Hall, to hear the *Messiah* and had the music with him ; during the journey he was thinking of his troubles with Pauli and his father and of his money difficulties, just as Ernest going home from school was thinking of his own troubles, and smiled resignedly as it occurred to him that after all perhaps it did not matter. Just then he noticed that a passenger opposite was watching him, and amused himself, in a kind of burlesque Christina reverie, by wondering whether or no his smile of resignation would be attributed to religious exaltation because he was cuddling the *Messiah*.

Ernest's landlady, Mrs. Jupp, was in real life Mrs. Boss who used to wait on Reginald Worsley, as has been said earlier. But Mrs. Jupp had to be edited into a far

more respectable person than ever poor old Boss was. Here is a note about the original :

Boss

Boss's son, Tom, is illegitimate ; but he has himself committed bigamy, first with Topsy and now with Phoebe—or "Phoeb," as Boss calls her without sounding the final "e." Boss was not married quite enough ; Tom is married a little too much. She was saying one day that illegitimacy did not matter, and was pleased when my cousin explained to her that all the animals were illegitimate. [1887.]

Ernest's life in Ashpit Place is drawn from Butler's life in Heddon Street after he had come down from Cambridge and was intending to take orders. The lodgers in Ernest's house are the lodgers in his own house. Pryer is not drawn from any one ; he was wanted so that Ernest might lose his money ; the account of Ernest's shares going up and down with Pryer (chap. lv. et seq.) is, however, taken from what Butler experienced with Henry Hoare.

Ernest did not go to New Zealand and Butler never went to prison, which he used to regret when he was approaching this part of the book, for he did not see how he was ever going to make it plausible. In the end he paid a visit to Coldbath Fields, was most politely received, stated his difficulty and obtained all the information he required.

I do not know of any original for the episode of Ellen's leaving Battersby ; he perhaps took her previous marriage with John from the disclosure towards the end of *Pendennis* of Amory's bigamy. I do not mean that the disclosure of bigamy is not used to get rid of inconvenient spouses and bring the story to an end in other novels, but Butler was familiar with Thackeray's books and early in life admired them. (Cf. *The Note-Books of Samuel Butler*, p. 188.)

The meeting and subsequent marriage of Ernest and Ellen was founded on what happened to Butler's friend E. whose umbrella caught in a woman's dress in Holborn,

which led to a conversation, which led to something further, which led to their marriage when E. attained twenty-one. E. and his wife, however, were strangers when they met in the street, and never kept an old-clothes shop; but she did take to drinking and evil courses, and E. acted on his discoveries and divorced her. Ernest and Ellen have two children, a girl and a boy, because only two, a girl and a boy, survived of the children which E.'s wife bore to him. Butler has it in his notes that I was telling the story of E.'s married life to Mr. Forster, the father of a college friend of mine, and told him further that E.'s son once said to his father:

"Do you know, papa, I don't think I shall marry when I grow up."

"Oh, why not, my boy?" said E.

"Well, you see, you did make such an awful mess of it."

Mr. Forster was much scandalised and supposed that E. reproved his son.

I said, "No, he did not. He knew very well he had made an awful mess of it, that his wife was a bad woman, and he was very thankful to have got rid of her."

Mr. Forster said, "Well, but after all she was the mother of his children."

"Yes," I said, "there was never any doubt about that; the question was whether he was their father."

The account of Ernest's coming home, finding Ellen drunk and being humbugged into believing that it was the result of her being in an interesting condition, the neglect of the house, and all the rest of the misery, was taken from what E. told Butler about his own married life. Butler used to say there was no occasion for him ever to get married; he had learnt all there was to know from E. After the novel was published I was talking about it to E., who said that all this part was wonderfully well done. I said:

"Of course you think so; it is all reproduced from what you told him of your own experiences."

E. had forgotten having told Butler anything about his own married life.

The place where Ernest puts his children is the Long Reach Tavern down the river opposite Purfleet. We often lunched there on our Sunday walks, and sometimes brought back mushroom ketchup made by the landlady from mushrooms gathered by her children. This matter of Ernest's children is another point of difference between Butler and Ernest, so far as mere facts are concerned. Butler was never married—not even bigamously; and never had any children—so far as he knew; but he made Ernest behave to Alice and Georgie as he believed that he would himself have tried to behave to any children he might have had, instead of treating them as Theobald treated Ernest. I think it possible that parts of the scheme might in practice have been subjected to modification.

Several unimportant misprints occurred in the first edition of the book and one important one, which was corrected in the edition of 1908. What Edward Overton (chap. lxxvii.) really said was, "'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have lost at all," and it was right in the proofs; but some cultured printer's reader, who had too seriously taken to heart Lord Salisbury's recommendation to verify your references, "corrected" it after the last revise had been passed. Edward Overton was "quoting from memory," and this particular piece of wickedness was hit upon as a pendant to that other in chap. iv. of *Alps and Sanctuaries*:

> Mr. Tennyson has well said, "There lives more doubt"—I quote from memory—"in honest faith, believe me, than in half the systems of philosophy," or words to that effect.

Butler could not for a long time make up his mind how to use the one about loving and losing because, if applied to any one who was dead, it was difficult to manage without giving offence; ultimately this conversation was built up to meet the case.

He often said that any one who had become a widower, or had divorced his wife, had been inoculated for marriage and had recovered.

When I was at Cambridge there was an undergraduate, a good deal older than the rest of us and a blackguard,

who lodged in the same house with one of my friends. I asked my friend how he got on with the older man and he replied :

"Oh, he's all very well—when he's sober."

And the lady students at Heatherley's used to call Butler "the incarnate bachelor." Here, at the opening of chap. lxxvii., in less than seven lines, are four passages which had been floating in his head for years until at last he worked them together, like bits of mosaic, into this conversation ; and yet the passage reads perfectly smoothly and has no feeling of mosaic about it.

There was another mistake in chap. lx., but the printer was not responsible for this. "It was the Bible given him at his christening by his affectionate godmother and aunt, Elizabeth Allaby." Alethea was Ernest's godmother. But Butler had a christening Bible of his own with this inscription :

"Samuel Butler, from his affectionate godmother and aunt, Anna Worsley. September 13th, 1836."

In appropriating this inscription for Ernest he substituted for the name of his own maternal aunt that of Ernest's, whereas he should have written that of Ernest's paternal aunt ; but he was not going to allow Ernest to ill-treat anything given him by Alethea. It may be he forgot that Ernest, like most boys, had only one godmother ; it is however just as likely that he knew what he was doing, and thought that to let such a consideration weigh with him would have been to pay too much attention to a detail concerning an unimportant formality of the Church. Just as he told Miss Savage that it was as well not to know how a saint's name should be spelt when she pointed out that he had written "St. Lewis" for "St. Louis" in *Life and Habit* (ante, I. 263). Whatever the explanation may be, Streatfeild and I both overlooked the point when we were reading the proofs.

The text from the Epistle to the Romans quoted on the title-page, "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God," was a favourite one with him : it is referred to again in chap. lxviii., where it is followed by an allusion to "that noble air of Handel's,

'Great God, Who yet but darkly known.'" He was continually quoting it in all sorts of connections.

Many years after the novel was written we were in Palermo and went to the Palazzo Reale to see the mosaics in the Cappella Palatina. Butler paid at the door and the custode gave him a bad lira among his change; he noticed it at once and they had words about it, but it was of no use. The custode was a lordly old gentleman, voluble in his speech and overwhelming in his gestures and manners; he carried too many guns and deafened us with his protestations—first, that it was a good lira; secondly, that it was not the one he had given us, and so on, and so on. We could not have felt more ashamed of ourselves if we had been foiled in an attempt to convict the Cardinal-Archbishop himself of uttering counterfeit coin. So we gave it up and passed in defeated. When we came out we had recovered a little, and the custode, who had forgotten all about so usual an occurrence, returned our umbrellas to us with an obsequiousness capable of but one interpretation.

"I shall not give him anything," said Butler severely to me. "Oh yes, I will though," he added, and his eyes twinkled as he fumbled in his pocket. Then, with a very fair approach to Sicilian politeness, he handed the bad lira back to the old gentleman.

The custode's face changed and changed again like a field of corn on a breezy morning. In spite of his archiepiscopal appearance he would have been contented with a few soldi; seeing a whole lira he beamed with delight; then, detecting its badness, his countenance fell and he began to object; almost immediately he identified it as his own coin and was on the point of bursting with rage but, suddenly realising that he could have nothing to say, he laughed heartily, shook hands with both of us, and apologised for not being able to leave his post as he would so much have liked to drink a glass of wine with us.

"There, now we have made another friend for life," said Butler as we drove away. "This comes of doing the right thing. We must really be more careful. It is another illustration of what I am so constantly telling you;

this is the sort of thing that must have been in the Apostle's mind when he said that about all things working together for good to them that love God."

All through his life, whatever he was engaged upon, whether it was an apparently trivial matter or one apparently of the first importance—whether at Palermo he was paying back the custode in his own coin, or in *The Fair Haven* paying back the cashiers of the musical banks in an ironical imitation of their own coin—nothing ever shook his belief that if a man loves God he cannot come to much harm. We may not always know very clearly what is meant by God, and things may not always work together for the particular kind of good that we desire; but there is "a something as yet but darkly known which makes right right and wrong wrong," and no man can ultimately fail who obeys the dictates of that voice which we can all hear within us if we will but listen. But he must obey without regard to theological dogmas or social conventions; he must never allow mistakes to dishearten him—mistakes made in good faith will teach him more than anything else; and he must never grow weary of taking pains. Then each difficulty will vanish like a morning mist, and his next step will be made clear.

Alethea realised that Ernest had this faith and that he was the sort of boy who would act steadfastly upon it, therefore she left him her money; and this led to Ernest's experiencing the trial of wealth, as well as that of poverty, and affected the particular form of his final success. But if he had had no Aunt Alethea, or if Edward Overton had lost the money, that would only have given rise to different incidents and, after some other trials, some other kind of happiness would have been reached in the end.

Had Butler re-written the book he might have thought it worth while to emphasise Ernest's final success and happiness which, it may be, is presented in a form that may strike some readers as not unlike failure. But I do not think he would have altered it, for we all know that happiness consists in doing what a man likes and not in doing what other people think he ought to like. Writing about his own literary position in 1893 he said:

I should have liked notoriety and financial success well enough if they could have been had for the asking, but I was not going to take any trouble about them and, as a natural consequence, I did not get them. If I had wanted them with the same passionate longing that has led me to pursue every inquiry that I have pursued, I should have got them fast enough. It is very rarely that I have failed to get what I have really tried for and, as a matter of fact, I believe I have been a great deal happier for not trying than I should have been if I had had notoriety thrust upon me.

And so, having made Ernest as like himself as he could, he left him in the happy position of being free, like himself, to do and say the things he considered best worth doing and saying.

CHAPTER XXV

1885—Part II. 1886

LUCK OR CUNNING?

1885 Aet. 49 It must have been in June 1885 that some one sent Butler a copy of *Il Dovere* (a Ticinese newspaper) for 29th May, in which there was a reference to *Alps and Sanctuaries*, speaking of the author as a "ricco milionario." Butler made a note about how he brought this up to my chambers one morning, as he was on his way to the Museum, and began reading it to me. On arriving at the "rich millionaire" he stopped, and this is how his note proceeds:

At this point I could read no more. Fancy the growth of myth investing me with money! I was in Jones's sitting-room. Jones was in his bedroom finishing dressing. Ann [Jones's laundress] was preparing his breakfast in the pantry. I laughed rather dryly and said:

"The gentleman who wrote that does not do my washing."

Ann heard this in the pantry and laughed, for she does my washing and knew what I meant.

"But," I continued, "my clothes are not worn out; they are only tired—they are only inexpressibly weary."

Ann and my Clothes

Ann, Jones's laundress, now does my washing. I could not get my things properly mended, and for want of this they got more and more ragged. Then Mrs. Doncaster took to washing for me; and this meant that she did not wash, but stuffed all my clothes into the dirty-clothes bag and let them lie there till, at the latest possible moment, she took from the top what would just do for Sunday and left the rest where they were. I remonstrated,

but the poor woman had more than she could do, and at last I struck and insisted that Ann should run my washing and mending. Ann told Jones she found my things so ragged that she was ashamed to send them to her own mangler, but sent the boy with them to a mangler who did not know her name and address. She told Jones not to tell me, but he told me. It is all the fault of my books and of their reviewers that I put off getting new things until the last possible moment. [1885.]

1885 Aet. 49

In reply to a general invitation from Mr. Edward Clodd, Butler proposed to go and see him on a Sunday evening at the end of June. Clodd replied accepting the proposal, and telling Butler that he would meet Grant Allen, who was to call on Holman Hunt in the afternoon but would be at Clodd's in the evening. Butler, thinking it better to prepare Clodd for the possibility of the meeting between himself and Grant Allen not being very cordial, wrote a letter of which he kept a copy that has no date. Here is the letter, followed by a letter to Miss Butler, and two notes arising out of or connected with the episode.

Butler to Mr. Edward Clodd.

Dear Clodd—Grant Allen and I are both very good sort of people in our different ways, but the world is wide enough to let us, perhaps, do wisely in keeping out of each other's reach. We have each given the other cause to complain, I in saying that Grant Allen wrote an article which he did not sign, and he in writing the article in question. I consider myself justified—so, doubtless, and very likely with more reason, does he; but I am afraid of him, and don't want to meet him; besides he will have been to see Holman Hunt, and what good can I expect from a person who goes to see Holman Hunt?

I went by the *Glen Rosa* to Clacton-on-Sea yesterday and did not get back till 10 o'clock, so had no means of communicating with you sooner or I would have done so.—Believe me, yours truly,

S. Butler.

Butler to Miss Butler.

30 *June* 1885—I went to an old acquaintance's on Sunday evening, or should have written then. He [Mr. Edward Clodd] is secretary to the Joint Stock Bank of London and writes mildly broad-church books. He had made what I am sure was a plant

1885 to bring me and one of my particular foes, Grant Allen, together.
Aet. 49 I had said I would go and late on Saturday night—too late for me to get out of it—Grant Allen was sprung upon me as to be of the company, so I must either make a good deal of fuss or go and be civil. Of course the second alternative was the proper one; at the same time I did not like it, for Grant Allen had behaved badly by me and I had given it to him pretty hot in one of my books. However, I went and did the thing handsomely, assuring him how glad I was to have the pleasure of meeting him and behaving as though there never had been the smallest row of any kind between us. This is literary etiquette and, to do him justice, he behaved very well too, so it all went off smoothly. There were a lot of other literary (and scientific) people there, and I derived more of an impression that last year's *Athenaeum* row had been working than I have done on any occasion since the row;[1] but it disgusted me to hear Grant Allen praise *Evolution Old and New* so warmly, and say of what great use he had found it and all the rest of it—which indeed is true, for it has appeared clearly enough in his books—and to remember that, when it came out, he laughed at it and sneered at it as "leaving the reader without a single clear idea upon any subject whatever" and did it more mischief than anyone else I know; and all the time I had had his first book, his *Colour Sense*, submitted to me by Trübner in its sketch state, and did all I could to induce Trübner to take it, which he did. However, what it comes to virtually is that Grant Allen wanted to make peace and I let him, and I daresay it is as well.

Grant Allen

When I met him at Clodd's a year ago, Bates the naturalist was there; he[2] would hardly speak to me, marking displeasure in ways I could not misunderstand; and when I tried to say good-night to him along with the others he would not let me. It was all done very quietly, but I do not doubt my interpretation of his manner. He repeatedly spoke of Darwin's brilliant discovery of natural selection, and if he knew no better than what he said, he was simply an old fool. His displeasure with me was doubtless for my attack on Darwin.

Grant Allen said innocently:

"I wonder whether Darwin was in any way influenced by the works of his grandfather."

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[1] By the "row" he means the correspondence that followed the *Athenaeum* review of Romanes's *Mental Evolution in Animals*, ante, I. 409, 410.

[2] This is the note as Butler left it; it is not clear whether "he" means Grant Allen or Bates; I think it means Bates.

This was to draw me, and I at once replied, "I can only speak from my own experience. To me it seems inconceivable that anyone should pay the smallest attention to anything that had been written by his grandfather." 1885 Aet. 49

I blurted this out with more or less of a wry face, and they laughed, whereon the subject dropped. [May 1886.]

Holman Hunt again

I have unintentionally run up against this gentleman, I mean in the spirit, more than once lately. Last night I dined at Mrs. Tylor's, and she told us how Holman Hunt had called on them one winter's afternoon, and had been talking of his picture, "The Light of the World," and the house in which it was painted.

"How I should like," he exclaimed, "to see that house again."

Then they asked him where it was, and when he told them they found it belonged to them and was now untenanted.

"So off we all went," said Mrs. Tylor in her most reginal manner, "then and there, and got to Chelsea" (I suppose from Queen Anne's Gate) "soon after dark. And then we could not get the keys, and we remembered that they were at Mr. Morse's and they had to be fetched; and then, when at last they came, we could not unlock the door; so we caught a little street boy and put him over the wall and he got into the house and let us in; and then Holman Hunt led the way holding a lanthorn in his hand, looking—oh so like 'The Light of the World,' you know—his own picture" ("Just as though," I thought to myself, "Holman Hunt would miss a point like that. Doubtless he said to himself, 'Now they are thinking I am so like "The Light of the World"'"). "And he led the way upstairs and brought us to the room in which he had painted his great picture; and there, in that very room, he gave us the history of his whole past career as an artist."

"And were there any chairs in the room?" I thought irreverently; but of course I said how interesting it must have been. [July 1885.]

The epithet "reginal" covers an allusion to the fact that Mrs. Tylor was an intimate personal friend of Queen Victoria. Mr. Sydney Morse, Mrs. Tylor's son-in-law, being a solicitor, the keys of the house were, I suppose, with him in the course of business.

About this time Thomas Butler's effects were arriving from Corsica.

Butler to Mrs. Thomas Butler.

1885 Aet. 49 2 *July* 1885—Fancy a library consisting of a Bible, a botany book, and an *Erewhon*! [These were all the books in my brother's possession at the time of his death.—S. B., Feb. 11th, 1902.] Three more respectable volumes it would be hard to find. The botany book is the only one against which a shadow of complaint can be raised, and I should fear Tom studied it more than either of the other two; but even a botany book is only bizarre, it is not défendu.

Butler to Miss Butler.

24 *July* 1885 . . . You will gather from this that I am having my great annual tidying and cleaning up. I generally do this on my return from abroad, but this year have taken it into my head that I shall enjoy my outing better if I feel that I have left everything very trim and shipshape. You know it was said that no one could *be* as wise as Lord Thurlow looked. I want it to be that no rooms can look as tidy as mine *are*. Among other things I am arranging in proper order and dating poor Miss Savage's letters and as many of mine to her as have reached me. This is a very painful business, but no one can do it except me, and the letters must have all the care that I can bestow upon them. I should burn mine to her but they explain hers so much—when there are any—that I cannot do this.

After his tidying up he went abroad. He crossed the S. Bernardino to Bellinzona and wrote to his sister (23rd August 1885) that he had lunched in company with the monk who was parroco of Soazza:

I knew him and laughingly reminded him of how he would not let me finish a sketch on a festa and I had to go away without finishing it. He had heard of *Alps and Sanctuaries* and wanted me to send a copy to Soazza. I again laughed and said I would only send one on condition that he would let me make a sketch on a Sunday. He saw he was caught and gave me a pinch of snuff at once.

"Io dico niente," he said laughing, "ma siamo intesi."

So I suppose I must send him a copy.

From Bellinzona Butler went to Arona, but the family who used to keep the hotel there had removed to Florence, so he could not salute Isabella. Thence he went to Varallo-Sesia.

Butler to H. F. Jones.

CROCE BIANCA, VARALLO-SESIA. 1885 Aet. 49

15 *July* 1885—I think you saw the passage from which the following is translated; I have had the piece of newspaper in my pocket these three years and only translated it yesterday; the translation runs:

"Mr. Harblot Browne has died in London at the age of 60 after having enjoyed twenty years of exceptional popularity throughout the whole of England. This admirable artist achieved his first successes under the pseudonym of Fix which he adopted while illustrating the works of Dickens when the author of *David Copperfield* was still writing under the name of Box.

"The pencil of Harblot was of the greatest assistance to Box; those who have observed it in *Pikwik*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *David Copperfield* and in many another work, will be of one mind as to the artistic taste and, above all, the fidelity to nature with which Harblot portrayed the characters of the great novelist."

To this I have added the commentary:

"One feels as though some book on evolution was being reviewed by Mr. Grant Allen, Mr. G. J. Romanes, Professor Huxley, Miss Julia Wedgwood, Miss Edith Simcox, or indeed by any of our more prolific and thoughtful magazine writers."

I will put this into my next Italian book.

Miss Bertha Thomas and Miss Helen Zimmern were at Varallo, and they and Butler were the only foreigners present at the festa in honour of the fourth centenary of the birth of Gaudenzio Ferrari. There were processions, bands, flags, illuminations, and fireworks, and Miss Thomas sent to *The Times* a short notice of the proceedings, which gave great pleasure in the town, and was for years afterwards, and perhaps is still, referred to as "lo stupendo articolo."

Butler to H. F. Jones.

HOTEL CROCE BIANCA, VARALLO-SESIA.

26 *Aug.* 1885—I went up to the Sacro Monte and heard the requiem in the church there. I went under compulsion and expected the usual thing; I was, however, surprised to find how good the music was. The orchestra played very well, there was nothing harsh about it, all went excellently; there was not a

1885 Aet. 49 trace of modern opera and, though there were no set choruses or airs developed to any length, yet he [the composer] was all along exposing fugues at every touch and turn and giving one the impression that his sympathies were with the old school. I was astounded and very much interested. The composer, a certain Antonio Cagnoni of Novara, conducted; so did the first violin. Cagnoni faced the audience and, though beating time—much more beautifully than I ever saw time beaten before—rarely even looked at the orchestra. The first violin beat with his bow, whenever not actually playing, and was all the time running the orchestra. Cagnoni moved very little and never changed his expression while conducting. He did everything with his hands and nothing with face or body; but I never saw anyone get so much out of his hands before. The music did not anywhere bore me and, in fact, I was surprised and interested throughout. He used what I thought was a piece of common deal a foot long, two and a half inches broad, and half an inch thick, to conduct with. I had myself introduced to him and requested him to present me with his baton, having endeavoured first to enquire whether he had any special regard for it. He did not understand this and could not see my drift; at any rate he was very much pleased when he came to see that I wanted his baton as a token of respect; of course I chiefly wanted it to show you, but that was not how I put it. I find it is some old newspapers folded up pretty tight and wrapped round with silk. It looked exactly like a piece of common rough deal. I sent him our *Gavottes* at once.

I hear that the Pope has just lately issued an edict absolutely forbidding masses to be written in the operatic style. Miss Zimmern saw this in the *Corriere della Sera*, but I should think this mass was written before the edict. The Pope's edict, however, ought to have rather interesting results.

Butler to H. F. Jones.

CROCE BIANÇA, VARALLO-SESIA.

31 *Aug.* 1885—I think I told you about the requiem and how I raped Cagnoni's baton. The sindaco wrote a letter to the *Val-Sesia* about it and informed them that after the mass the English "giornalista S. Buttler," wishing to show his appreciation of Cagnoni's music, asked him for the solfa he had used in conducting, and that the maestro communicated the request at once to the cathedral chapter of Novara, to whom the solfa belonged, and they, signifying their consent, he gave the solfa "di buon grado." So it was a great success; Cagnoni and everyone was very much pleased and I have got the baton, which

I like all the better for being the cathedral one. I take it to be two old newspapers wrapped round in linen and silk. It is very dirty. . . . 1885 Aet. 49

By the way, Cagnoni sent a note acknowledging receipt of our *Gavottes*; he had not yet had time to examine them but, on the cursory inspection he had alone been able to give them before writing, he thought them excellent—which is much what people say of our music in England, only more politely put.

Antonio Cagnoni (1828-1896) made his first success as a writer of comic opera. Grove's *Dictionary* gives a list of 17 operas composed by him of which one, *Papà Martin*, was performed by Carl Rosa at the Lyceum Theatre, London, in 1875 as *The Porter of Havre*. After becoming maestro di cappella in the cathedral and director of the Istituto Musicale at Novara he wrote nothing but sacred music. He went from Novara to Bergamo where he died.

Butler to H. F. Jones.

HOTEL RIPOSO, SACRO MONTE, VARESE.

8 *Sept.* 1885—I got to Varese town on Sunday night and on here next morning. As usual it is a festa. . . . I bought three little watch-glass things, like those we broke, one for me, one for you, and one in case we break one. I got one down below and the other two from our fair friend up at the top; she knew me and made such a fuss, and immediately asked after you; and she charged me 1 fr. 25 c. apiece for what were selling down below for 1 fr., but she did it all so beautifully that it was well worth the 25 centimes.

"Our fair friend" was a beautiful woman, one of those who sell religious knicknacks just outside the town on the top of the Sacro Monte, and the "little watch-glass things" were among her stock—a pair of watch-glasses fastened together like oyster-shells with a strip of gilded paper round the edges, the oyster being a representation of the Madonna among coloured flowers. This lady was so extremely innocent that she frequently made mistakes about the change, hardly knowing one coin from another; but the mistakes usually happened to be in her own favour. One year Butler told her that she

1885 Aet. 49 had lost none of her beauty, and she rejoined that there were few "tanto buoni e carini e gentili come Lei."

She and Butler once had a theological discussion. She thought that every one, sensible or otherwise, was of the same religion. Butler objected that this was not so, that some, for instance, were Turks.

"È Turco Lei?" (Are you a Turk?) inquired our fair friend with a look as though—well, anyhow there could be no harm in asking. But he was not thinking of making any addition to his harem at the time, so he excused himself and brought the interview to a close.

This lady was to have been introduced into the second Italian book. He also intended to fall asleep and have a dream in front of the chapel that contains the figures representing Christ disputing with the Doctors. We had often wondered what the dispute was all about; in his dream the Doctors were to propound this question:

"Which is best—prose or poetry?"

And Christ, ticking off the alternatives on his fingers, as Italians do, was to be heard giving His decision:

"Poetry, because there is less of it on a page."

Early in September I joined Butler on the Sacro Monte, and we went down to Milan where we spent some hours in the Brera trying to settle a point which interested him intensely. He thought he had discovered portraits of Giovanni and Gentile Bellini among the heads of onlookers in various pictures, and had promised the editor of *The Athenaeum* to write about it in his paper.

Butler to Mrs. Bridges.

19 *Sept.* 1885—I thought matters were as I supposed, but did not like to write [to *The Athenaeum*] without making notes on the spot with the pictures before me; for though I believe I may say no one has done much more to glorify memory than I have, I find my own memory most unglorifiable, and to stand in need of continual verification and correction. However, I am all right this time, and how the portraits in question can have escaped notice so long I cannot conceive. I spotted them at once fourteen years ago and thought everyone else must have done so. I have repeatedly seen them since and this time, approaching them

very sceptically, still can see no escape from the conclusion I arrived at in the first instance, namely that the two adjacent heads in the two separate pictures in the Brera are the same as the two in the Louvre picture of Giovanni and Gentile Bellini. 1885 Aet. 49

After Milan we joined my mother and sisters at Vicenza and with them went to Venice, where Butler spent much time searching the pictures for more examples of the heads of the Bellini. He returned by way of Basel where he made some progress with the copy he had begun of the Holbein water-colour, "La Danse," and convinced the director from internal evidence of the manner in which the folds of drapery were drawn that it was an original Holbein and not a copy. He wrote to me: "So I have given the Basel Museum a Holbein as I mean to give the Louvre a Titian to-morrow." In his next letter, however (3rd October 1885), he wrote: "I could not give the Louvre a Titian, because as soon as I saw the picture I saw it was not by him." It was a picture of two heads which he thought represented the Bellini, and he interested the keeper in the subject. "We both think the picture rightly ascribed to Gentile Bellini."

Butler to Miss Butler.

15 Clifford's Inn, E.C.

21 *Oct.* 1885—No, I will not have any Persian cat; it is undertaking too much responsibility. I must have a cat whom I find homeless, wandering about the court, and to whom, therefore, I am under no obligation. There is a Clifford's Inn euphemism about cats which the laundresses use quite gravely: they say people come to this place "to lose their cats." They mean that, when they have a cat they don't want to kill and don't know how to get rid of, they bring it here, drop it inside the railings of our grass-plot, and go away under the impression that they have been "losing" their cat. Well, this happens very frequently and I have already selected a dirty little drunken wretch of a kitten to be successor to my poor old cat. I don't suppose it drinks anything stronger than milk and water but then, you know, so much milk and water must be bad for a kitten that age—at any rate it looks as if it drank; but it gives me the impression of being affectionate, intelligent, and fond of mice, and I believe, if it had a home, it would become more respectable; at any rate I will see how it works.

1885 Aet. 49 Grant Allen has brought out his *Darwin* and has made a handsome acknowledgment of *Evolution Old and New* in his preface. . . .

Last night Jones and I both went to dine with Miss Bertha Thomas, a pranzo sociale, to meet Miss Zimmern, play *Narcissus*, and talk Italy. It was very pleasant.

Also I have at last done what I have threatened for some time past, and bought one of these new and cheaper Columbia typewriters. I cannot yet write as fast with it as with the pen but, even now, it is a great comfort. It saves all fatigue of eye and then one can see so well what one has got. I have only had it a week, but I already feel I should be lost without it; and it will save its cost twice over in a single book, for I can see my book in type before sending it to the press and correct it so much better that I ought to have very little correction in future to pay for.

But he did not use the typewriter for writing his books in the first instance; it would have been impossible to use it in the British Museum Reading Room; it was kept for copying. This development of the machinery of writing reminds me of a note Butler made in 1883:

Steel and Quill Pens

It is only during the last ten years or so that quill pens have quite gone out. I wrote *Erewhon* and *The Fair Haven* with quill pens, but no book since.

Grant Allen's *Charles Darwin*

In October 1885 Mr. Charles Archer Cook, who was editing *The Athenaeum* during MacColl's absence, asked me to review Grant Allen's *Charles Darwin*. I have no doubt MacColl had told him to offer it to me. I immediately declined on the ground that there was too strong a personal hostility between myself and both Darwin and Grant Allen to make it possible for me to review the book without a bias against it. Besides I do not review books. I belong to the reviewed classes, not to the reviewers. I am pleased to observe that, as I would not review the book, *The Athenaeum* has not reviewed it at all, unless of course a review has escaped me.

At the end of this year appeared *Charles Darwin* by Dr. Ernst Krause (Leipzig, 1885). It contains on pp. 185-186 Dr. Krause's account of the dispute which led to

the writing of chapter iv. of *Unconscious Memory*. A translation by Butler of this passage in Dr. Krause's book, followed by his comment on it, is given in an Appendix post. 1885 Aet. 50

Butler to Miss Butler.

29 *Dec.* 1885—Please ask my father if he remembers a line in Horace, "Nec mihi res, sed me rebus componere. . . ." Does he remember the last word? It sounds as if it ought to be "conor", but I have a half fancy that the "o" in "conor" may be short; if he remembers, ask him to supply the missing word; if he doesn't, I will look through the Epistles and Satires of Horace. I want the passage as summing up the Lamarckian system, according to which modification is effected by animals and plants adapting themselves to their surroundings as well as they can and, as the surroundings gradually change, changing too.

Butler to his Father.

31 *Dec.* 1885—I thank you for your kindness in trying to find my line. I thought the "o" in "conor" was long, but have generally found that when I feel pretty sure a vowel is long it turns out short, and I could not remember a passage with the word in it. On receipt of yours I took out my small Horace, intending to look through the Epistles and find the line, which had been kind enough to place itself within the first 25 lines of the First Epistle of the First Book. I had it all wrong—the passage runs:

> Nunc in Aristippi furtim praecepta relabor,
> Et mihi res, non me rebus subiungere conor.

So he does the exact opposite of what I want him to do. However, he evidently disapproves of what he is doing, and acknowledges the normal and proper thing to be the trying to adapt self to circumstances, rather than circumstances to self, and this is what I want. Of course in real life we do both as much as we can and bear with what we cannot change; still I think there is a decided balance in favour of adaptation of self to things rather than of things to self; this, if Lamarck's view is right, pervades the whole animal kingdom and underlies all modification.

Butler to Miss Butler.

18 *Jan.* 1886—We were much shocked yesterday to find that a poor old man who keeps a public-house near Dartford,

1886 Aet. 50 where we generally take our beer with our sandwiches when we are in that neighbourhood, had been horribly murdered by a discharged soldier about ten days ago. The soldier murdered a customer, who was sitting before the fire, and then murdered the landlord apparently without any reason. He was apprehended immediately.

A man named Vianna de Lima has been writing a book in French, *Les Théories Transformistes de Lamarck, Darwin, et Haeckel.* It is only just out, but the Museum had received it and got it for me before it has appeared in the catalogue. I was pleased to find a perfectly satisfactory and unsnubbing reference to *Life and Habit* as though to quite a standard book—so I set this off against *The Athenaeum* and Dr. Krause.

I am getting on fast with my book which I shall call *Luck or Cunning as the most important means of Organic Modification?* The short title will be *Luck or Cunning?* which I think will do very well.

Butler to his Father.

5 *Feb.* 1886—I send a few lines to say that I am trying for the Slade Professorship of Art at Cambridge, vacant by the resignation of Mr. Sidney Colvin. The post would exactly suit me, as residence is not required and 12 lectures a year is all that I should have to give. I don't see why I should not try for this; so I went down [to Cambridge] yesterday and interviewed Kennedy and one or two more. I must not canvass, so I could not see any of the electors. I don't suppose I shall get it, but I am doing all I can.

I went to *The Athenaeum* and said they had had my letter [about the Bellini heads] long enough, that I was trying for this Professorship, that it would be an advantage to me to have my letter published somewhere at once, and that if they could not print it I should be glad if they would return it so that I could bring it before the public elsewhere.

Butler's letter or article about the Bellini heads appeared in *The Athenaeum*, 20th February 1886. His points were shortly as follows:

There is in the Louvre a picture of two heads of young men which, on the authority of a passage in Félibien, written in 1666 and quoted in the 1865 catalogue of the Louvre, was stated to be the work of Gentile Bellini and to represent the painter and his brother Giovanni. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, in their

History of Painting in North Italy (ed. 1871, vol. I. p. 134), incline to the opinion that the picture is by Cariani. 1886 Aet. 50

Gentile Bellini died in 1501, aged 80, and Giovanni Bellini died in 1516, aged 90.[1] Cariani was born between these two dates, viz. in 1510, and it is unlikely that he should have painted Giovanni and Gentile Bellini as young men.

Félibien was born in 1619 when there were still living many who had known Titian, for Titian had died only forty-three years before, viz. in 1576. Titian, who was 99 when he died, had been a pupil of Giovanni. Félibien makes his statement as though it were an ascertained fact, and he would be likely to hear anything that was known about the picture.

Butler thought that Félibien was right, that the picture was painted by Gentile Bellini, and that it represented Gentile and his brother Giovanni.

He searched for other contemporary portraits of the two brothers. Gentile Bellini bequeathed to his younger brother, Giovanni, the sketch-book of their father, Jacopo, on condition that he should finish his great picture of "St. Mark preaching at Alexandria." Giovanni finished his brother's picture and it hangs in the Brera at Milan. To the extreme left among the spectators Butler found two figures, one with the auburn-haired head of the elder of the two portraits in the Louvre, and next him—the head alone being shown—the black-haired man of the Louvre picture. The likenesses are strong and unmistakeable. It is probable that the portraits of the two brothers should appear among the portraits of men of the time with which the picture is crowded, and that they should appear as the two figures to the extreme left.

Butler found the same two heads in Carpaccio's "Dispute of St. Stephen," also in the Brera; they are the two penultimate bystanders to the right of the picture, and immediately to the right of a head something like Mr. Gladstone's.

In the first fresco by Titian, as one enters the Scuola

[1] Some of the dates here quoted are given differently in some of the authorities, but the differences are not great enough to affect Butler's argument.

1886 Aet. 50 di S. Antonio at Padua on the right, are two heads—a yellow-red-haired man and a black-haired man—which might be portraits of the Bellini, but they are not distinct enough for one to feel very sure about them.

Butler's friend and fellow art-student, Thomas Ballard, afterwards pointed out that two heads in "The Circumcision," dated 1500, by Marco Marziale, in our National Gallery are also strongly suggestive of the two heads in the Louvre. They are the two heads on the right of the central group, one of them partly hidden by the hood of the priest. One is that of a yellow-red-haired, fair-complexioned, square-faced man with a rather straight nose; the other is an oval-faced, black-haired, dark-complexioned man with a nose the bridge of which is convex. They are badly painted, but the onerous conditions, on the combined fulfilment of which we may suspect that the portraits of the Bellini are intended, are all complied with, namely: the picture is Venetian, painted between 1460 and 1520, and gives us two men side by side with all the characteristics which we have reason to believe were those of Giovanni and Gentile Bellini.

Butler had searched all the possible pictures in Venice, and in every likely place, for further examples of these two heads but had found no more. He considered, however, that what he had found was in support of the old belief held by Félibien, and against the view of Crowe and Cavalcaselle, of whom an eminent French authority said to him: "Ils ont débaptisé la moitié des tableaux d'Europe." The authorities at the Louvre, in their catalogue of 1887, gave the picture to Gentile Bellini as painter, and on the frame it is still attributed to him, but it is not said to be portraits of the two brothers, it is called "Portraits d'hommes," at least it was so when last I was in the Louvre, that is in May 1914.

No one said anything in reply to his letter in *The Athenaeum*. He sent a copy of the paper to the director of the Louvre. One result of the delay in publishing the letter was that it appeared just in time for him to send a copy of the paper to the electors for the Slade Professor-

ship. The testimonials he sent were from Eyre Crowe, Esq., A.R.A.; G. K. Fortescue, Esq., Superintendent of the Reading Room, British Museum; Richard Garnett, Esq., LL.D., late Superintendent of the Reading Room, British Museum; A. C. Gow, Esq., A.R.A.; T. Heatherley, Esq., of the School of Art, 79 Newman Street, Oxford Street; the Rev. B. H. Kennedy, D.D., Regius Professor of Greek at the University of Cambridge; H. S. Marks, Esq., R.A.; and the Right Honourable W. T. Marriott, M.P. They were all of the usual kind, speaking highly of his artistic and literary attainments, saying the writers had known him some time and considered him eminently fitted for the post. With the testimonials he sent a list of his published works. 1886 Aet. 50

Butler to his Father.

10 *March* 1886—You will doubtless have seen in this morning's papers that Middleton has got the Professorship. Practically he was, so far as I have been able to make out, in the field before the late Professor resigned, and was his candidate, so to speak. I am glad I stood and, having stood, am, of course, sorry not to have got the post; still there are consolatory considerations which are not without healing value, and I had so fully discounted not getting it, after what I heard the Editor of *The Athenaeum* had said and what Garnett said, that I am not put much out of my reckoning and, indeed, should have been very much surprised if anyone but Middleton had been appointed. Nevertheless, I feel sure that I shall gain by having stood.

One cannot help wondering how it would have worked if Butler had been elected Slade Professor. His lectures would have been delightful to attend and to read afterwards, and, with his immense knowledge and critical insight, full of instruction, good sense, and amusement. But I doubt whether he would have given complete satisfaction to the authorities. A University is hardly the most favourable soil in which to sow those seeds which, when writing about art, he scattered freely in his Note-Books, in *Alps and Sanctuaries*, in *Ex Voto*, and up and down others of his books.

Butler to Mrs. Bridges.

1886 Aet. 50 15 *March* 1886—I have had many very kind letters about my failure and really believe a good many people think I ought to have had it. I am afraid I believe that the whole thing was cut and dried before Colvin resigned.

I thought it would be well to come up smiling, so I got *The Athenaeum* last week to announce my new book *Luck or Cunning?* which they did. I was pleased to see that they put it well up among their Science news, not among the Literary events. This, as I have no doubt the editor knows, will be displeasing to Romanes & Co. The book is well advanced and is, I believe, among the very best I have done. . . .

I have found a new amusement. My poor old laundress and her husband are so deplorably bronchitic and ill that they cannot do what ought to be done to my rooms, so I have shifted piano, table and everything, cleaned my windows, swept every corner of every room with tea-leaves, and done the thing as it ought to be done. I found it hard work; it made me perspire freely, notwithstanding the cold, and did me a great deal of good; besides I am now really clean and tidy instead of being a good deal off clean—to put it mildly. I think I shall do it again.

Butler to Miss Butler.

24 *March* 1886—My kittens came and alas, went! One after another died for want of sufficient nourishment. This being their poor mother's first confinement, she had forgotten to make the milk necessary to feed her offspring, and so one after another starved in spite of all I could do. I had found homes for three out of the four and was very sorry to lose them. They were exceedingly pretty while they lasted, but none of them lived as long as four days. The cat frequently came and told me that things were not going right, and I soon found out what the matter was, but I could not do anything.

Butler to Mrs. Bridges.

2 *April* 1886—I congratulate May [Miss Butler] on making to herself friends of the Mammon of Righteousness, as poor Miss Savage once said to me when I had been in a short correspondence with the Bishop of Carlisle. By the way, who was it said of Mr. Gladstone that he was "a good man in the very worst sense of the words"? . . .

Glad Uncle John is better. Did you ever read *Philip Van Artevelde*? And now I see Robert Bridges has been bringing out some poems. The extracts they give in the papers seem all right—quite as good as other poetry; but I cannot read poetry and, indeed, read as little of anything as I can. 1886 Aet. 50

Uncle John was John Worsley, the younger brother of Butler's mother. He was an eminent conveyancer and practised locally at Clifton. Although "better" early in April he only survived for a few weeks, and, like the aunt and godmother of Narcissus, "died richer than was thought," for he was of a saving nature. According to a note made by Butler, he never would wear a night-shirt; he said it was an unnecessary expense, and slept naked. I met him one afternoon at tea at Reginald Worsley's. He remembered Mendelssohn, whom he had seen, probably at the Taylors', and who, he said, was "a dapper little man." He sang us an absurd, old-fashioned song with a refrain, "Vastly proper; vastly proper," or vastly something different at the end of each of its numerous verses. We all thought it vastly funny and laughed very much at it. I am afraid we also laughed a little at Uncle John.

At the beginning of May, Butler went to Clifton to attend Uncle John's funeral. This was one of the occasions for wearing the high hat which appears in the corner in the picture of his room (ante, I. p. 246). While at Clifton, he took the opportunity of calling on his Aunt Sarah Worsley, Uncle John's sister, and reported to Wilderhope that he had done so, hoping he might have succeeded in pleasing his father and sisters, especially as at the funeral he was representing his father, who paid the expenses of his journey to Clifton and back, being too feeble to go in person. His report was, however, received in silence, and he wrote that he was beginning to fear that any credit he might have won by attending the funeral was not of a lasting nature.

Butler to Mrs. Bridges.

13 *May* 1886—Perhaps I should not have begun to fear this if I did not find that in whatever quarter I may win a leaf or

1886 Aet. 50 two of laurels they are of a kind that tarnishes with deplorable rapidity. If I were to compare myself to a stock or railway share, I should say I was a security of a very fluctuating character, never more likely to enter upon a period of prolonged flatness than immediately after being buoyant; but this, I suppose, is the common experience of mankind and, in depression, I must console myself by reflecting that, for aught I know, I may be again upon the verge of inflation.

Aunt Sarah, for example; she had a sudden and disastrous fall in my market during the ten minutes or so that I was with her. She was warm in her praises of Mr. Gladstone and abused "that wretched *Times*" for saying he did what he did merely from a wish to remain in office, etc. etc. "Why, it is contrary to the whole spirit and tenour of his life: a more *upright*, *honourable*, *conscientious*, *truly high-minded* statesman never existed, and to suppose—" etc. etc.

If Aunt Sarahs at par are 100, they had stood at about 75 when I began my visit; when I ended it they had dropped to 15 or 14½. Besides, she took occasion to impart to me her reminiscences of my childhood of which, it seems, my conceit had been the feature that had made the deepest impression upon her. I gathered moreover that she shared the common, but absurd, opinion according to which "the child is father of the man" (just as if everyone did not know that it is the other way on) and, altogether, I was not so glad that I had had "a little sight of Aunt Sarah" as you say you are on my behalf. Do you know, if anything were to happen to Uncle Sam (which I hope may not be the case for many years) I think I should have such a severe cold as to be unable to venture on a railway journey. But enough of this nonsense.

What do you mean by saying my father is "about as well as usual again"? I have not heard of his being unwell, nor did I gather from his letters that he had been in any way more amiss than usual. What is he thinking of doing about his summer outing? . . .

When you say you think Aunt Sarah "*will have* been" glad I called on her, do you mean that, though not glad at present, there will come a time, etc. etc.? I greatly doubt whether she will ever be more glad than she is at present.

Butler made a note on the not very successfully pressed copy of the above: "This stupid letter can be read quite easily by being held up to the light." I do not think it is a "stupid letter," but I do think it was an injudicious letter. Many of his letters to his sisters at this time

contain passages complaining that they did not keep him properly informed as to his father's health. This letter, and especially the part about Mr. Gladstone, was his way of saying to his sister, "If you won't tell me what I want to know, then I shall only tell you things you don't want to hear." For his father and sisters though they approved of Aunt Sarah yet, being Conservative, disapproved of her politics. There was no stopping him from writing such letters when he was in the mood; and he excused himself by saying that his sisters must see they were written in fun. I do not think it likely that his sisters saw anything in them beyond deplorable flippancy and irreverence. 1886 Aet. 50

The letter contains so much about stocks and shares partly because his mind was full of *Narcissus*. We had made sufficient progress to have a rehearsal of some of it on the 18th of May in Gogin's studio in King Henry's Road, followed by supper in the studio of another painter, Joseph Benwell Clark, on the floor below. Butler's cousin, Reginald Worsley, who knew many violinists and other players, got the band together for us and helped us in copying the parts. He and Gogin rigged up the desks and lights. We had three first violins, two second, one tenor, one 'cello, and one double bass, one oboe, one bassoon, one horn, and a pair of kettle-drums. Mr. Henry Ellis Wooldridge kindly sang some of the songs for us, and I conducted. Everything went off quite smoothly; the performers expressed themselves as much pleased with the music and so did the few friends we had invited to come and listen. We learnt a great deal from hearing our music and should have liked to have more rehearsals. Butler wrote to Miss Butler: "A tame oratorio is a delightful pet, but he is something like a tame elephant and would eat Jones and me out of house and home if we did not keep him in his proper place."

Butler to Miss Butler.

3 *June* 1886—Jones and I went to a Philharmonic concert last night [cf. *The Note-Books of Samuel Butler*, p. 132]. We

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went to the shilling places behind the orchestra and sat close to the drums, so we could see each instrument and hear what it was about. I do wish people would not make their movements so long. We have resolved that all our movements shall be of reasonable length. I am afraid I liked our own music a great deal better than Beethoven's; but then, of course, if we had been devoted admirers of Beethoven we should have founded ourselves on him and imitated him. *Narcissus's* successor is to be called *Ulysses* and is this time a serious work, dealing with the wanderings of the real Ulysses and treating the subject much as *Hercules* or *Semele* were treated. We think we could get some sailor choruses and some Circe and pig choruses and the Sirens, and then Penelope and her loom all afford scope. I made up my mind about it when I read Charles Lamb's translation of parts of the *Odyssey* in Ainger's book, but please don't say anything about it.

In spite of this, however, when, one day in the British Museum, Mr. Garnett asked him what we thought of doing when we had finished *Narcissus*, Butler replied that we might, perhaps, next write an oratorio on some sacred subject. The urbane and scholarly Mr. Garnett looked proper and asked whether we had any particular subject in view. Butler replied, demurely, that we were thinking of "The Woman Taken in Adultery." His note concludes with these words: "Garnett did not quite like this."

I find among Butler's letters one from Eyre Crowe, A.R.A., dated 3rd June 1886, thanking him for having written in reply to a request for any reminiscences he might have of F. S. Cary, in whose School of Art he had studied. At first I thought Eyre Crowe might have wanted Butler's reminiscences for some book of Memoirs he was writing, but he does not appear to have published one. It may be that he wanted it for a book by some one else and, if so, Butler's letter may have been published therein. He kept no copy, and if any reader of this book should know of its publication I should be glad to hear of it.

I do not think that Butler had hitherto attended any of the Shrewsbury School dinners, but he went this year and made this note about it:

The Shrewsbury Dinner

This came off the week before last, and I was there; the Archbishop of York was in the chair, next to whom sat Lord Cranbrook on the one hand and Kennedy on the other. I spoke to Kennedy before dinner, and found him surly, and, as it appeared to me, anxious to avoid me—which I no sooner perceived than I avoided him. I thanked him genially for the testimonial he had given me when I was trying for the Slade Professorship (which however seemed to me to say "I have been asked to give this man a testimonial and have had to do it, but I will say no more than I can help") and laughingly said that my candidature had not come to very much. "No," said he, drily, and with the intake and outmake of breath which used to characterise him when I knew him years ago. So I left him, I hope without showing that I did not think his manner over civil. 1886 Aet. 50

I liked the Archbishop of York; Lord Cranbrook seemed a good fellow; Moss was civil to me; Sir Henry Dryden made the best speech and the one which his audience evidently liked best. Canon Hornby looked good; so did Archdeacon Hamilton. There was a good old clergyman opposite me, a pupil of my grandfather's, who said, "Butler (meaning my grandfather) was as good a man as ever lived," and evidently meant what he said.

Why should I, knowing that I do not particularly like these people nor they me, why should I, who never liked my school nor got much good from it, go and pay a guinea for a bad dinner, and eat and drink what it takes me a whole day to recover from? It does not seem a very sensible thing to do, and yet people tell me I ought to go. I wish I knew whether they are right or I, who think the whole thing a nuisance. I think that, considering the Ishmaelitish line which I have been led and driven to take in literature, the less I venture into the enemy's camp the better. They say that the more I take the Ishmaelitish line the more incumbent it is upon me to do the correctest of correct things occasionally, when time and the occasion serve. I believe they are right, and this is why I went, and shall hope to go upon a future occasion, but like it I do not. [July 31, 1886.]

P.S.—I have never missed a single one of these functions since writing the above. [Feb. 1, 1898.]

Butler to Mrs. Bridges.

12 *August* 1886—I am to go presently to poor Robert's funeral at the Tower Hamlets. Mrs. Doncaster is in a deplorable and most depressing state with an awful cough and only fit for

1886 Aet. 50 bed, but she will insist on coming out. Happily Robert had insured his life (in one of those infamous companies which—well, he had insured his life) and, having paid 4d. a week punctually for fourteen years (or about £12 : 15 : 0 without counting interest), was entitled to receive £9 : 4 : 0 on his death, which Mrs. Doncaster has got and is not therefore in difficulties about funeral expenses and mourning. Mrs. Doncaster had insured her life also in the same way, but about five years ago I stopped her from continuing it, as they would not return a halfpenny if the policy was allowed to go thirteen weeks in arrear. I shall now see that she puts by sixpence a week in the post office savings bank.

Robert's funeral provided another occasion for Butler to wear his high hat.

A few days later he started for the Canton Ticino. This was the occasion when, at Faido, he met the Bishop of Chichester and one of the canons and showed them where to find Woodsia and Alternifolium, as is related in *The Note-Books of Samuel Butler*, 1912, p. 271. He moved to the Sacro Monte, Varese, where I joined him in September. We went to Castiglione d' Olona to see the frescoes and, while staying at Mendrisio, went over to Ligornetto, where we had been to spend the day with Signor Vela (*Alps and Sanctuaries* : "A Day at the Cantine"). We were only about a week together, because I had to spend some of my holiday with my mother at Baden Baden and return to the office. On his return Butler wrote to his sister.

Butler to Miss Butler.

15 Clifford's Inn, E.C.

2 *Oct.* 1886—Thank you for yours received this morning. I am so glad you had a fine afternoon for your foundation-laying, and that the bishop was nice. I think bishops generally are rather nice. I know I am terribly afraid of an archdeacon or, I may say, of a dean, but am generally set quite at my ease by a bishop—when I have anything to do with one, which is not often. I stuck to my plan, spent Tuesday and Wednesday copying Holbein in Basel and, leaving Wednesday night, got here on Thursday evening. I found my kittens well and strong but as wild as little tigers through not having been habitually caressed. They spat and swore and altogether behaved abomin-

ably. Now, though only 48 hours have gone by, they are quite tame and very pretty. . . . 1886 Aet. 50

I am to lecture at the Working Men's College in December on The Principle Underlying the Subdivision of the Organic World into Animal and Vegetable. I do not like it, but it is good for me to learn the use of my tongue. I shall do as I did before and speak my lecture, not read it.

I am much better but have never been free of my book [*Luck or Cunning?*] which is now nearly printed. I have still to write the last chapter, some fourteen or fifteen pages; this I hope to do next week, and then nothing remains but the index.

The lecture was postponed and delivered in March 1887.

Luck or Cunning? was to be dedicated to the memory of Alfred Tylor; Butler therefore sent to Mrs. Tylor his proposed preface and other preliminary matter of the book for her to consider it and show it to any one she might wish to consult.

Butler to Mrs. Tylor.

17 *Oct.* 1886—When I said it [*Luck or Cunning?*] was polemical I only referred to Mr. Darwin, Professor Huxley, Mr. Romanes and others. There is not the slightest fear of any religious controversy in connection with the book, any more than with *Life and Habit* or *Evolution Old and New*; on the contrary its very essence is to insist on the omnipresence of a mind and intelligence throughout the universe to which no name can be so fittingly applied as God. Orthodox the book is not, religious I do verily believe and hope it is; its whole scope is directed against the present mindless, mechanical, materialistic view of nature and, though I know very well that churchmen will not like it, I am sure they will like it much better than they like the opinions now most generally accepted, and that they will like it much better than men of science will.

However I send what I propose to say, and will call on you at Carshalton either Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday as you may appoint, say at about 3.30 and return by the 4.49 train from Carshalton. I can then hear your views by word of mouth and answer any further questions you may want to ask.

Butler to Mrs. Bridges.

25 *Oct.* 1886—I heard a story of poor Mr. Tylor himself the other day. He was one of the gentlest and kindest of men but

1886 Aet. 50 he dearly loved a joke. Some doctor was dining with him just before starting for the West of Africa and, as the gentlemen were leaving the dining-room, Mr. Tylor went up to this man, took him aside confidentially and said: "If you happen, out there, to come across a black man with any white spots on his body, *kill him* and send him to me: I'll give any money for him," and then retired chuckling.

On the 10th November 1886, Butler received the first copy of *Luck or Cunning as the Main Means of Modification? An attempt to throw additional light upon the late Mr. Charles Darwin's theory of natural selection.* The dedication runs thus:

To the Memory of the late Alfred Tylor, Esq., F.G.S. etc., whose experiments at Carshalton in the years 1883 and 1884 established that plants also are endowed with intelligential and volitional faculties, this Book begun at his instigation is gratefully and affectionately inscribed.

In *Luck or Cunning?* Butler continued to insist first upon the substantial identity between heredity and memory, and secondly upon the importance of design as a factor of organic development.

Chapter i. is introductory and contains remarks about *Life and Habit*, *Evolution Old and New*, and *Unconscious Memory*.

Chapters ii. and iii. contain a reply to Mr. Herbert Spencer, who had written in *The Athenaeum* (ante, I. p. 410), claiming to have been among the forestallers of *Life and Habit*, a claim which Butler saw no reason to admit.

Chapter iv. is taken almost entirely from his "Remarks on Mr. G. J. Romanes' *Mental Evolution in Animals*," which formed part of his book of *Selections* (1884). It deals also with *Illustrations of Unconscious Memory in Disease including a Theory of Alternatives*, by Charles Creighton, M.D. (London: H. K. Lewis, 1886), a book based avowedly on Hering's Essay on Memory, Dr. Creighton not knowing of *Life and Habit* at the time he wrote his book.

Chapters v. and vi. discuss whether Luck or Cunning is the fitter to be insisted on.

Mr. Charles Darwin, . . . Mr. A. R. Wallace, and their supporters are the apostles of luck, while Erasmus Darwin and Lamarck, followed, more or less timidly, by the Geoffroys and by Mr. Herbert Spencer, and, very timidly indeed, by the Duke of Argyll, preach cunning as the most important means of organic modification. 1886 Aet. 50

Chapter vii. is about Mr. Herbert Spencer's articles "The Factors of Organic Evolution." Chapters viii. and ix. are headed "Property, Common Sense, and Protoplasm." Chapter x. "The Attempt to Eliminate Mind." Chapter xi. "The Way of Escape." In this chapter, as in others of the book, will be found passages elaborated from Butler's letter to my brother Edward (Nov. 1884); he used this letter for *Luck or Cunning?* much as he had used his letter to T. W. G. Butler for *Life and Habit.*

Chapter xii. "Why Darwin's Variations were Accidental."

Chapters xiii. to xvii. deal with Charles Darwin's claim to be the originator of the theory of descent with modification; also with Grant Allen's *Charles Darwin* and with Professor Ray Lankester and Lamarck.

Chapter xviii. contains what can be said in favour of Charles Darwin. Here are a few quotations:

> [Though], however, it is not likely that posterity will consider him as a man of transcendant intellectual power, he must be admitted to have been richly endowed with a much more valuable quality than either originality or literary ability—I mean with savoir faire. . . .
>
> Greatness, indeed, of the highest kind—that of one who is without fear and without reproach—will not ultimately be allowed him, but greatness of a rare kind can only be denied him by those whose judgement is perverted by temper or personal ill-will. . . .
>
> Buffon planted, Erasmus Darwin and Lamarck watered, but it was Mr. Darwin who said "That fruit is ripe" and shook it into his lap.
>
> Mr. Darwin will have a crown sufficient for any ordinary brow remaining in the achievement of having done more than any other writer, living or dead, to popularise evolution.

The concluding chapter contains a résumé of Alfred Tylor's paper, part of which was read at the Linnean Society in December 1884.

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In chapter xiii. of *Alps and Sanctuaries* Butler had touched on the division of the world of life into animal and vegetable; the first represents the idea that it is better to go about in search of what can be found, and the second the idea that it is better to sit still and take what comes. He restates this view and is thus led to another.

I refer to the origin and nature of the feelings, which those who accept volition as having had a large share in organic modification must admit to have had a no less large share in the formation of volition. Volition grows out of ideas, ideas from feelings. What, then, is feeling, and the subsequent mental images or ideas?

The consideration of this leads to a few words about Newlands' (or Mendelejeff's) law.

The book concludes with an eloquent peroration about Death—"the most inexorable of all conventions"; and about God—"the ineffable contradiction in terms whose presence none can either enter or escape."

Butler to Mrs. Bridges.

16 *Dec.* 1886—To-morrow (the Editor of *The Academy* tells me) there is to be a very hostile review of *Luck or Cunning?* in *The Academy*. The Editor apologised a good deal and hum'd and ha'd, but I told him I had survived a good many hostile articles in *The Academy* already, and he need not distress himself. The review is to be by Grant Allen who, doubtless, asked for the job. Grant Allen is the man whose book I declined to review in *The Athenaeum* on grounds which ought to have deterred him from reviewing myself, and that they have not done so confirms the opinion which I have long formed concerning him.

In October Canon Butler caught a severe cold from which he never recovered. Butler went down to Shrewsbury more than once during the weeks that followed, and was there when the end came.

My Father's Death

My father died in the evening—about half-past five—of Wednesday December 29th. I and Rogers (his servant) and the nurse were alone present. I was supporting his head between my hands as he died, which he did almost without any kind of fight with death; but Rogers told me that shortly before I was called

into the room he had fought hard for life. He never knew me since I saw him early in December. Nor did he know anyone. Once my cousin, Archdeacon Lloyd, began in a loud professional tone to repeat some prayers for the dying. On this my father, for a few seconds—not more—opened his eyes and obviously regained consciousness; but as he did so, there came an expression over his face as though he were saying to himself "Oh, no; it is not the Day of Judgement; it is only Tom Lloyd," and he became comatose again at once. 1886 Aet. 51

Butler used to say that it takes a lot of money to die in comfort, and, when he saw how carefully his father was nursed, how absolutely free he was from mental pain, and how in all ways quietly he was ending his life, he turned to Archdeacon Lloyd and said: "How gently do they that have riches enter into the Kingdom of Heaven!"

He was asked to write a notice of his father for the local papers and did so. The Dr. Burd mentioned in the following note was the doctor at Shrewsbury who attended Canon Butler.

My Father and Myself

Dr. Burd, soon after my father died, was holding forth and suggesting things for me to mention in the obituary notice I had to write for the Shrewsbury papers. I said, to tease him:

"You see, Dr. Burd, one of the greatest feathers in my father's cap was one that I cannot refer to."

Dr. Burd was surprised and asked my meaning.

"I mean," said I, somewhat freezingly, "that he was *my* father."

Dr. Burd did not like this and said he had not looked at the matter in that light hitherto. Whether or not he suspected that I was only wanting to tease him I neither know nor care.

CHAPTER XXVI

1887. 1888—Part I

EX VOTO

1887 Aet. 51 Canon Butler by his will did as he had threatened and tied up the greater part of what he left his son; but, except that this prevented Butler from dealing with the principal so tied up, it did not inflict on him any other injury and, as regards income, he found himself comfortably off once more. He repaid all the money he had borrowed during his financial difficulties of the preceding ten years, and was now able to continue the allowance to Pauli without feeling it anything of a drag. He also began to look round for some one to come and help in his rooms.

Mrs. Doncaster, his laundress, had a friend, Mrs. Cathie, whose nephew, Alfred Emery Cathie, a young man just over twenty-two, was in want of a job. Butler took him on for a time to see how it worked. His business was partly to replace Robert, and partly to act as clerk, valet, and general attendant; he was also, as a live young thing about the place, a cheerful addition to Clifford's Inn. They got on so well together that Alfred remained permanently.

I had returned to the office of Sir Thomas Paine and was working there as managing clerk. Butler proposed that I should give up trying to succeed as a solicitor, in which profession my relations and friends had frequently given me to understand that I was not doing remarkably well, and that I should devote myself to helping him with his music and his writing, he giving me the amount I was

S. Butler photo. 1888 Emery Walker Ph.

Clifford's Inn

Alfred in Butler's Window

receiving from the office, viz.: £200 a year. I accepted his proposal and gave up the law. We hoped that my mother would not be so much displeased with me as to discontinue the £100 a year she had been allowing me. She, however, was very much displeased and did discontinue the allowance. For it now appeared that I had been doing remarkably well at the law, and it was such a pity to throw it all up. In time, however, she relented as to the allowance; though whether she returned to the view that nature had not intended me for business I never ascertained. From this time, therefore, until the death of my mother in 1900, I received £200 a year from Butler; no other alteration took place in the relations between us except that, as I was now free, we were more together.

1887 Æt. 51

The payments he made to Alfred and to me were the only extra expenses he undertook upon the death of his father, unless his payments to Pauli can be considered extra expenses, and the increase in his income was in his opinion sufficient to justify them. He bought himself a new wash-hand basin, but made no other change in his way of living except that, as we shall see presently, he also bought himself a new pair of hair-brushes. He wore out his hair-brushes rather quickly, because he had the habit of brushing his hair every night one hundred strokes, fifty each side.

Butler to Miss Butler

27 *March* 1887—I have got the lecture over. I believe it was a great success, and Jones and Gogin who were there were very much pleased with its reception. I, of course, could not form much of an opinion for I read my lecture and was unable to look the people in the face as I did when speaking. I think I shall speak in future, but was afraid of overlooking points and so wrote it out. I am to deliver it again in the autumn at another similar institution and shall then, I think, speak it.

This was the lecture to the Working Men's College, on the subdivision of the organic world into animal and vegetable, the delivery of which was postponed from December 1886.

1887 Aet. 51 In April he found a picture in a second-hand shop, "Joseph being Robed by Order of Pharaoh," which he thought looked like an early Rembrandt (*The Note-Books of Samuel Butler*, p. 151). It was marked only 40s., so he got Gogin to look at it and, on having his opinion supported, bought it, and always derived much pleasure from thinking that he possessed a Rembrandt in addition to his portrait of the Countess of Egremont by Sir Joshua. He also had a portrait of a woman by Jacob Gerritsz Cuyp, the father of Albert Cuyp, the animal painter. This, and the Reynolds, were given to his solicitor, Russell Cooke. After his death I was staying with my friend Dr. King Martyn at Bath, and observed in his dining-room a pair of pictures, a man and a woman; at first I took the portrait of the woman to be Butler's Cuyp. Either Dr. Martyn's or Butler's was a copy or a replica. Each of Dr. Martyn's pictures had a paper on it at the back stating that they were painted by J. G. Cuyp and represented Reyms of Overstrand, aet. thirty, 1637, and his wife. The wife was a Bullen of the family of Anne Bullen, and Dr. Martyn had the pictures because the Bullens come into his pedigree.

Later in 1887 Butler added to his collection two sketches by Frank Huddlestone Potter (1845-1887), whom he had known at Heatherley's and whose work he admired. Potter had recently died, and in the winter an exhibition of his pictures was held at which Butler bought the sketches. There are two pictures by Potter in the Tate Gallery.

For Easter he went abroad with Gogin, visiting, among other places, Ypres, where occurred the meeting with the two English barristers and the Italian gentleman described in *The Note-Books of Samuel Butler*, p. 255.

Butler had approached the Editor of *The Athenaeum* (MacColl) about the Bellini heads; he now wrote to him about Holbein's drawing "La Danse" at Basel. To this letter MacColl, on the advice of his art critic, made objections. Butler replied, complaining that he had been treated with much discourtesy, which he should allow to

pass as on previous occasions; but when it came to burking matter which afforded even a hope of adding to our knowledge of such men as Holbein and Bellini, he was not disposed to submit. Here is the conclusion of his letter, and a note he added to the copy he kept: 1887 Aet. 51

Butler to the Editor of "The Athenaeum."

13 *April* 1887—*The Athenaeum* attacked *Erewhon* savagely (Ap. 20th 1872), it sneered at *Life and Habit* (Jan. 26th 1878) which it said was "too flighty to be of much real value," yet by July 26 1879 these books had become "good reading," and it was only in the then new one that there were signs of declining power or "bad workmanship." Now (Jan. 1887) *The Athenaeum* is anxious to pretend that it was among the first to give me encouragement. I have left the facts sufficiently on record in my commonplace book, and have no wish to go into them here; but I may be allowed to conclude that *The Athenaeum* is not infallible.

[This is a very injudicious letter but I have no wish to pose as a monster of sound judgement. I do not think MacColl disliked or dislikes me; but he was not a pleasant person to deal with, and often gave my books to reviewers who, he perfectly well knew, would slate them of set purpose.—S. B., Feb. 21st 1902.]

Butler to Mrs. Heatherley.

19 *April* 1887—I am too heavily weighted already to be able to be of much service to your friend—or rather to Dr. Allbutt. I am exceedingly sorry for him and, though I had not heard of his book, have little doubt that it says a great deal that ought to be said and which people are afraid to say.

I am aware that the sexual question is of more practical importance than any such as Christianity can be; at the same time till Christianity is dead and buried we shall never get the burning questions that lie beyond approached in a spirit of sobriety and commonsense. It is therefore against superstition, and more especially the Christian superstition, that I have fought to the best of my ability.

But I have got to take the world as I find it and must not make myself impossible. At present I have the religious world bitterly hostile; the scientific and literary world are even more hostile than the religious; if to this hostility I am to add that of the respectable world, I may as well shut up shop at once for all the use I shall be to myself or anyone else. Let me get a really

1887 Aet. 51 strong position like that of Ruskin, Carlyle, or even Matthew Arnold, and I may be relied upon to give the public to the full as much as they will endure without rebellion; but I will not jeopardise what I believe to be a fair chance of future usefulness by trying to do more than I can.

I have spoken with great plainness, but plain speaking saves trouble all round. I do not know whether it is possible for Dr. Allbutt to do as I should suggest, but, if I were his adviser, I should advise him to apologise at once, say the thing was done without full privity on his part, promise not to offend again and be careful not to sail so near the wind in future. I will mention Dr. Allbutt's case to my own doctor, Dr. Dudgeon, who, as a homoeopathist, is naturally more or less of a malcontent, but there I am afraid I must stop. I am sorry I cannot be of more use.

Dr. Butler, having need of a good geography and atlas for use at Shrewsbury school and finding none, had, like a sensible man, supplied his own want. For many years the work brought in a handsome income to the author and to his son. On Canon Butler's death, the publishers wrote to Butler for his opinion as to whether the book, the sales of which had recently declined, should be re-issued or not.

Butler to Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.

8 *June* 1887—I cannot see my way to setting the book to music, nor yet painting it, nor connecting it in any way with evolution, nor making any fun out of it all; should an idea cross my mind within the next few days I will let you know, but I think this so improbable that if you do not hear from me within a week I will ask you to consider me as agreeing with yourselves that the best thing to do is to let the stock sell out and not reproduce the work.

When Dr. Butler left Shrewsbury to become Bishop of Lichfield he was presented with a service of silver plate made by Storr & Mortimer of Bond Street. Canon Butler by his will left this to Butler.

My Grandfather's Plate

It cost altogether nearly a thousand pounds, but I did not want it and, though I could only get old silver price for it, I determined

to sell it. I took it to a silversmith's in the Strand, or rather got them to send some one to see it; he said it was very good, but of a period (1836) now out of fashion. 1887 Aet. 51

"There is one especial test of respectability in plate," he remarked; "we seldom find it but, when we do, we consider it the most correct thing and the best guarantee of solid prosperity that anything in plate can give. When there is a silver venison dish we know that the plate comes from an owner of the very highest respectability."

My grandfather had a silver venison dish.

On the night the plate came to Clifford's Inn, the porter and I unpacked it in the cellar where we put it for safety. The cellar was dark and, as we only had one candle, we must have looked like a couple of burglars counting our swag. I, particularly, had a guilty feeling because a good many people told me I ought not to sell the plate at all—they said I ought to keep it, out of respect for my grandfather's memory. People will talk like this and it made me uncomfortable, though I did not mean paying any attention to what they said.

While we were unpacking it, or repacking it, I forget which, I saw a dilapidated old book lying on the knifeboard with a blacking bottle on it and an old tin tallow candlestick. I knew there was something in the book that made it go in counterpoint with the surroundings, so I took the blacking bottle off it and opened it. It was an early copy of my grandfather's *Atlas of Ancient and Modern Geography*. I dare say it may be thought that I invented this; I can only say that I did not, and indeed could not invent anything so perfectly in keeping with itself. But it frightened me.

P.S. [Added after the publication of *The Life and Letters of Dr. Samuel Butler*.] When I wrote the above, I knew nothing about my grandfather except that he had been a great schoolmaster—and I did not like schoolmasters; and then a bishop—and I did not like bishops; and that he was supposed to be like my father. Of course when I got hold of his papers, I saw what he was and fell head over ears in love with him. Had I known then what I know now, I do not think I could have sold the plate; but it was much better that I should, and I have raised a far better monument to his memory than ever the plate was.

Under his father's will Butler became entitled for life to a farm at Harnage near Shrewsbury, and the looking after this provided him with much employment of a new and interesting nature. At Harnage Dr. Butler used to raise meat and vegetables for the boys at Shrewsbury

1887 Aet. 51 School, and by good management this was one of the sources of the fortune he made.

By the joint operation of his grandfather's will and the subsequent dealings with the property Butler, on the death of his father, became absolutely entitled in possession, subject to the mortgage he had made, to the Whitehall fields which, as pasture, had been bringing in only a nominal rent, but were now ripe for building. Much of his time was taken up in consulting with surveyors and solicitors as to the best way of developing the property. He paid off the mortgage, and a scheme for development which should interfere as little as possible with the mansion house, in which his cousin Archdeacon Lloyd lived, was agreed upon. Roads were made and the land was divided into plots which were gradually sold.

In June we stayed for a few days at Church Stretton and went over to Shrewsbury, partly to see about the sale of this land and partly to be present at the School concert, where, by the kindness of the headmaster and Mr. Hay, the music master, some of the music of *Narcissus* was performed by the boys. It appears from the letter to Mr. Hay of 14th July 1887 (post) that we must have left some of our music behind.

Not long afterwards we had another opportunity of hearing our music, when most of the choruses of *Narcissus* were sung through at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Layton by friends of theirs with a piano accompaniment. Mr. Thomas Layton was a partner of Sir Thomas Paine to whom I had been articled.

On our way back from Shrewsbury we spent a day at Kenilworth, and Butler took me into the church and showed me the family monuments with their epitaphs in the "Butlers' Pantry." He also introduced me to Mrs. Henry Butler, the widow of Dr. Butler's cousin, William Henry Butler (ante, I. p. 4). She was still living in the Stone House and we lunched with her.

At Shrewsbury we had seen Mr. Blunt, a chemist on the Wyle Cop, who was much interested in *Life and Habit*. A correspondence ensued of which I only find this letter:

Butler to Mr. Blunt.

5 *July* 1887—Do you—does any man of science—believe that the present orthodox faith can descend many generations longer without modification? Do I—does any free-thinker who has the ordinary feelings of an Englishman—doubt that the main idea underlying and running through the ordinary orthodox faith is substantially sound? 1887 Aet. 51

That there is an unseen life and unseen kingdom which is not of this world, and that the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God; that the life we live here is much but, at the same time, small as compared with another larger life in which we all share though, while here, we can know little if anything about it; that there is an omnipresent Being into whose presence none can enter and from whose presence none can escape—an ineffable contradiction in terms (as I have said in *Luck or Cunning?*); that the best are still unprofitable servants and that the wisest are still children—who that is in his senses can doubt these things? And surely they are more the essence of Christianity than a belief that Jesus Christ died, rose from the dead, and ascended visibly into heaven.

Technically and according to the letter of course they are not. According to the spirit I firmly believe they are. Tell me that Jesus Christ died upon the Cross, and I find not one tittle of evidence worthy of the name to support the assertion. Tell me that therefore we are to pull down the Church and turn everyone to his own way, and I reject this as fully as I reject the other. I want the Church as much as I want free-thought; but I want the Church to pull her letter more up to date or else to avow more frankly that her letter is a letter only. If she would do this I, for one, would not quarrel with her. Unfortunately, things do not seem moving in the direction in which I would gladly see them go and do all in my power to help them go.

Butler to Mr. Hay.

14 *July* 1887—It's all right about the parts—we ought to have seized them and shall know better another time. They are easily re-written as we have the score.

I am, and so is Jones, exceedingly sorry that we have got you into being attacked by Mr. Moss. He is a very good fellow, but we cannot expect a University swell to know anything about art or music.

I am sure *Athaliah* is quite as comic as *Narcissus* is. Besides I have heard your good uncle play "Là ci darem" in St. Mary's

1887 Aet. 51 Church as a voluntary in the middle of the service. I remember it exceedingly well and no one in those days gave him or herself any bally airs about it. I don't suppose they would mind playing the people out with the Wedding March from the *Midsummer Night's Dream* even now—at any rate your uncle often did it.

However, we are exceedingly sorry we are always getting ourselves and our friends into some scrape—at least when we deal with dons and uneducated people of that description.

Alps and Sanctuaries was known in Varallo, and especially the sentence in the preface apologising for publishing a work professing to deal with the sanctuaries of Piedmont and saying so little about the most important of them all —"Varallo requires a work to itself; I must therefore hope to return to it on another occasion." We were at Varallo in August 1887, and Dionigi Negri did all he could to force Butler to carry out his intention of writing a book about the Sacro Monte.

H. F. Jones to Charles Gogin.

ALBERGO CROCE BIANCA, VARALLO SESIA.
30 *Aug.*, 1887.

DEAR GOGIN—Butler told me yesterday that I might write to you so I am doing it. He is up the Sacro Monte writing. He calls it taking a holiday, but really he has been making great progress with a new Italian book which is to run this place and Gaudenzio Ferrari. He has got some lovely things in the book. There is another man who did statues up here, Tabachetti, who is also to be run. On the other hand Varallo is running Butler, for we are to go to a banquet given in his honour on Thursday at the Albergo on top of the mountain, and he says we shall probably be kissed. To-morrow we are going with Dionigi Negri to the vineyards, and it will be like the day at the Cantine in *Alps and Sanctuaries*—at least we think so. I am enjoying myself very much and doing as nearly nothing as possible.

On Sunday we went to Civiasco, a village in the mountains, and it was a festa, San Gottardo the Saint of the Church; and the people had brought offerings of butter (large round lumps), eggs, cheeses, cakes (great round flat ones with patterns on their backs), wine, nuts, biscuits, bacon, etc. These were to be sold after Vespers by auction and the money given to the Church—or rather taken by the priests; we could not stay to see the sale, but we saw the procession and helped to carry the Madonna out of the church all down the village to a chapel where they reposed

her. She also rested four times by the way on tables put for her reception covered with cloths, and on the cloths flowers were strewn. There was a band also, brass and two clarinets and a flute, and it might have played better—it was buggy[1]; it might also have chosen less frivolous music, but the Madonna's taste in music is rudimentary; she likes waltzes and such things. The same band played in the church to accompany the Mass and Vespers. We lunched at the inn of La Martina, a large, jolly, middle-aged person. Dionigi Negri told us that in her youth she was "generosa." It has done her a great deal of good, and she is an example of its being more blessed to give than to receive (she has received a good deal, however). When we were at Fusio it was the festa of San Rocco, and we helped to carry him down the road and back to his place in church. We think it is good for our morals to carry saints now and then. Butler says it is the great principle of change, and the change is certainly complete. 1887 Aet. 51

The new book is also to contain other things besides Varallo. There is a lovely votive picture at Civiasco of a man who was passing the Albergo del Falcone at Barcelona, in Spain, when a cannon ball from the battery across the river came and made his nose bleed. To prove the truth of the statement a piece of the cannon ball is hung beside the picture. San Gottardo prevented its doing further damage.

Do not trouble to write, but if you have anything you want to say we should receive a letter sent to Hotel Mont Blanc, Aosta, Italy. We go there on Friday and shall take two days to get there and shall stay there two days, so far as we can tell; if you do not write there well within a week, the next place to be sure of catching us is Hotel Grotta Crimea, Chiavenna, Italy. We should like to know how you are, and we hope you are better. We hope your mother is going on all right. We do not know when we shall get to Chiavenna nor how long we shall stay there. Russell Cooke is to join us there and I am to come home from there. I am to be home by 22 Sept. Butler will stay longer. Tabachetti did some things at Crea, somewhere down near Alessandria, and he wants to go and inspect them.

We are a little nervous about our vineyards to-morrow. In the first place, we have to start by the train leaving here at 4.58 A.M., and that is early. In the next place it is certain they will try, and almost certain they will succeed in making us drunk and then—well, you never can be certain what you may do when you are drunk; besides Butler says he can't write unless he keeps sober, which seems reasonable; but I daresay we shall pull through somehow. Butler is very good and behaves like an angel. All

[1] Gogin lived opposite St. Pancras Church in the Euston Road. One of the bells was out of tune and he used to say it was like the smell of a bug.

1887 Aet. 51 the people are so pleased to see him and compliment him on his good looks and on keeping so young. Then he puts on an air of great sadness, lowers his voice, and tells them he has had the misfortune to lose his father. He sends you his love. Yours always,

HENRY FESTING JONES.

H. F. Jones to Charles Gogin.

HOTEL CAVOUR, MILANO, 10 *Sept.* 1887.

DEAR GOGIN—There were no letters or papers at Aosta and, as it is pretty certain some were sent there, we have concluded there is something wrong with the Aosta post-office; it is like the telephone in the hotel at Casale—not in activity. Consequently if you wrote to us there we did not get your letter. Our day at the vineyards went off without intoxication. Dionigi's uncle came with us and we both fell in love with him; he is a delightful old man. He brought a basket containing some bread and the remainder of half a bottle of sherry, but he left it in the train and it went on to Novara and he had it on his mind all day; it was not the bread nor the sherry, he said, but the basket. We told him we had drunk the sherry while he was asleep in the train, and the way he said "Chow" would have won your heart. He did nearly everything Dionigi told him, took the wrong turnings, drove the carriage, cut up the chicken etc., but once or twice (as when the turning was too wrong) he put his foot down and wouldn't, and then Dionigi dried up at once.

The banquet was a tremendous affair, altogether there were 26 people including the Procuratore del Re, the Sotto Prefetto, the Direttore del Sacro Monte, the Municipio and all the swells. Butler was put at the head of the table and we had a very good dinner. Afterwards there were speeches. The Director of the Sacred Mountain proposed Butler's health in florid terms, and Butler replied in Italian. I forget how the speeches went, there were not many, but some villain proposed the health of England and mentioned me, and it was considered proper for me to reply which I did in about five words of what I intended to be French. Butler made two speeches and spoke beautifully. I asked Fuselli (an Italian who has been in America and who sat next me) how Butler spoke, and he said "he finds his words as easily as we do."

Before dinner we went to look at one of the figures in the Deposition Chapel, an old man Butler has discovered [the Vecchietto] and about whom he will tell you—very interesting. The custode brought the keys and we all got into the chapel and examined him.

We had been told that two of the soldiers, in the chapel where Christ is taken in the garden, were made out of the old statues of Adam and Eve when the present Adam and Eve in the first chapel were made, and we had examined the chapel in the morning and made up our minds that the soldier with a moustache and real drapery was Adam and the other soldier with long hair and armour was Eve. Eve was bigger than Adam which was wrong, and she had no breasts to speak of, but that might have been because neither Cain nor Abel was yet born. Her breast had been painted to represent armour in silver scales, which stopped short of her girdle, her intervening belly being painted blue, like an ancient Briton. As we were going into chapels before dinner, we thought we might as well settle the Adam and Eve question for certain, so we went in and Dionigi investigated; I also pulled up their clothes and we found we had been quite wrong in the morning. It is Eve who has the moustache and the drapery hides her breasts; and it is Adam's stomach that is painted blue. 1887 Aet. 51

On Friday (2 Sept.) we went to Alagna in the post and here we had to put up with a double-bedded room which we never like. He is afraid his snoring will disturb me and says I am to wake him if he snores. The consequence is we neither of us go to sleep; he is afraid if he does he shall snore and disturb me, and I am afraid if I do he will snore and I shall not be able to wake him, and he won't like that. In the morning occurred the toothbrush riots. He accused me of using his toothbrush—said he could see the marks of my teeth upon it. [I have not the faintest recollection of all this.—S. B., Feb. 22, 1902.] It was only with the greatest difficulty I got him to believe he was mistaken by assuring him that I had not cleaned my teeth for a fortnight.

On Saturday 3 Sept. we walked over the Col d'Olen to Gressoney La Trinité, on the 4th down the Valley to Issime, on the 5th further down to Pont Saint Martin, where we took the train to Aosta. Daniele was our guide the last 2 days, a charming young man who hates his sister. He can stand home on work days when he can get out, but the Sundays and the feste are killing him. On the 7th to Ivrea, and on the 8th to Casale.

On the 9th we took train to Serra Lunga, and then drove to Crea where there is a Sanctuary containing figures by Tabachetti. Many of the chapels are empty and some only half full, being restored; some have been restored. He will tell you about it when we get back. One chapel had been turned into a studio by an old Jew sculptor, the image of Shylock with a port-wine mark on his face. We found him suitably engaged

1887 in modelling Christ on a wooden cross for the Crucifixion Chapel.
Aet. 51 It was the most rapid Crucifixion on record. He assured us that he only began at 9 that morning and when we saw it a few hours later one could almost say that it was finished. We settled that he could give any man down to the wound in the side and beat him. To-day we came here. The hotel is kept by a married daughter of the people who keep the hotel at Faido, but it is an alarmingly swell place and we are going away as soon as we can as it makes us nervous. We hope you are all right, and your mother. Butler sends his love.—Yours always,

HENRY FESTING JONES.

P.S.—The banquet is reported in the Varallo paper.

The word "Chow" uttered by Dionigi's uncle is really "Ciao," but I have preserved the other spelling because Butler so writes it in *Alps and Sanctuaries.*

The municipal banquet took place in the loggia of the Albergo on the Sacro Monte which Butler always spoke of as the most beautiful dining-room he knew. As we came down the slippery mountain path when it was all over, he said to me :

"Well, after this you know, the next thing I do must be my book about the Sacro Monte."

He refers to this dinner on p. 25 of *Ex Voto*, where he says, speaking of the people of Varallo :

> Personally I owe them the greatest honour that has ever been conferred upon me—an honour far greater than any I have ever received among those who know me better and are probably better judges of my deserts.

A reproduction of the figure in the Deposition chapel, the Vecchietto, is given as the frontispiece of *Ex Voto.*

The chapel that the old Jew sculptor was using as a studio at Crea was littered with limbs half-formed and coming into being, and Butler said it was a topsy-turvy Golgotha.

At Milan, Butler had photographs taken of the Bellini heads in Gentile's great picture of "St. Mark Preaching at Alexandria," and of those in Carpaccio's "Preaching of St. Stephen." We went to Bergamo and from there by the Lago d' Iseo to Lovere, Ponte della

Selva, and back to Bergamo, and, by Lecco and Colico, to Chiavenna, where we stayed at the Albergo Grotta Crimea. This albergo is mentioned in *The Note-Books of Samuel Butler* (1912). 1887 Aet. 51

Alfred and the Triad on G

Some years ago I tried to teach Alfred music, but by mutual consent we dropped the lessons after a few months, I asked him once what position the common chord of G was in, and played it for him thus: meaning him to say that it was in its original position. The dear fellow looked at it for some time and answered:

"I should say, sir, it was about the middle."

Butler to Mrs. Bridges.

2 *Nov.* 1887—His [Alfred's] music lessons had been intermitted by my going abroad but I have lately resumed them. He kicks hard at the scales, but I am obdurate. He is very good, but is evidently under the impression that I am an old, decrepit person with one foot in the grave. I got a new pair of hair-brushes the other day—a good pair—the others having been long on their very last legs. I said to him that they would last my time.

"Yes, sir," said he promptly.

I was a little piqued and determined to give him a locus paenitentiae, so I said:

"Of course, I can never hope to see them out."

"No, sir," he replied with equal promptitude.

I was exceedingly amused. Of course one never can tell from week to week, but I am not going to settle the matter out of hand that I am not to survive my hair-brushes.

In 1887 Francis Darwin published the *Life and Letters of Charles Darwin*. On p. 220 of vol. III. occurs a passage referring to the publication of *Erasmus Darwin* and to Butler's accusations which followed; the passage will be found in an Appendix (post) quoted by Butler in his letter to *The Athenaeum*, 26th November 1887. It concludes:

The affair gave my father much pain, but the warm sympathy of those whose opinion he respected soon helped him to let it pass into a well-merited contempt.

1887 Aet. 52 In 1887 Francis Darwin also issued a new edition of Charles Darwin's *Erasmus Darwin*, and fulfilled his father's promise to Butler by adding to the original preface this footnote :

> Mr. Darwin accidentally omitted to mention that Dr. Krause revised, and made certain additions to, his essay before it was translated. Among these additions is an allusion to Mr. Butler's *Evolution Old and New*.

Butler saw that this third foot-note changed the sense which the other two foot-notes had borne when they stood alone in the preface to the first edition, and wrote to *The Academy* a letter which is reproduced in an Appendix (post) dated 17th December 1887 : "Mr. Francis Darwin has now stultified his father's preface." In so writing he did not know, and he had no means of knowing, that the third foot-note had restored to the preface the meaning which Charles Darwin had originally intended it to bear.

In his early days Butler had dabbled in photography ; he now bought two cameras, one for snap-shots and one for time-exposures, and took a few lessons so that he might photograph the statues in the chapels at Varallo-Sesia.

A Winter Journey

Gogin and I spent Xmas at Boulogne and on the afternoon of Dec. 28, 1887 I left for Varallo—travelling all night to Basel.

It was bitterly cold and, between Châlons and the Swiss frontier, the snow drifted in from each window and piled itself up on the seats near the windows, so that I could only sit in the very middle of the carriage. Fortunately I was the only occupant.

I was very thickly clad, but was wearing a sling bag outside my greatcoat, so that the warmth of my body would hardly affect the thermometer that I had within it—still no doubt the temperature inside the bag would be warmer than that outside. About 2 A.M. I took the thermometer out and found it at 26°.

At Basel everything was warm. I crossed Switzerland to Luino on a brilliant cloudless day—everything was deep in snow. I never saw Switzerland look more beautiful, but I suppose it was chiefly the strangeness that made it fascinate me so strongly. After Luino there was very little snow, but all the little waterfalls were locked in frost. The carriages were now no longer

warmed and I was half starved when I reached Varallo about 10 P.M. 1888 Aet. 52

It was bitterly cold all the time I was at Varallo—about 4 weeks—but it was quite clear; all day long great masses of ice were being brought in from the Mastallone to store in the ice-houses, and I did not see a waterfall that was not locked and turned to icy stalagmites. Once or twice I went down to Milan for a day, but always from about Sizzano onward there was thick fog—the hoar frost hanging an inch long on every twig, and the sun looking as white as a white plate. I never felt the cold much more than I did in January 1888 at Varallo, but it was colder on the plains.—[S. B., Feb. 23, 1902.]

Dionigi Negri made the necessary arrangements so that Butler could go inside the chapels and take his photographs from any point of view. The chapels were dark and, though he helped himself with magnesium wire, he often had to expose a plate for half an hour, or more, during which time he was forced to contemplate and meditate upon the statues. In this way he came to have a very intimate knowledge of them.

Sometimes he passed his evenings with the landlord, Carlo Topini, in the Albergo della Posta. Dionigi Negri would come, and they sat on the settles before the fire of peat and wood. Sometimes Dionigi Negri would take him to the house of his uncle Zio Paolo, who was a baker in the Piazza. Then they sat in the kitchen, Butler in front of the fire in the middle with Dionigi next him on one side, and Signor Cesare, who had married Zio Paolo's daughter, on the other; the semicircle being completed by Zio Paolo and his young man-servant and factotum, Leonardo, one on each side of the fire. Leonardo's pretty little sister sat in the background with the other woman servant, sewing or darning stockings, and the two bakers who made Zio Paolo's bread used always to come in and say "good-night" at half-past nine and then go off at once to bed, for they had to begin work by two in the morning.

Of course they referred to the loss of the Xeres, and Zio Paolo held up his hands and said:

"Chow!"

Dionigi would profess to take no interest in the matter,

1888 Aet. 52 and would declare that the basket must have gone on to Naples where all lost luggage goes. Zio Paolo said:

"Chow!"

It became a standard joke, and whenever we returned to Varallo we always asked if he had found the basket with the Xeres, and he always held up his hands and said:

"Chow!"

Sometimes Leonardo, if he thought proper, would fetch out his photograph album, which had a musical box in the binding, and set it to play its tunes to them, and they would all exclaim:

"Oh bel!"

Which is what the people say when they look into the chapels on the Mountain. And sometimes, in honour of Butler's presence, Leonardo would tell them about England. He wished he could introduce into Italy that very small breed of pigs which we have and which is so much better than any Italian pig. He had seen rows and rows of these little pigs hanging outside the butchers' shops in London; they were ever so small, and any one who would introduce them into Italy might make a fortune. It turned out that he meant sucking-pigs. He could not conceive why the Italians should not eat sucking-pigs if they could get them, so he concluded they must be a kind peculiar to England.

On the 17th May 1888, we received the first copy of *Ex Voto: an Account of the Sacro Monte or New Jerusalem at Varallo-Sesia, with some Notice of Tabachetti's remaining Work at Crea.* The motto on the title-page is "Il n'y a que deux ennemis de la religion—le trop peu et le trop; et des deux, le trop est mille fois le plus dangereux" (L'Abbé Mabillon, 1698). The dedication runs thus: "Ai Varallesi e Valsesiani l' Autore Riconoscente."

Before Butler wrote *Ex Voto* the chapels were not very well cared for; after the publication of his book Tabachetti's great "Journey to Calvary" was admirably restored by Signor Arienta, and any one at all in the habit of judging art could then at once see that it is a work of the first quality; but this was not so easy in 1888. It

must still be difficult for any one to discover at first sight that the "Massacre of the Innocents," by Paracca, is better than many of the inferior chapels. It takes a long time for a person to learn to recognise fine work in a form of art with which he is unfamiliar, and mangy wigs, pink noses, shiny cheeks, broken fingers, and hands swollen with repeated coats of paint are no help. The fact that these defects were much more obvious before Butler wrote *Ex Voto* than they are now added enormously to the difficulty of his work, for he was practically discovering the Sacro Monte under very unfavourable conditions. Some day, perhaps, all the chapels will have been as well restored as the "Journey to Calvary," and then the casual visitor will find it easier to do justice to the best of them.

1888 Aet. 52

One of the illustrations in *Ex Voto* (p. 189) represents Butler standing by the side of Gaudenzio's statue of Stefano Scotto. He had this done to show how real this statue looks even when compared with a living figure. It looked so real in the photograph that Mrs. Doncaster, mistaking Scotto's gaberdine for a petticoat, asked Mrs. Cathie whether that was the lady Mr. Butler was going to marry.

CHAPTER XXVII

1888—Part II. 1889

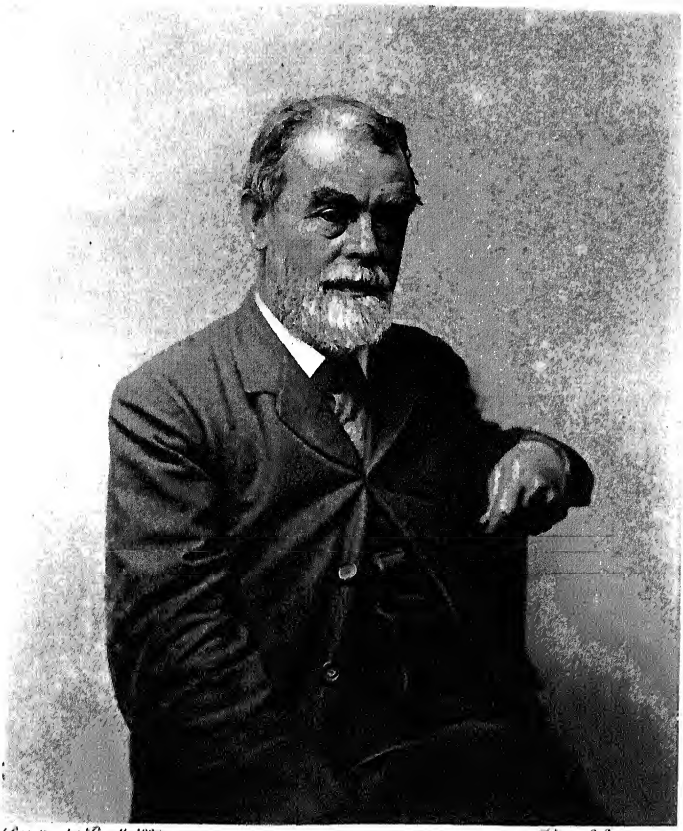
NARCISSUS, THE UNIVERSAL REVIEW, AND PREPARING FOR *THE LIFE OF DR. BUTLER*

1888 Aet. 52 In June 1888 we published *Narcissus*, the words written and the music composed by Samuel Butler and Henry Festing Jones. Although we were trying to imitate Handel we did not dare to call our work an Oratorio, still less did we dare to call it an Oratorio Buffo, which is what it really is, so we called it a Dramatic Cantata, meaning by dramatic no more than that the singers are named, as in *Saul.* This is the Argument :

Part I. Narcissus, a simple shepherd, and Amaryllis, a prudent shepherdess, with companions who form the chorus, have abandoned pastoral pursuits and embarked on a course of speculation upon the Stock Exchange. This results in the loss of the hundred pounds upon which Narcissus and Amaryllis had intended to marry. Their engagement is broken off and the condolences of the chorus end Part I.

Part II. In the interval between the parts the aunt and godmother of Narcissus has died at an advanced age and is discovered to have been worth one hundred thousand pounds, all of which she has bequeathed to her nephew and godson. This removes the obstacle to his union with Amaryllis ; but the question arises as to what securities the money is to be invested in. At first he is inclined to resume his speculations and to buy Egyptian bonds, American railways, mines, etc. ; but, yielding to the advice of Amaryllis, he resolves to place the whole of it in the Three per cent Consolidated Bank Annuities, to marry at once, and to live comfortably upon the income. With the congratulations and approbation of the chorus the work is brought to a conclusion.

There was a good deal of discussion going on at the



Pizzetta photo Varallo 1880 Walker & Cockerell, ph.sc

S. Butler.

time in musical circles about additional accompaniments to the *Messiah*, and Butler wrote a few lines to record our wishes as to any performance of *Narcissus* that might possibly have been contemplated : 1888 Aet. 52

> May he be cursed for evermore
> Who tampers with *Narcissus'* score ;
> May he by poisonous snakes be bitten
> Who writes more parts than what we've written.
> We tried to make our music clear
> For those who sing and those who hear,
> Not lost and muddled up and drowned
> In overdone orchestral sound ;
> So kindly leave the work alone
> Or do it as we want it done.

Hitherto the musical societies of the country have adopted the former of the alternatives proposed in the concluding couplet.

Butler was not satisfied with having only written half of *Narcissus*, and was glad to get it published and off his mind, so that he could turn his attention to *Ulysses* which, as he wrote to his sister 3rd June 1886 (ante, II. p. 38), was to be its successor. He was only to write half of *Ulysses*, but by adding these two halves together he would be able to say that he had written and composed the equivalent of a whole Handelian oratorio. For the present, however, he was not able to do much with *Ulysses*, because he was too closely occupied with other work ; but it began gradually to shape itself.

When he returned from photographing the statues at Varallo he was disgusted to find that the authorities of the British Museum had removed Frost's *Lives of Eminent Christians* from its accustomed shelf in the Reading Room of the British Museum. He had been in the habit of using the book to prop up his blotting-pad in order to make for himself a sloping desk, and the loss of it made him feel "as Wordsworth is generally supposed to have felt when he became aware that Lucy was in her grave, and exclaimed so emphatically that this would make a considerable difference to him, or words to that effect." About this time Harry Quilter, who knew Butler slightly, started *The Universal Review*, and asked Butler to write

1888 Aet. 52 for it. Butler, without his *Eminent Christians*, was at a loss; he did his best however, and wrote for the July number of the review, "Quis desiderio . . . ?" wherein he compared himself to Wordsworth and, for this purpose, brought both Lucy and Moore's "young lady who never loved the dear gazelle—and I don't believe she did" out of their pigeon-hole at last. At the end of the article was this

Note by Professor Garnett,[1] *British Museum.*

The frost has broken up. Mr. Butler is restored to literature. Mr. Mudie may make himself easy. England will still boast a humourist; and the late Mr. Darwin (to whose posthumous machinations the removal of the book was owing) will continue to be confounded.

This meant that Frost's *Lives of Eminent Christians* had been restored to its shelf. Butler was in consequence able to contribute nine more articles to *The Universal Review*.

This autumn I did not accompany him when he went abroad, because my brother Edward was coming home from India for a holiday, and I did not want to be out of reach. Butler went first to Dinant on the Meuse, Cavaliere Alessandro Godio having shown that Tabachetti, the sculptor of the great "Journey to Calvary" chapel at Varallo, came from there and that his name was Jean. With the assistance of Monsieur Remacle, Butler succeeded in identifying Tabachetti of Varallo with Jean de Wespin of Dinant. He also went to Namur, where he saw deeds relating to the de Wespin family, and collected information.

Butler to H. F. Jones.

DINANT. 7 *Aug.* 1888—I have found a lot about Tabachetti's family and "hope" to find at Namur a notice in the archives of the state of our man; so I go there at once. There is a John Tabaguet figuring there in the year 1587 which is one of our missing years. The family name was De Wespin; they were the leading people in Dinant, but became so numerous that their

[1] A mistake for "Mr. Garnett."

scions adopted new names among which were Tabaguet, Grossir, Bovir and others. 1888 Aet. 52

VARALLO. 12 *Aug.* 1888—I found our Tabachetti at Namur. He was still expatrié and the court was appointing him a tuteur or guardien to receive some property that had devolved upon him. They are immensely excited at Dinant and Namur. I felt almost as though I were Tabachetti coming back after an absence of 300 years.

VARALLO. 26 *Aug.* 1888—To-day is the festa at Civiasco which we attended last year. It is spoiled by the rain. By the way, they have two passeri solitarii at the hotel. One of them knows me perfectly well and sings very conversationally. The other is not so easy to get on with and is more uncertain in his temper, still he is not a bad bird.

The people at Varallo were so pleased with *Ex Voto* that Cavaliere Angelo Rizzetti translated it into Italian, and Butler was asked to look over the MS., criticise and make suggestions. He found it, however, so crude and "illegible that I have determined to chuck it and have struck. It would, I think, about settle my hash. They must get some one to revise it and pay him if they want it done."

Butler to H. F. Jones.

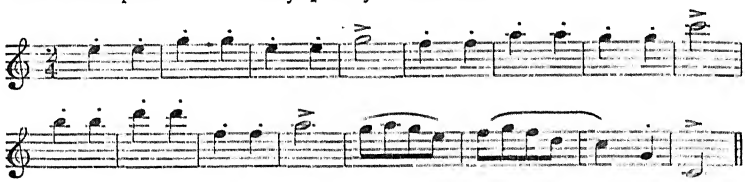
VARALLO. *Tuesday morning, Aug.* 1888—I went up to La Rese yesterday and was not tired. I had a very good view and, coming down, joined a party of about 50 Varallesi who were having a picnic. I need hardly say they were a little uproarious. The Sotto Prefetto, the Procuratore del Re and every one else wore the ladies' hats, so did I. You should have seen me in a lady's hat turning the hurdy-gurdy while they danced on the grass under the chestnuts. By the way, we must get in the winds and Aeolus somehow [into *Ulysses*] if only in allusion, as I want the bagpipes to do the fizzing and hissing of the escaping winds as they tear the bag in twain and rouse the sympathetic main.

The seats of the stalls in the church of Santa Maria Maggiore at Bergamo are ornamented with intarsia work executed by Bergamasque artists and designed in part by Lorenzo Lotto. Butler had admired this work for years and, having now a camera, wrote to Cagnoni, who had become maestro di cappella at Bergamo, asking if he

1888 Aet. 52 could get him leave to photograph it. Cagnoni replying in the affirmative, Butler went to Bergamo, where he took eight negatives, but the light was bad and the results were useless.

Butler to H. F. Jones.

Bergamo. 4 *Sept.* 1888—I heard Cagnoni's Vespers on Sunday. The music was very good and did not bore me at all; but there was one very comic climax, led up to with much pomp and circumstance, and then, when all was hushed and you could hear a pin drop, the harp gave out the following melody and developed it with very pretty variations:



I can't be certain that I have got more than the two first bars right, but I will swear to them and to the spirit of the others.

He went from Bergamo to Verona, Padua, Venice, Bologna, Parma, Milan and back to Varallo. On the way he was stopped at Verona by floods, but not so seriously as in 1882.

You could see the river rushing by, past their open kitchen window, and the people inside were working on, just as though nothing had happened or were going to happen. So, if a star were seen approaching and must hit the earth at 7 P.M. on Friday, *The Times* would be published as usual on Friday morning.

Butler to H. F. Jones.

Varallo. 28 *Sept.* 1888—To-day in the "Ecce Homo" chapel, satisfied that Tabachetti worked in it, I wondered whether I could find his portrait. Leonardo is in the chapel, next but one to Scotto, and I said to myself, "If Tabachetti is in the chapel he will be next to Leonardo." There is a very beautiful figure in that position which you don't know and I said, "That *ought* to be Tabachetti." I went up to see if I could find anything written, and found V cut deep in the hat, before baking, on the off-side of the figure, invisible from the front. V, as the Italians

have no W, would do very well for Wespin. I have a photo of the head. There is no writing on any other figure. 1888 Aet. 52

After leaving Varallo he made a wild-goose chase of an excursion to Crevacuore to see another sanctuary which might have contained work by Tabachetti, but did not, and then returned to London:

The first shop I saw was Byle's eating house; the young man in the seat opposite me began reading *John Inglesant* and, outside, the Salvation Army began singing about "'eav'nly, 'eav'nly music floating through the hair."

Alfred to H. F. Jones.

15 CLIFFORD'S INN, *Oct.* 13/88.

DEAR SIR—Will you please be so kind as to take Mr. Butler to a theatre one evening next week, as I think the change would do him good. He is having rather a harassing time just now. If you will do so I shall be very pleased.—Yours very truly,

ALFRED CATHIE.

This autumn, Mrs. Doncaster having become too old and infirm to be of much use, Butler dismissed her with a pension, and for the future Alfred's aunt, Mrs. Cathie, attended to him in his rooms. The pension kept Mrs. Doncaster out of the workhouse till 1898, when a paralytic stroke sent her to the infirmary, where she soon afterwards died; and Butler did as he had promised when he induced her to drop the insurance on her life, and had her suitably buried.

In "A Sculptor and a Shrine" published in *The Universal Review* for November 1888 Butler gives all the information he had collected since the publication of *Ex Voto* relating to Tabachetti, and also a description of the figures at Montrigone down the Val Sesia. In this article he also shows reason for believing the figure with the V on it in the "Ecce Homo" chapel at Varallo to be a portrait of Tabachetti by himself. It stands with one he supposes to be D' Enrico (another sculptor on the mountain) and also with statues representing Leonardo da Vinci and Stefano Scotto—replicas of those which are in Gaudenzio's "Crucifixion" chapel. He thought at first that the

1889 Aet. 53 statue called Il Vecchietto, the most beautiful on the mountain, was a portrait of Tabachetti by himself, but subsequent discoveries made by the Avvocato Negri of Casale-Monferrato have shown that Tabachetti died in 1615, aged about fifty-five, and the Vecchietto, being the portrait of a very old man, cannot be intended for him, though it may be, and probably is, his work. These discoveries were communicated verbally to Butler by the Avvocato, who used them afterwards in his own pamphlet, *Il Santuario di Crea* (Alessandria, 1902).

Butler prepared a leaflet (4 pp.) of "Additions and Corrections" for *Ex Voto*, containing the substance of "A Sculptor and a Shrine," to be given to any readers of *Ex Voto* who wrote to the publishers for it. He also prepared "a revised, enlarged and adnotated copy of the book" of which two copies only were printed (1890).

Butler to Alfred Marks.

Feb. 14, 1889.

DEAR MARKS—I am afraid the little book you have referred to in yours of Feb. 13 [*A First Year in Canterbury Settlement*] was written by me. My people edited my letters home. I did not write freely to them, of course, because they were my people; if I was at all freer anywhere they cut it out before printing it—besides I had not yet shed my Cambridge skin, and its trail is everywhere I am afraid perceptible. I have never read the book myself. I dipped into a few pages when they sent it to me in New Zealand, but saw "prig" written upon them so plainly that I read no more and never have and never mean to. I am told the book sells for £1 a copy in New Zealand—in fact, last Autumn I know Sir W. Buller gave that for a copy in England; so as a speculation it is worth 2/6 or 3/.

I stole a passage or two from it for *Erewhon*—meaning to let it go and never be reprinted at any rate during my lifetime.

I will get Mrs. Marks's book from Mudie's; that it is excellent goes without saying, but you know very well that I never read unless under some compulsion. Believe me, yours truly,

S. BUTLER.

Alfred Marks was a brother of the artist, Henry Stacy Marks. Evidently he had picked up a copy of the book cheap, and wrote to ask Butler if he was the author. Butler did not keep Marks's letter, nor a copy of his

reply, but Marks pasted the reply into his copy of the book, which after his death was bought by Mr. Alexander H. Turnbull of Wellington, New Zealand (ante, I. p. 102). Mr. Turnbull sent me a copy of Butler's letter, with a letter from himself, 23rd August 1913, in which he says: 1889 Aet. 53

The Sir W. Buller referred to in the letter was Sir Walter Lawry Buller—author of a large work on the Birds of New Zealand. I knew him quite well; he was collecting New Zealand books in 1889 and it is quite likely he told me the price he paid for *A First Year* and I may have passed on the information to H. E. Clarke and so it may have reached Butler's ears.

On reading these letters I remembered that Herbert Edwin Clarke had met a rich New Zealander in Elder's office, where he was working. Clarke, hearing that the New Zealander was collecting books about the colony, showed him a copy of *A First Year in Canterbury Settlement*, and told him he had bought it at some second-hand shop for a few shillings. The New Zealander offered him a pound for the book, and Clarke handed it over. It was either Clarke or I who told Butler about the transaction.

During 1887 Butler had been much at Shrewsbury on business, and early in 1888 the leading members of the Shrewsbury Archaeological Society had expressed a wish, through Mr. William Phillips of Canonbury, Shrewsbury, that he should write a memoir of his grandfather and father for their Quarterly Journal. This he had agreed to do after he should have finished *Ex Voto*. The memoir of Dr. Butler was to be about 40 or 80 pages; but "Let no man say 'Come, I will write a duodecimo.'" In December 1888 his sisters, with the idea of helping him to write the memoir, gave him his grandfather's correspondence extending from 1790 to 1839, and this correspondence was a revelation.

Butler to William Phillips.

17 *Dec.* 1888—Everything from first to last, beginning (as yet, so far as I have dipped into earlier correspondence) with a correspondence in 1804 which would melt the heart of a stone, is good, straightforward, generous, forbearing and all that an anxious grandson would desire his grandfather to be. More I

1889 Aet. 53 cannot say; less would wholly fail to convey an idea of the respect and admiration with which the character now first known to me impresses me. But—I must make my work into a full-sized book and publish it as my next volume. Of course it won't sell, but that is part of the game: I have got to do it.

And so the paper for the Shrewsbury Archaeological Journal had to be given up, and Butler set to work upon *The Life and Letters of Dr. Samuel Butler*, which was not published till 1896.

The Rev. F. E. Gretton and the Rev. Canon Evans of Durham, to whom the next two letters are addressed, had been pupils of Dr. Butler.

Butler to the Rev. F. E. Gretton.

12 *March* 1889—The conception I form of my grandfather's character is briefly as follows. . . . I imagine that his strength lay in his combinations rather than in abnormal development in any single direction. He loved a joke dearly, but his own humour is only very average. He could, and did at times, write admirably—sometimes, indeed, incomparably, as in his inscription on his father and mother's monument—but he cannot be called a great writer.[1] His judgements on other writers are not to be relied on—witness his enthusiasm for Lucien Bonaparte's *Charlemagne*, and his Treatise on the Art of English Composition (MS.) which would ruin any man's style who paid the slightest heed to it. He was not a seer of visions and a dreamer of dreams. To genius he can hardly, as it seems to me, lay claim. But, on the other hand, indomitable perseverance, quick perception of the main point in any question, patience under provocation—almost unbelievable by anyone who has not the letters before him, some of which I shall print and which have done more than anything else to make me so enamoured of his character. Placable almost to a fault; generous not less so; straightforwardness, sincerity, and hatred of anything mean or unworthy, absolutely unsurpassable. Ever ready to help a friend or even an enemy if down on his luck; no labour was too much for him; the evidence of this which I shall bring forward (of course unobtrusively) will need no comment; a very considerable talent for a very large range of things; the ensemble of these qualities, and I have omitted much else, seems to me

[1] "An inscription to the scholars of those days was like the sound of the bugle to a war-horse. I have heard my father tell how Dr. Parr once said to my grandfather, 'It's all very well, Sammy, to say that So-and-so is a good scholar, but can he write an inscription?'"—*Life and Letters of Dr. Butler*, I. 255.

both far more rare and far more admirable than brilliancy in one or two directions with marked deficiency in others. 1889 Aet. 53

Again, his courtliness of manner which appears in nearly every one of the countless letters by him in my possession; and his marvellous meekness; this last appears more especially in the diary he kept during his last illness which was full of misgivings that he had not been good enough.

Butler to the Rev. Canon Evans of Durham.

21 *March* 1889—I take it he was not a poet, not a humourist (though he dearly loved a joke), not a good judge of literature (though he could write, and did sometimes write, admirably). I doubt his having been a man of what is commonly called genius —whatever that may mean. Whether he was passionate or not I do not know and should particularly wish for information. In his letters his command of his temper is beyond all praise—simply admirable—but I have always, rightly or wrongly, imagined him as a little hasty and choleric, though only superficially. . . . On the other hand his straightforwardness, robustness, generous placability, kindness of heart, laboriousness, and a hundred other good qualities, have made me fairly lose my heart to him.

Reading his grandfather's papers and correspondence had inspired Butler with an almost Chinese reverence for his ancestor, and showed him that his previous opinion about him had been wrong. This meant that consequently George Pontifex in *The Way of All Flesh* was a libel. I did my best, and so did others, to persuade him that it could not matter, that he had presented a very lifelike and amusing old gentleman, and that the more it differed from his grandfather, the less any one could accuse him of being disrespectful to the real man; but we did not succeed. He was as scrupulous and punctilious as his own Ernest, and intended to ease his conscience by altering that part of his book; but other things occupied him, and he never did it.

He used to think he resembled his grandfather, and in some respects he did: let us consider how far the foregoing estimate applies to himself.

"Dr. Butler dearly loved a joke, but did not often say a good thing." This is from Butler's MS. Note-Book.

TWINS

1889 Aet. 53 Old Mrs. Freer, Dr. Butler's first cousin, told me that a silly woman once brought two boys to Shrewsbury, and said to Dr. Butler that she hoped he would put them in the same form and in the same bed-room.

"They have never," she said, "been separated, they are like twins; and indeed I may say they are twins, for there is only 17 months between them.

To which Mrs. Freer told me that Dr. Butler replied with a grave face, "Good heavens, Madam, what a labour!"

Another example of Dr. Butler's humour is quoted in the Introduction to Butler's Life of his grandfather. As the doctor was entering the schoolroom one day, a writing on the wall by some boy of the lower school caught his eye: "Butler is an old fool."

"Ah," said Dr. Butler, "the melancholy truth stares me in the face."

I have nothing to say against these as examples of humour, but they were exceptional efforts, whereas humour was one of the grandson's most distinguishing characteristics. It was not that one could say he had the gift of humour, in the sense that he was complete without it, and it had happened to be added, as a man may happen to wear a ring which has been given him; his whole nature was penetrated with it. But at the same time his whole nature was not less penetrated with reverence, and the combination gave to his conversation and to his writing a peculiar richness.

Here is a note made by Butler:

There will be no comfortable and safe development of our social arrangements—I mean we shall not get infanticide, and the permission of suicide, nor cheap and easy divorce—till Jesus Christ's ghost has been laid; and the best way to lay it is to be a moderate churchman.

Assuming for a moment that Dr. Butler would have agreed with the substance of this note, it would certainly never have occurred to him to state it in such a form.

At the Erewhon Dinner in 1914, Mr. Desmond MacCarthy spoke very felicitously of the exploring quality

of Butler's humour, saying that he would send it forth as Noah sent the dove out of the ark to search and find if perhaps there might be any solid ground in the neighbourhood; and it seldom returned without having made some interesting discovery. 1889 Aet. 53

In *Alps and Sanctuaries* Butler was thinking of himself when he wrote thus of Lord Beaconsfield:

> Earnestness was his greatest danger, but if he did not quite overcome it (as, indeed, who can? it is the last enemy that shall be subdued), he managed to veil it with a fair amount of success.

To veil his own earnestness he turned most naturally to humour, qualifying it with its opposite, as all the great humorists have done, to express his deepest and most solemn convictions. I suppose that those who have once got the double flavour of this kind of humour well into their heads, as Butler got the flavour of Château Lafitte into his, will find the ordinary growths unpalatable in comparison. He knew that, as he says somewhere, "A little levity will save many a good heavy thing from sinking." Sometimes, of course, he risked being misunderstood, but he was writing neither for those who do not think over what they read, nor for those who are easily thrown off their balance, nor for those whose sight, blinded by the brilliance of the surface, cannot pierce through and discern the solid ground beneath—he was writing, as Mozart wrote, for himself and a few intimate friends.

In the matter of Dr. Krause's *Kosmos* article Mr. Darwin by his silence appeared to admit that he had no defence to make, and thereafter nothing was bad enough for Mr. Darwin. Butler made the following note; and if the bitterness of the opening appears unjustified, we must remember that he knew nothing about the letters sent to me in 1910 by Mr. Darwin's son.

> I do not see how I can well call Mr. Darwin the Pecksniff of Science, though this is exactly what he is; but I think I may call Lord Bacon the Pecksniff of his age and then, a little later, say that Mr. Darwin is the Bacon of the Victorian era. This will be like passing one item through two different accounts, as though I had made Pecksniff debtor to Bacon and Bacon debtor to Darwin, instead of entering Pecksniff debtor to Darwin at once.

1889 Aet. 53 Apropos of this there is a further note reminding himself to call Tennyson the Darwin of Poetry, and Darwin the Tennyson of Science.

This note about Pecksniff resembles that other note he made at Miss Savage's funeral (ante, I. p. 441) about the lady who was not at all a fit person to be entrusted with the keys of Hell and of Death. In the one case he was grizzling under Darwin's treatment of him, in the other he was plunged in grief for the loss of Miss Savage; but neither his resentment nor his sorrow could restrain his bubbling humour, and he did not care who misunderstood him.

Butler wrote admirably, I think I may say, always, and not merely sometimes as his grandfather did in an occasional inscription. Mr. Bernard Shaw in reviewing *Samuel Butler: A Critical Study*, by Gilbert Cannan, in *The New Statesman*, 8th May 1915, says, quite justly, that Butler "had the supreme sort of style that never smells of the lamp, and therefore seems to the kerosene stylist to be no style at all."

In the note "Style" (*The Note-Books*, 1912) Butler speaks of his style as "just common, simple straightforwardness." A great deal of effort went to the attaining of this simplicity; but the effort was not spent in consciously labouring after any style. He wrote to Sir W. T. Marriott (14th Aug. 1862, ante, I. p. 98), "I feel strongly and write as I feel." His effort was to ascertain as precisely as possible what it was that he felt, and then to do his best to state it as clearly and tersely as possible—a method which he had discovered for himself as early as 1858, when he wrote the essay "On English Composition" (ante, I. p. 56). The process involved reconsideration and re-writing; as he told Miss Savage in November 1871 (ante, I. p. 146), "I am not to be trusted to write three lines unless I can keep them three weeks." It would probably be correct to say that everything he published was re-written, none of it less than three times, much of it four, five, six and even seven times. I suppose that *Erewhon Revisited* was the least re-written of his books—that is as a book; but parts of the

material had already been reconsidered and re-written before he started on the book itself. 1889 Aet. 53

As an illustration of his skill in placing le mot juste, take this sentence in "Eating and Proselytising" (*The Note-Books*, 1912): "As we get older we must digest more quietly still, our appetite is less, our gastric juices are no longer so eloquent, they have lost that cogent fluency which carried away all that came in contact with it." The whole note should be read for the effect to be appreciated, but this quotation will suffice for the moment. Words like "eloquent" and "that cogent fluency" do not fall into such places without coaxing; and he put them where he did after much thought and because he wanted to make his meaning clear and interesting. Again, let the reader refer to the note headed "Our Trivial Bodies," where Butler speaks of Handel sitting in his room at Gopsall writing the *Messiah*. Gopsall did not get there by accident; only a writer susceptible to the magic of sound could have placed it where it is. And when he made this note he did not believe that the *Messiah* was written at Gopsall; he had already accepted the opinion of Schœlcher, whose *Life of Handel* he possessed, that the legend about Gopsall was not supported by the facts. But he wanted the word to come as a shock after the solemn beauty of the passage which leads to it, and he placed it there—legend or no legend—intending it to arrest the reader's attention.

Butler's judgements about other writers often differed from much of the expressed opinion of his time; but the expressed judgement of any time is frequently merely an indolent echo from some previous time; and so much do all judgements require reconsideration that the history of literature is the history of the reconsideration of judgements. Butler's judgements were arrived at by thinking the matter out for himself. Had he been engaged, as Dr. Butler was, in god-fathering some such work as the English translation of Prince Lucien Bonaparte's *Charlemagne*, he might—he probably would—have overpraised it as an act of friendly good-nature, but he would have known what he was doing; and, as he often

1889 said, it is only when we deceive ourselves that the
Aet. 53 truth is not in us. And he would have managed so that any impartial reader would be put upon his guard and made to suspect his real sentiments.

I suppose he was a seer of visions and a dreamer of dreams. "Life," he wrote, "is a dream, and that is why all great men have been dreamers." He was of course a poet—one of those who write in prose rather than in verse. As to genius—Miss Savage said he had it, but she would have found it as difficult as he did to define genius.

When we consider the perseverance, the perception of the point, the generosity, straightforwardness, robustness, kindness of heart, sincerity and hatred of anything mean or unworthy, the courtliness of manner and meekness, the readiness to help a friend, or even an enemy, if down on his luck—the grandfather cannot have been more distinguished by these qualities than was the grandson.

Dr. Butler again was "placable almost to a fault" and so was his grandson. I think that none of my readers who remember the preface to the second edition of *Evolution Old and New* (ante, I. pp. 370-1) will doubt that if Darwin had shown Butler that he had been under a misapprehension when he wrote chapter iv. of *Unconscious Memory*, Butler would immediately have done all in his power to restore the equilibrium.

Butler saw Kennedy at Cambridge in the spring of 1889, and talked to him about Dr. Butler.

Dr. Butler's Temper

About my grandfather I could get very little. I asked if he was passionate. Kennedy said:

"No. I never saw him in a rage," and implied that he considered him to have had an even temper.

I daresay he could be choleric till he had time to think; but he would reflect quickly and when he had made up his mind to keep his temper, nothing could upset him.

Butler was like this himself. As he grew old he was occasionally irascible, but I seldom saw an exhibition of

more than momentary annoyance. There is a difference between the irritability of a man in failing health and the habitual turkey-cock bad temper to which he had supposed his grandfather to be constitutionally subject before his papers showed him that it was not so. 1889 Aet. 53

Mr. Booth in *Five Years in New Zealand* (p. 77) has a passage about his having gone on ahead, and Butler and another man, Cook, were to join him. The river had to be crossed, and it was swollen; so Booth sat down, concealed by a boulder, and went to sleep. When Butler and Cook came to the river, finding no trace of Booth, they concluded he must have been drowned, and began searching for his dead body. Booth woke up and laughed at them:

> Butler was hot-tempered, and anything approaching to ridicule where he himself was concerned was a mortal insult. He turned pale with passion and rode off; and I do not think he ever entirely forgave me for not being drowned when he had undertaken so much trouble to discover my body.

Butler was then under thirty; I did not know him till he was over forty. I never saw him turn "pale with passion." I have seen him made angry by something "approaching to ridicule where he himself was concerned"; but he never looked upon such ridicule as a "mortal insult," and I am sure Mr. Booth must be mistaken in thinking that Butler never forgave him. I suppose that in his youth Butler had given way to anger; on recovering he saw that he had been betrayed into making a fool of himself; whereupon he thought it necessary to apologise. This must have seemed to him a clumsy process and caused him to adopt a different method. I have no doubt that when he "rode off" in New Zealand it was to avoid speaking till he had regained control of himself, for this was his practice when I knew him. If, after he had become cool, the matter appeared trifling, he put it away and said nothing. If he thought it of sufficient importance, then, but not till he had himself under complete control, he would enforce his considered views. For this purpose he would pretend to

1889 Aet. 53 be still angry, and would sometimes overdo it and behave in an extremely unpleasant manner. After making his position clear he would be silent. If the offender took the opportunity to speak a word of sorrow or apology Butler accepted it at once, and became as mild as a sunny spring morning, with such suddenness that a stranger could not believe he was the same man. After this the subject was never referred to again. But if the offender did not show signs of sorrow or apology Butler treated him for the future as a person not to be encouraged.

The opportunities for the exercise of some of the qualities enumerated above were less frequent with Butler than with his grandfather; for there was one quality possessed by Dr. Butler which his grandson has omitted. Dr. Butler had the faculty of getting on with many different kinds of people and of guiding men; during the latter half of his time at Shrewsbury he seems almost to have ruled the town as well as the school. I doubt whether the grandson would have succeeded had he attempted to establish and govern a great public school; but then I doubt whether the grandfather would have succeeded had he attempted to write *Erewhon* or *The Way of All Flesh* or *Life and Habit.* Butler did not like to be taken off the subject that engrossed him; for him and his work plenty of uninterrupted time and complete tranquillity were essential. It must have happened to him over and over again to pass a whole day without speaking to a dozen different people; and that can never have happened to Dr. Butler, at least not during term time. And to make up a full dozen we must include omnibus conductors, the attendants at the British Museum who took his umbrella and brought him his books, the waiter in the restaurant, his laundress, Alfred, and me.

Butler would have been distressed if he had had to attend to the organising, the management of undermasters, the conciliating of parents and all the incessant, uninteresting, petty details which are, I suppose, incidental to the life of a headmaster. Many of these details must, naturally, be similar to those incidental to the life of a man at the head of a large concern of any kind, and I

remember thinking how unsuited Butler would have been to the kind of life I saw in a solicitor's office, and how the perpetual interruptions would have worried him. But we must remember that Dr. Butler was not successful at Shrewsbury from the beginning; for the first half of his time, he says, he met with hostility and bitter ill-treatment. If Butler had been placed in his grandfather's position he might in a few years have adapted himself to his surroundings and developed powers which, as it happened, were never called forth. But considerations of what might have happened under imaginary circumstances are seldom worth troubling about. 1889 Aet. 53

During the early part of 1889 Butler was much occupied with his grandfather's Life. He went to Kennington, near Ashford, where he saw Dr. Welldon, the last survivor of Dr. Butler's assistant masters. He had followed Jeudwine as second master at Shrewsbury during Dr. Butler's last six months, and was afterwards headmaster of Tonbridge. Butler found him "a very kind, good old gentleman." He went to Cambridge, where he dined in Hall at St. John's College, and where he conversed with Dr. Kennedy and with Professor J. E. B. Mayor, John Willis Clark, and others who remembered Dr. Butler or his pupils, and who were interested in the history of his period. He went to Kenilworth and saw an old lady who remembered his great-grandmother, and he went to the School dinner at Shrewsbury.

The house at the Holborn Gateway of Barnard's Inn, where my chambers were at this time, was occupied by Dr. Augustus GreatRex, and once, when I was ill, he attended me. On discovering Butler's identity GreatRex told us that he remembered his grandfather, who, he said, gave him his first fee. This seemed incredible, for Dr. Butler died in 1839, and Dr. GreatRex, though an elderly man, did not appear old enough to have been in practice fifty years ago. It turned out, however, that the father of Dr. GreatRex was veterinary surgeon at Eccleshall, where was the palace of the Bishop of Lichfield, and the bishop had a nomination for Christ's Hospital, which had been promised him some time before. He had

1889 Aet. 53 intended to use it for a member of his own family but, having been appointed a bishop before it came, he thought such a course would be beneath his dignity, and offered it to the veterinary surgeon for his son. Augustus GreatRex accordingly was educated at Christ's Hospital. In his holidays he came to see his benefactor, and inquired after his health. The bishop, who was nearing the end of his life, replied :

"Ah yes. Now, you want to be a medical man, don't you? Very well then, you shall feel my pulse and tell me how I am. It happens, fortunately, that I am rather better to-day, so you can give a good report, and that will be satisfactory to both of us."

The boy did as he was told, and Dr. Butler gave him a couple of guineas as his fee.

Butler, commenting on this, supposed that the old schoolmaster, knowing the ways of young things and how they are liable to change, had performed this little comedy with the intention of fixing his protégé in the desire to become a doctor.

Except this anecdote, I do not remember that Butler got any information about his grandfather from Dr. GreatRex, who must have been too young at the time of the bishop's death to remember much about him. But there was an anecdote about Mrs. GreatRex which pleased him. She was a member of an old Yorkshire family, people with ideas of solid comfort and good living, and famous for their cellar. The first words that Mrs. GreatRex uttered as a child were not "Mama" or "Papa" or anything of that kind but "Château Margaux."

"The Aunt, the Nieces, and the Dog" in *The Universal Review* for May 1889 was made out of some old letters. The article begins :

When a thing is old, broken, and useless, we throw it on the dust-heap, but when it is sufficiently old, sufficiently broken, and sufficiently useless, we give money for it, put it into a museum, and read papers over it which people come long distances to hear. [After developing this theme the article continues :] I have been reminded lately of these considerations with more than common force by reading the very voluminous correspondence left by my grandfather, Dr. Butler, of Shrewsbury, whose memoirs I am

engaged in writing. I have found a large number of interesting letters on subjects of serious import, but must confess that it is to the hardly less numerous lighter letters that I have been most attracted, nor do I feel sure that my eminent namesake did not share my predilection. Among other letters in my possession I have one bundle that has been kept apart, and has evidently no connection with Dr. Butler's own life. I cannot use these letters, therefore, for my book, but over and above the charm of their inspired spelling, I find them of such an extremely trivial nature that I incline to hope the reader may derive as much amusement from them as I have done myself, and venture to give them the publicity here which I must refuse them in my book. 1889 Aet. 53

This dragging in of Dr. Butler's correspondence carries the suggestion that he found the letters among the bishop's papers. They were not among the bishop's papers, and Butler nowhere says they were; he expressly says they have no connection with Dr. Butler's own life. Nevertheless, while saying one thing, which is the bare fact, he manages to give the impression of something which is not the fact. It is one of these cases in which, as he used to say, "quoting from memory"—

> There are more lies in honest truth,
> Believe me, than in half the frauds.

He was doing what in "Quis desiderio . . .?" he naïvely supposes Wordsworth and Moore to have done in their poems about Lucy and the dear gazelle-fancier. Whatever justification Wordsworth and Moore may have had for the course they adopted, Butler's reason for putting his readers off the scent was that he wished to avoid the possibility of any of the family of those concerned being offended by the publication of the letters. I found them among the papers of an old lady who lived in Westminster. Now that she has been dead for more than thirty years there can be no harm in saying so. She was the survivor of two unmarried sisters, clients of the solicitors with whom I was working. When she wrote us a business letter she used to begin: "Dear Gentlemen"; and she appointed the members of the firm executors of her will. Neither she nor her sister had ever been in a train. She occasionally gave her nieces a day at the Crystal Palace, taking

1889 Aet. 53 them there and back from Westminster in a hired fly, and when she and her sister went into Kent to stay with the aunt and the dog at East Peckham they drove all the way —about 50 miles. I was the clerk entrusted with the winding up of the old lady's affairs, and in that capacity I ought, strictly speaking, to have thrown these letters on the dust-heap, as being "old, broken, and useless"; but they amused me, and I showed them to Butler. He was a magpie for pouncing upon anything he thought he could turn to account, and persuaded me to let his bureau be the dust-heap; there the letters accordingly reposed until they had become "sufficiently old, sufficiently broken, and sufficiently useless" to be displayed in the museum of Quilter's magazine.

Butler had met in Italy Signor Pietro Preda, Professor of French in the Royal Naval Academy at Livorno. This gentleman had written a work, *Sull' idea religiosa e civile di Dante*. Butler, in acknowledging a copy, wrote a letter, which I have translated. After saying that he never had been and never should be in complete sympathy with Dante, he proceeds:

22 *June* 1889—I find that those who are devoted to music and the arts of painting and sculpture are unwilling to turn to the art of literary poetry. On the other hand those who are devoted to the art of literary poetry are less interested in music and in the fine arts. I am firmly persuaded that our Shakespeare did not like music and knew nothing at all about the fine arts. Milton certainly loved music, and I admit that a man may successfully cultivate two of the three great provinces of poetry, namely (1) music; (2) the arts that are strictly imitative (even when they are also creative); and (3) literature; but to cultivate all three—this is too much. Human sympathy is not capable of embracing simultaneously three wives so exacting and so jealous of one another. For me there exist two poets, Homer and Shakespeare; the others are doubtless very good sort of people but I have not, and never shall have, the honour of their acquaintance.

This is, I know, a brutal confession, but a man had better not pretend to have something which he has not. When I want poetry to set to music I write the words myself, but for the rest I prefer prose—prose as terse, as lucid, as sincere as I can make it. Those who go down into the Inferno for the purpose of seeing all

their enemies in that place and then write their adventures in poetry—well, to speak the truth, I have no sympathy with this sort of thing. . . . 1889 Aet. 53

Do you know how many copies of *Ex Voto* I have sold? I have sold 117. I mention this that you may see how cheaply people think of me in England. With one exception there is no journal of importance that would take an article by me. Every book that I write falls dead before it is so much as born—every book that I write costs me about £100 sterling; this is pure loss; and over *Ex Voto* I shall lose at least £150. I have not the ear of any publisher; I never invite a critic to dinner; I do my work as accurately as I can; I say what, after sufficient consideration, appears to me to be true and useful, and I leave everything else on one side. Such writers as I offend against too many interests to go ahead or to be useful friends; but every one is forced to act according to his genius.

One cannot read this without being reminded of Ernest's literary position at the end of *The Way of All Flesh.* The remark about his not being useful to friends was intended as an apology to the professor for being unable to advertise the work about Dante, but he promised to do his best by giving it to one of the Dante Societies or to the British Museum.

In July he went abroad, staying at Basel on his way as usual. Here he made the acquaintance of a Madame Bischoff, a niece of his grandfather's correspondent, Baron Merian, who, though Ambassador from the Court of St. Petersburg to that of Paris, was of Swiss origin. Madame Bischoff did not remember her uncle, but was able to give Butler some information for his Life of Dr. Butler, and also showed him some of Baron Merian's letters. From Basel he passed into Italy.

Butler to H. F. Jones.

VOLTERRA. 20 *July* 1889—You need never come to Volterra; the walls may be Etruscan but they are not Cyclopean, and I only care about Cyclopean walls. Nevertheless there is a lot here. I don't want to write much to you for I want to put what I have to say into what I am writing for publication and there is no doubt about your seeing that, so why should you see it more than ten times? . . . There are some excellent things in Baron Merian's letters, but I can't understand all without a dictionary;

1889 Aet. 53 among others, "Plus le français est aimable, moins il sent les beaux arts." Don't send this about too much, but isn't it nice? The Basel people have sub-blasphemed me in their new catalogue [about the Holbein water-colour] so I had better tear them to pieces in the October or November number of *The Universal Review*.

It seems the man who made the best figures at S. Vivaldo was blind. Of course I don't know whether they are good or bad, but a blind sculptor should do for *The Universal Review*; at any rate it will provoke people if I serve them up a blind sculptor. I really don't think there can have been many blind sculptors.

The blind sculptor was known as Il Cieco di Sgambassi, and some of his sculptures were good—done perhaps before the poor man lost his eyesight.

Butler found Siena "an astounding place," but did not stay; he went on to Monte Oliveto to live with the monks for a few days.

Butler to H. F. Jones.

MONTE OLIVETO. 3 *Aug.* 1889—The monks are only two, one black and the other white; the Padre Abate is black, Don Giuseppe is white. They call me Don Samuele. I don't like their food, especially on Fridays, but they are very kind and friendly. They have a most scandalous coloured print in the refectory: How Jesus Christ was feasted by the angels after his fast in the desert. The angels are all demi-monde ballet-dancers, only with less clothing than ballet-dancers generally wear. They are in the most suggestive attitudes and attended by a swarm of cupids. They carry any number of silver salvers with nothing on them; but one angel is actually offering Christ a bun (for I am sure it is nothing but a common railway-station-refreshment-room bun) and a bottle of aerated water. Christ is looking up to heaven with a resigned expression, as though saying he "could do with a kidney"; but I suppose the angels thought that, after so long a fast, he must be fed with great caution.

The cats, about 15 in number, are all half-starved and go about showing hunger in every gesture.

Paolino, their servant, is a worthy, affectionate creature to whom they pay 10 francs a month. He is like the man-milliner Gogin used to tell us about: "I wish my ma had married *you*, Mr. Taylor." He hates the monks: they bully him when I am by. He hates Don Giuseppe most. He says that the Abate and Don Giuseppe hate one another. Of course they do, what would they have to do if they did not? He pours out

his soul, what little there is of it, to me and I let him talk because I see it relieves him. . . . 1889 Aet. 53

I am very glad to have spent a week here, and got to understand the place.

It may perhaps be doubted whether every other visitor "got to understand the place" in this sense in so short a time as a week.

He went to S. Gimignano and Colle di Val d' Elsa, hoping always to find traces of Tabachetti. From Pisa he went to Chivasso, where he was told of a sanctuary certainly containing work by Tabachetti, but it turned out that his informants were thinking of Crea. He went to Biella, Oropa, where there is a sanctuary with statues, S. Giovanni di Andorno, and Varallo.

Butler to H. F. Jones.

VARALLO. 7 *Sept.* 1889—I got some trifles at Oropa, two little holy-water holders, very small with black Madonnas, three coloured black Madonnas under glass, and two bottles with all Christ's crucifixings or crucifixion-fixings inside them, corked up, so that you can see them and think about them, and they won't lie about and get dusty.

I joined him at Varallo, and we came home together, first returning to Oropa to take photographs of some of the statues, and staying on our way at Varese, Faido, and Basel.

In November 1889 *The Universal Review* published "L'Affaire Holbein-Rippel," by Butler. Among the Birmann pictures in the Museum at Basel is a water-colour drawing representing a string of dancing peasants; it was stated in the catalogue to be a copy by Jerome Hess of part of the decoration designed by Holbein for a house in Basel, called the "Haus zum Tanz," demolished some years ago. Whenever he passed through Basel Butler revisited this drawing. He made a copy of it so long ago as 1871, and during each of the years 1884-5-6 spent two days continuing to work on his copy. At last, in 1886, it seemed to him that the catalogue must be wrong in supposing the picture to be a copy; it was too free

1889 Aet. 54 and certainly could not be by Hess—at least it was much better than other work by that artist. The authorities showed him a photograph of a Holbein drawing at Berlin which, according to the received opinion, was used by Holbein when he painted the house, unless he used some intermediate drawing; and it was stated in the catalogue that Hess made the water-colour at Basel as a copy from the house itself. Investigation, however, showed that the decorations on the house had disappeared before Hess was born, so that part of the story was certainly wrong. Butler came to the conclusion that Holbein himself made both the drawings, and that he had made the Basel drawing direct from the Berlin drawing, the resemblance negativing the supposition of an intermediate hand and of a lost intermediate version; while the modifications negatived the supposition that any one but Holbein himself could have made the two drawings.

On this subject he had a correspondence with Sir W. Martin Conway, who was then Professor of Art at University College, Liverpool, and who included photographs of the Berlin and the Basel drawings in an Exhibition of the work of Holbein in the Art Club. Butler had the satisfaction of finding that Sir Martin Conway agreed with him as to the Basel drawing being by Holbein, though he took the Berlin drawing to be a copy from the house.

Butler published a card with photographs from the two drawings, with his views upon the matter and his reasons for holding them.

In *The Universal Review* for December 1889 appeared "A Medieval Girl School," which is a description of some of the chapels at Oropa, and especially of the one called the Dimora or Sojourn of the Madonna in the Temple.

E. Gogin, photo 1890 — Emery Walker Phot.

Butler & Jones
in Gogin's Studio, Shoreham

CHAPTER XXVIII

1890

STUDYING COUNTERPOINT AND TAKING LEAVE OF EVOLUTION

1890 Aet. 54

DURING 1888 or 1889, at the house of Miss Bertha Thomas, we met Mademoiselle Gabrielle Vaillant. As the reader knows, Butler had met her years before at Miss Savage's. I also had met her at my mother's house in London, where she used to come to give lessons on the violin to my elder sister, who, however, did not proceed far with the violin, and began to learn the zither. I remember Mademoiselle Vaillant's scorn and anger when she heard that one of her pupils had given up the violin for that contemptible instrument, the zither. She was a performer of considerable attainments and of great taste, but seldom appeared in public because, owing to an accident in her childhood, she was lame. She made her living by teaching, and had a wide circle of pupils. She very kindly undertook to give me lessons on the viola—literally to give me lessons, for she would not allow me to pay. We saw a great deal of her, and often went to her house, where she and her pupils sometimes played our music through. Her health broke down, and she died in 1899, at the age of forty-six.

In 1889 Butler was asked to sign a petition—but we may as well have his note about it:

MRS. ROSSETTI AND "ALMOST"

Mrs. W. M. Rossetti, née Madox Brown (whom by the way I hardly know) sent me a note a few weeks back desiring me to

1890 Aet. 54 come and sign a memorial in order to get a pension for her sister (Dr. Hueffer's widow). Dr. Hueffer was musical critic for *The Times* and ought to have insured his life, but it seems he had not done so, and Mrs. Hueffer must therefore have a pension. I did not like signing. I knew nothing of Dr. Hueffer, except that he would have snarled at my music if he had ever taken any notice of it, which he assuredly did not. I shall never get any public money myself and am therefore naturally jealous of seeing others get it. The people who get pensions are invariably those who are most bitter and contemptuous towards myself; nevertheless I thought that to sign would be, as Jones expressed it, "the smoothest progression open to me"; accordingly I said I would call and sign which, at the appointed hour, I did.

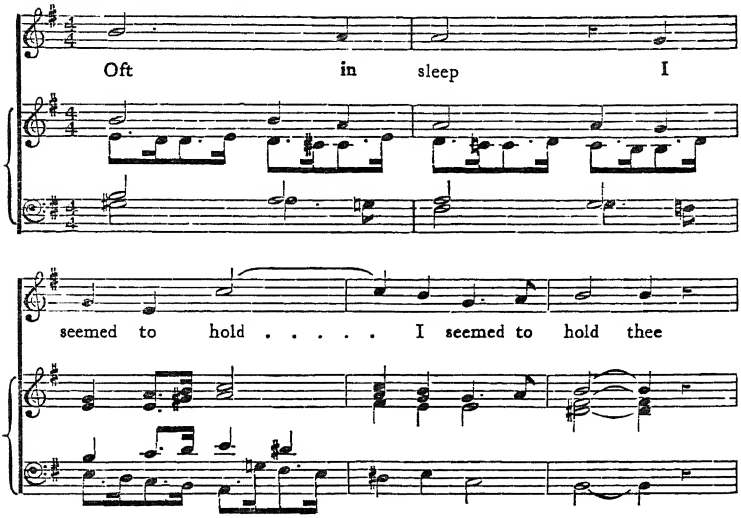
She, of course, was on her good behaviour; so was I, for there is no use in doing things by halves. We deplored the rapid flight of time, and Mrs. Rossetti said she felt as though her life had passed by and she had nothing to show for it. I said that was exactly how I felt myself.

"Oh no," she exclaimed immediately, "you have really *almost* something to show for your life."

I had hard work to prevent laughing, but turned it off, and I don't think she noticed it.

Dr. Hueffer being dead, Mr. J. A. Fuller Maitland followed him as musical critic for *The Times*, and one afternoon, early in the year, when I went to Mademoiselle Vaillant's for my lesson on the viola, I found him with her and was introduced. They were rehearsing something they were to play together at a charity concert, and when they had finished he began at once talking to me about *Narcissus*, of which we had sent a copy to *The Times*. He questioned me about our musical studies, and, finding that, as he had suspected, neither Butler nor I had ever done any exercises in counterpoint, he strongly urged us to study under that learned musician and incomparable teacher, William Smith Rockstro (1823–1895). I talked the proposal over with Butler, who did not much like the idea of lessons, and was busy with his *Life of Dr. Butler*; it was settled, however, that no harm could come of my taking a few lessons and reporting to him. I accordingly began a course of medieval counterpoint with Rockstro, and in a few weeks Butler became so much interested in what I told him that nothing would do but

he must have lessons also. I was a little nervous as to what this might lead to, because Rockstro was a pupil of Mendelssohn, whose Life he had written, and among his fellow-pupils, besides Joachim and Otto Goldschmidt, had been Madame Schumann. We did a great many exercises in the ecclesiastical modes, and composed a few academic fugues, and Butler readily forgave Rockstro's association with Mendelssohn and Madame Schumann and also any troublesome pedantry, because he found him to be as devoted a lover as himself of Handel, whose Life he had also written. There was never a lesson without frequent references to Handel. I found among Butler's papers this passage in an early draft of his song, "Tears of Joy" in our oratorio *Ulysses*: 1890 Aet. 54



And on the MS., in Rockstro's writing, is this characteristic note about the two B's in the last bar:

This passage is written quite correctly; but according to the practice of the eighteenth century, C must be sung instead of the first B. This is what Handel would have insisted upon, throwing Cuzzoni out of the window for disobedience.

Rockstro spoke of modern music as "licentious"—meaning not that modern composers were dissolute fellows,

1890 Aet. 54 but that, instead of being satisfied with the pane quotidiano of the rules, varied with occasional licenses, they wrote their music in licenses and paid little attention to the rules. The classical illustration of the contrast is afforded by Handel and Bach.

"Bach," Rockstro said, "is taking niggling, restless, little irritating licenses all the time for no particular reason; Handel follows the rules with loving obedience and, when he does take a license, takes a good big one for a dramatic reason, and the effect is overwhelming."

This placing of Handel above Bach completed Rockstro's conquest of Butler, and they became great friends.

Butler told him about Freck, the shepherd at Langar, who, he was sure, slept with his face upwards (ante, I. p. 40). Freck used to ask Butler if he could "prick him out" this or that part. To prick out a part is a relic of speech handed down from days when the notes were actually pricked, hence prick-song and counterpoint, and to know that Butler had actually heard the phrase as a survival, and not as an imitation, naturally interested Rockstro.

We talked about Schubert and his studying Handel's oratorios, and being thereby led to recognise his own deficiencies in counterpoint and to determine to take a course of lessons from the leading authority of his time, and we wondered what would have been the effect on his music if he had lived. Rockstro, however, was more interested in Schubert from a rather different point of view.

"Ah," he exclaimed wistfully, "what a pupil he would have made!"

Rockstro was a devout Roman Catholic, but that did not prevent him from occasionally indulging in what Butler speaks of as "the mild irreverence of the Vicar's daughter" (*The Authoress of the Odyssey*, p. 247), and he told us an anecdote about Jullien, the famous writer of dance-music. Late in life Jullien went mad, and proposed to set the Lord's Prayer to music. His friends endeavoured to dissuade him, but he was obstinate, and declared that

such a collaboration must be a great success; it would bring together the names of the two greatest men the world had ever seen. 1890 Aet. 54

"Think of the title-page," he urged, "'The Lord's Prayer. Words by Jesus Christ. Music by Jullien.'"

One day Rockstro said to me:

"Now there is something I want to ask you. Butler has lent me *Erewhon* and I want you to tell me—what does he mean by the musical banks? Does he mean the Church?"

I said he did.

"Oh," said Rockstro meditatively, "well—well then —— Ah! I see—yes—well then, it's *very clever*."

The fact that Rockstro was a devout Roman Catholic can hardly have been the reason why he did not see at once what was intended. Many other readers had the same difficulty, and yet Butler used to say that he had hesitated to let the chapter go as it stands, the satire seemed so much too obvious.

On the 15th of March 1890 Butler delivered a lecture at the Working Men's College, Great Ormond Street, on "Thought and Language." He afterwards revised it, and delivered it again in February 1894 at the Somerville Club, and it was published in 1904 in *Essays on Life, Art, and Science*. Charles Crawley was interested in the Working Men's College, and I suppose it must have been through him that Butler was asked to lecture there. He was a barrister, who had specialised in insurance law, and he knew both Edmund and Harry Gurney, who are mentioned ante, I. p. 231; probably Butler knew him through these brothers. Butler discovered while writing his grandfather's life that Crawley was the son of Archdeacon Crawley who, before his death in January 1896, in his ninety-fourth year, was the oldest surviving pupil of Dr. Butler (*Life of Dr. Butler*, I. 307). Crawley and Harry Gurney shared rooms over the office of a large insurance company in Regent Street. They knew Mrs. Alfred Bovill, and brought her to Butler's lecture; when it was over we all went to Crawley's rooms. This was the first time I saw Mrs. Bovill, but I have a dim recollection of having heard

1890 Aet. 54 Butler mention her before this occasion; it may have been in connection with the rehearsals for a revival of Gluck's *Orfeo* at Cambridge, in May 1890, when she took the principal part and performed it extremely well.

After this first meeting at the Working Men's College we frequently saw Mrs. Alfred Bovill, who was at this time having singing lessons of Rockstro. She was a daughter of the Rev. Charles Clarke, another of Dr. Butler's pupils and the author of many novels. Mrs. Bovill told Butler that in one of these novels, *The Beauclercs Father and Son* (Chapman & Hall, 1867) her father introduced reminiscences of his school-days, including a sketch of Dr. Butler, under the name of Dr. Armstrong. Butler quoted the passage in the Introduction to the Life of his grandfather, but he made the mistake of speaking of Mr. Clarke as Rector of Esher; he lived there, but was not rector. His daughter wrote to me 1st January 1913: "He was for many years in Northants after leaving Oxford, and was a great sportsman; then he came to Esher and took boys to read for the army. Many an idiot has he shoved through—and he a classical scholar and a real wit!" On page 160 of *The Authoress of the Odyssey* Butler gives another quotation from *The Beauclercs*—a description of Shrewsbury under the name of Grammerton.

Butler liked Mrs. Bovill's outspoken directness and straightforwardness; they became great friends, and remained so until a cloud arose between them; and soon afterwards, in 1898, she married the Hon. Richard Cecil Grosvenor.

In 1911 Mrs. Grosvenor and I resumed our friendship, and I ventured to tell her of a passage I found in Butler's Note-Books:

> I said in my novel [*The Way of All Flesh*] that the clergyman is a kind of human Sunday. Jones and I settled that my sister May was a kind of human Good Friday and Mrs. Bovill a human Easter Monday or some other Bank Holiday.

I sent her this in a letter and said, "I hope you don't mind." She replied, 29th April 1912, "Mind! I should think not indeed. Oh, if only he had written that to me!

I am so pleased he thought of me as a Bank Holiday." And at the Erewhon dinner in 1914 she made a speech, and quoted the note, saying it was the greatest compliment that had ever been paid her in words. 1890 Aet. 54

In April, May, and June 1890 *The Universal Review* published three articles by Butler entitled "The Deadlock in Darwinism." The occasion for writing them was afforded by the publication in 1889 of Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace's *Darwinism*, and they discuss the question expressed in the title of *Luck or Cunning?* The following extracts from two letters to his old schoolfellow Mr. S. H. Burbury, F.R.S., will show their tenour.

Butler to S. H. Burbury, F.R.S.

26 *June* 1890—The trouble as contended by Herbert Spencer, Mivart, and many others is that variations, no matter how favourable, will not accumulate, unless steady and in the same direction for many consecutive generations.

Variations due to kaleidoscopic rearrangement, though incessantly occurring and, as unquestionably, sometimes fortunate beyond all power of design, will not accumulate, inasmuch as the very fertility of variation, inherent in all organisms, and the infinite number of ways, at any rate among the metazoa, in which variations can be variable make the chances infinity to one against the persistence of the necessary correlations.

If there is a principle underlying variations that will keep up a constant supply of the same correlations with but occasional introduction of none save comparatively small modifications, we believe that accumulation of beneficial variations is a matter of course. If there is no such principle—and the denial of such a principle is the very essence of Charles Darwinism—we hold that the whole fabric of accumulated variations is visionary.

I grant as readily as you can wish that when Charles Darwin speaks of "fortuitous" he only means due to unknown causes, but it is clear he supposes these causes to be of the happy-go-lucky order. We, on the other hand, maintain that we know the causes with sufficient approach to certainty; that they are capable of achieving the result we attribute to them; and that, so far as we can see, there are no other forces in nature that can do the same.

You said, the other day, you hardly thought Charles Darwin knew the strength of his own position. I, on the other hand, imagine he showed abundant signs that he knew its weakness.

You say you have taken no interest in the manner in which

1890 Aet. 54 variations occur. We say that this is precisely the point at issue, for that the question of their conceivable accumulation turns on this. If they originate in one main way persistently, if they have a helm, they will steer straight; if they are without the rudder of an underlying principle they will drift and the gain of one generation will be lost through the greater gain in some non-correlated direction in the next. It will be Penelope's web—ever doing and undoing with no progress.

I stop here in order to keep the issues within narrower bounds. At the same time I venture to send you *Evolution Old and New* and *Unconscious Memory*, books to which I have never seen any reply attempted beyond mere coarse vituperation. I would ask you more especially to look at the opening chapters and the four last chapters of *Evolution Old and New* and the concluding one of *Unconscious Memory*. What I rather feel is that I have been writing books now so long, and show such little sign of leaving off, that Charles Darwinians would surely put a stopper on me if they could. The fact that they prefer to take the line of knowing nothing about it has given me some confidence that they have not got much to say, and, I fear, may have increased a natural predisposition to stick, right or wrong, to my own opinion. Of course we all go on very much as gropers in the dark, but I know no safer ground to stand on than that of general good-faith and straightforwardness. I have so often found Charles Darwin neglectful of every canon I have myself been taught to respect that his name carries no weight with me, and I am not disposed to attach much importance to him or to his work unless in those, by no means infrequent, cases in which he is obviously unbiassed and gives his evidence. Then, of course, no one's opinion is better worth having.

Penultimately, of course there are limits. There is degeneration, on the one hand, from indolence and disuse; on the other, there is exhaustion from over-exertion. But between these two there is a serviceable quantum of use and, provided exhaustion has not been seriously trenched on, I should say the greater and more persistent the use, the better for the organ in the offspring —bar disturbing causes.

Finally, my dear Burbury, when and where did I ever say such, pardon me, nonsense as that there is "a conscious purpose running through the whole" universe? I know nothing about such things and, if there is a purpose at all, it seems to me more like an unconscious than a conscious one; but it is all miles off my ground. My contention is that, though the amoeba did not foresee the man, yet it is mainly through the foreseeing of the very little that organism can alone foresee at each point in its progress that the results we see have been brought about. Hence, each

step of the road having been purposeful, the whole journey has been purposeful, though the purpose has been growing and varying all the time. I do not suppose that anything foresaw man from afar and worked towards him. It may have been so. But I see abundant evidence of the first kind of purpose and none whatever of the second. 1890 Aet. 54

27 *June* 1890 . . . You contend that the accumulation of haphazard variations will account for what we see. I do not think it would or conceivably could. I can adduce sufficient (to my thinking) evidence that the variations are not haphazard and, even though it were conceivable that Luck might do it all in the end (which, by the way, I cannot conceive) surely Cunning will do it more quickly and more certainly. And what difficulty attaches to the Cunning view if memory be supposed persistent between generations?—within, of course, the limits to which all memory is subject.

As he says in one of the articles: "To state this doctrine [the haphazard view] is to arouse instinctive loathing; it is my fortunate task to maintain that such a nightmare of waste and death is as baseless as it is repulsive."

"The Deadlock in Darwinism" concludes with a summary of the theory propounded in *Life and Habit.* The articles constitute a kind of codicil to his four evolution books and were republished in 1904 in *Essays on Life, Art, and Science.* He never published anything more about evolution but, if he had met with any serious attempt to show wherein the theory of *Life and Habit* required modification, it might have led to his writing more. He made a note of *Materials for the Study of Variation* by Professor Bateson, published in 1894, as a book to be read, but I do not find any evidence that he actually read it; probably he was by then too deeply engrossed in the *Odyssey* and the *Life of Dr. Butler.* He could not have failed to be interested in all that was being done and written after the re-discovery of Mendel's work; and that he would have been especially interested in all that relates to mutation and discontinuous variation will appear from this passage in *God the Known and God the Unknown* (pp. 14, 15) originally written in 1879:

Under these circumstances organism must act in one of two

1890 Aet. 54 ways; it must either change slowly and continuously with the surroundings, paying cash for everything, meeting the smallest charge with a corresponding modification so far as is found convenient; or it must put off change as long as possible and then make larger and more sweeping changes.

Both these courses are the same in principle, the difference being only one of scale, and the one being a miniature of the other, as a ripple is an Atlantic wave in little; both have their advantages and disadvantages, so that most organisms will take one course for one set of things and the other for another. They will deal promptly with things which they can get at easily, and which lie more upon the surface; those, however, which are more troublesome to reach, and lie deeper, will be handled upon more cataclysmic principles, being allowed longer periods of repose followed by short periods of greater activity. Animals breathe and circulate their blood by a little action many times a minute; but they feed, some of them, only two or three times a day, and breed for the most part not more than once a year, their breeding season being much their busiest time. It is on the first principle that the modification of animal forms has proceeded mainly; but it may be questioned whether what is called a sport is not the organic expression of discontent which has been long felt, but which has not been attended to, nor been met step by step by as much small remedial modification as was found practicable; so that, when a change does come it comes by way of revolution. Or, again (only that it comes to much the same thing) a sport may be compared to one of those happy thoughts which sometimes come to us unbidden after we have been thinking for a long time what to do, or how to arrange our ideas, and have yet been unable to arrive at any conclusion.

Butler went abroad in July, and arranged his journey so as to be at Furnes, where he saw a procession of the Passion, on the last Sunday of the month. He had heard of this from Mademoiselle Vaillant, who was a native of the North of France and had written him a long account of it. He next went to Dinant and Namur, to continue his investigations about Tabachetti, and then, via Basel and Goeschenen and over the Furka by Gletsch and Visp, to Saas Fée, where there are chapels with small wooden figures in them, which from what he had heard he thought might be by Tabachetti. He stayed some time photographing and making up his mind about the figures; he also went to Vispertiminen, where there are more figures, "all of them very bad indeed."

At Saas he made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. MacCarthy, who were staying in the hotel with their son, an Eton boy. One day the father and son had been for an excursion and the father returned alone. The anxious mother, hearing that her boy had preferred speculating in short cuts to accompanying his father, borrowed a red umbrella to make herself conspicuous and went out "to look for Desmond." Presently she came upon Butler loaded up with his camera and toiling along on his way back after a fatiguing day. He told her he had seen a little white figure among the trees on the mountain side and had no doubt it was her son who, he assured her, would be all right, and he himself was loitering, intending to be overtaken so that they might arrive at the hotel together. 1890 Aet. 54

"You see," he explained, "I know he will be late for dinner and it may make things a little easier for him if he does not come in alone."

Years afterwards Mrs. MacCarthy told me that she had been reading *The Way of All Flesh*, and had remembered this incident and for the first time had understood why Butler thought that her son would require the presence of an elderly gentleman to protect him from his parents if he came in late for dinner.

"The idea," she exclaimed indignantly, "the idea of supposing that my boy had been brought up like Ernest!"

Other English visitors were also at Saas. The following passage occurs in *Notes from a Knapsack*, by George Wherry (Cambridge: Bowes & Bowes, 1909).

An impression of a stranger kneeling at a shrine often occurs to me. He was looking through the little grating of a chapel, one of the many that mark the stations on the high footpath to Saas Fée.

At first I thought him to be a devoted penitent, until a nearer view proclaimed a shabby wanderer with a camera. We greeted one another politely enough to share the view of the coloured wooden figures of the sleeping disciples, and almost instantly I realised that the man was one of a thousand. He had examined all the figures in all the chapels, and had spent many days on the other side of the mountains, in Italy, wherever such work could be found, and had made photographs as he travelled.

1890 Aet. 54 He poured out a continuous flow of art appreciation and, it seemed to me, made original and striking observations. He presented me with a photograph of a sleeping Joseph, from a figure carved by an artist named Tabachetti with whose work in Italy he was familiar, and compared it with a sleeping effigy before us. He then told me the story of the artist's life, and concluded that the sculptor had been compelled to leave his country in some political crisis and on his way over the Monte Moro pass, had made a stay at Saas, and had carved certain of the figures which my stranger pointed out. He proved to be Samuel Butler, the author of *Erewhon*, who thought that Nausicaa wrote the *Odyssey*, and some time after [before] my interview with him brought out a book called *Alps and Sanctuaries*, on the shrines of Italy. Among English villages he had walked several thousands of miles, adding to his list of things worth seeing in villages and farm-houses, and always finding new charms in the old country. Enshrined in the best tablet of my mind is the short time spent with Butler, who proved a most entertaining traveller, and with whose wanderings and ponderings I have the greatest sympathy. These few lines may be taken as a passing tribute to his memory.

The reader may imagine with what emotion I came upon this description of Butler charming a stranger with the magic of his enthusiasm—doing what I have seen him do I know not how oft. They never met again, but after Butler's death I made Mr. Wherry's acquaintance at Cambridge and thanked him for this passage in his book.

From Saas Butler crossed the Simplon and stayed at Domodossola to see the sanctuary there, which he found about on a level with that at Orta in interest, but with nothing so good as "The Canonization of St. Francis" which is at Orta. Then he went to Varallo, where I joined him and we stayed some time making excursions and reconsidering the chapels. We went next to Biella to have another look at Oropa which is near; then to the sanctuary above Lenno on the Lake of Como and, after calling at Mendrisio, Faido, and Basel, returned to London.

In November 1890 *The Universal Review* contained "Art in the Valley of Saas," which Butler wrote on his return, and in December "Ramblings in Cheapside," in which he recounts meeting people so closely resembling celebrated personages of past times that he always thought

of them as their more illustrious prototypes. In this way he saw Francis I. of France and our own Henry VIII., Raffaelle, Handel himself, Michael Angelo ("I never saw a man dance so much in my life"), Dante, Mendelssohn (making an offer of marriage to his cook in a fresco on the terrace of the Albergo Grotta Crimée at Chiavenna), Beethoven, Socrates, Horace, and others including Mary Queen of Scots, who "wears surgical boots and is subject to fits near the Horse Shoe in Tottenham Court Road." He saw Michael Angelo another time and made this note: 1890 Aet. 54

> I saw him again later on, in another mood and in another place, for the great dead live again in all their moods. This time he was biting his middle finger and talking cruelly to himself.

This was the last number of *The Universal Review*, and this is a list of Butler's articles in it with the dates when they appeared:

Quis Desiderio . . . ?	July 1888
A Sculptor and a Shrine	November 1888
The Aunt, the Nieces, and the Dog	May 1889
L'Affaire Holbein-Rippel	November 1889
A Medieval Girl School	December 1889
The Deadlock in Darwinism, I.	April 1890
The Deadlock in Darwinism, II.	May 1890
The Deadlock in Darwinism, III.	June 1890
Art in the Valley of Saas	November 1890
Ramblings in Cheapside	December 1890

In republishing these articles in 1904 in *Essays on Life, Art, and Science*, and in 1913 in *The Humour of Homer and other Essays*, such parts of "A Sculptor and a Shrine" as referred to Tabachetti were omitted because the researches of the Avvocato Negri had shown that they required considerable modification; and "L'Affaire Holbein-Rippel" was omitted because it wanted illustrations. On the other hand, two lectures are included which were not in *The Universal Review*, viz., the one mentioned earlier in this chapter on "Thought and Language," and another which he delivered at the Somerville Club on the 27th of February 1895, "How to make the Best of Life"—a subject about which he began by declaring that he knew nothing:

1890 Aet. 55

> I do not even know how to make the best of the twenty minutes that your Committee has placed at my disposal. . . . Life is like playing a violin solo in public and learning the instrument as one goes on. One cannot make the best of such impossibilities.

This Christmas Butler went with his solicitor Russell Cooke to Boulogne. He said afterwards that he did not like doing so; "it interfered with the healthy distrust which ought always to exist between a man and his solicitor."

CHAPTER XXIX

1891

THE PROBLEM OF THE *ODYSSEY*

Butler to Miss Butler.

14 *Feb.* 1891—Alfred and I were in the dark-room, making slides. I was afraid of exposing the same plate twice and said: 1891 Aet. 55

"Now, Alfred, we must be careful. I am afraid I shall get confused."

Alfred replied: "Yes, Sir, *you* will, but *I* am here"—all said quite unconsciously.

Yesterday he said: "Let me look, Sir; yes, perhaps I shall see that you have your hair cut to-morrow."

This afternoon I am to call on the Tillbrooks, so this morning he examined my hair and said reproachfully:

"Oh no, Sir, you can't go; it's all ragged, it won't do at all. You can go to Mr. Skinner's in the Turnstile as you go to the Museum, if you like; or, if you haven't done it then, I'll have a cup of coffee for you at half-past two and then you can go down to Mr. Hunt's—that's how I'll settle it. Don't forget."

And then he looks perfectly satisfied. Of course I went to Mr. Skinner's straight away, for I knew if I didn't I must go to Mr. Hunt's and I might as well get it over.

Mr. J. D. Enys to Butler.

MESOPOTAMIA [NEW ZEALAND],
May 7, 1891.

DEAR BUTLER—I have ridden up here from Mount Peel just to see the old place again. Your old hut is still standing, nearly as you left it, but the bedrooms thrown into one. It is used as kitchen and married couple's quarters. Your old kitchen was burnt down some years since. A new house has been built a little nearer your old kitchen than the old hut, and about

1891 Aet. 55 50 feet more out towards the Rangitata. Trees close the whole place in on both sides and back, in front some fine Insignis[1] stand near the edge and you look under them as the branches are cut near the ground. It must be about 27 years since I was last here, just as Brabazon was putting down the floor of the then new shed which had not been used. McMillan, the present owner, shears over 20,000 sheep and has 2,000 acres of freehold. He grows turnips and oats and cuts oaten hay enough for his horses. I rode today up to the old bush which has been all burnt except the Forest Creek end by an accidental fire, most unfortunately.

The crops are grown across Jason's gully and this year have been good. Sheep looking well also.

Many thanks for the autograph you have so kindly remembered to save for me of C. J. Blomfield.[2] I will call for it and a talk over old times in the autumn if I live to come home all right. I am visiting old friends before leaving and find it hard to part.

[After saying that he had sold out and was coming home, he continues:]

If you came out again you would see many changes—trees growing round all the houses on the plains, gravel-pits planted all over the place, and water-races running into nearly all the fields from Christchurch to Timaru, indeed without them, this last three dry years, stock would have died or had to be sent away.

Have been a round trip of 16 days to the Chatham Islands to see my old friend Chudleigh who has long been settled there. I had as a companion the new bishop of Christchurch—such a pleasant man, full of fun, etc. of all kinds.

Have written from your old home as I often think of you here.—Yours sincerely, JOHN D. ENYS.

We had by this time made some progress with our oratorio *Ulysses*. Butler knew he had failed as a painter and thought he knew why. "If," as he wrote on his picture, "Family Prayers," "If I had gone on doing things out of my own head, instead of making studies, I should have been all right." He might fail also in music, but it should not be for the same reason. Writing exercises for Rockstro in medieval counterpoint might lead to his becoming an expert writer of exercises, which would have

[1] Professor G. S. Sale told me that the Pinus Insignis was introduced into the colony from America after Butler's time, and Mr. J. D. Enys told me that those at Mesopotamia were planted by Mr. Campbell.

[2] He was Bishop of London and Butler saved the autograph from among Dr. Butler's papers.

been useful if he had wanted to teach others to give lessons in counterpoint, but he wanted to compose music for himself and this could only be done by composing. "Do not learn to do, but learn in doing." The doing of the music was, however, interfered with by the *Life of Dr. Butler*, which occupied him very closely. I had therefore undertaken to make a start by selecting episodes from the poem and arranging the order of the songs and choruses. For this purpose, seeing that I out-Shakespeare Shakespeare in the smallness of my Greek, I used *The Adventures of Ulysses* by Charles Lamb, a work of whose existence we should have known nothing if Butler had not stumbled upon Ainger's book about Lamb at Wilderhope (ante, p. 38). We were to collaborate in writing the words; it ended however in Butler's writing nearly all the words himself, as he had done for *Narcissus*. As to the music, we each chose such parts of the words as we preferred and composed our music separately, so that we were able to initial each number. Butler accepted my proposals for the general scheme of the whole but, when he had time, he looked again at the *Odyssey* in the original, just to make sure that Lamb had not misled me. He had not forgotten all his classics and found the original poem so delightful that he could not put it down. 1891 Aet. 55

> Fascinated, however, as I at once was by its amazing interest and beauty, I had an ever-present sense of a something that was eluding me and of a riddle which I could not read. The more I reflected upon the words, so luminous and so transparent, the more I felt a darkness behind them that I must pierce before I could see the heart of the writer—and this was what I wanted; for art is only interesting in so far as it reveals an artist. (*The Authoress of the Odyssey*, p. 6.)

To assist in clearing up the mystery, he set about translating the poem into prose "with the same benevolent leaning (say) towards Tottenham Court Road that Messrs. Butcher and Lang have shown towards Wardour Street." When he came to the Phaeacian episode he felt sure that the writer was drawing from life. The idea that he might be reading the words of a blind bard living in the servants' hall quieted him for

1891 Aet. 55 some time. "It was not till I got to Circe that it flashed upon me that I was reading the work not of an old man but of a young woman."

In July he started for his summer holiday, travelling via Basel as usual and staying a few days at Seelisberg on the Lake of Lucerne, then over the S. Gottardo to Como and up to Chiavenna, where I joined him. I wrote to him, 9th August 1891, telling him when to expect me and he made this note on my letter:

> It was during the few days that I was at Chiavenna (at the Hotel Grotta Crimée) that I hit upon the feminine authorship of the *Odyssey*. I did not find out its having been written at Trapani till January 1892.

In *The Note-Books of Samuel Butler* (1912) is an adaptation of the famous saying of Lord Shaftesbury about religion: "All sensible men are of the same opinion about women, and no sensible man ever says what that opinion is." These words might be spoken equally sincerely by one who thought well and by one who thought ill of women; they state that the speaker had an opinion, but do not disclose which way it inclined. Butler must have had a high opinion of women or he could not have believed that the *Odyssey* was written by one of them; nevertheless, according to the dictum, had he been a sensible man he would have taken care not to publish his opinion. Certainly the publishing of it did not meet with general acceptance. I have no doubt that in forming it he was influenced by his friendship with Miss Savage. Somewhere he speaks of the *Odyssey* as having been written by a prehistoric Jane Austen. What Jane Austen could do Miss Savage could have done; but Miss Savage seems to have been without the desire to leave any record of herself; at any rate she left none beyond what can be found in her correspondence. She may be said to have posted her claim to a literary reputation in Butler's letter-box.

We went from Chiavenna to Bormio and walked to Bolladore. On the way we stopped at—

EDOLO

Our guide, whenever he wanted to ask a question of a girl or girls, called them "bionda" or "bionde," "my fair" or "my fair ones," and this he did repeatedly. He had been up all night mowing by moonlight, beginning at eleven; then at nine A.M. he had started off with us, carrying our heavy loads, and it was nearly six in the evening before we got to Edolo. He had shoes but no stockings. We gave him twice as much as he had bargained for and he seemed to like us. When he had landed us at Edolo there came on a dreadful thunderstorm, but he started to go back. Since then I have heard no more, but shall probably get a line from him when I send him his photograph. 1891 Aet. 55

It was a drizzly, chilly autumn evening at Edolo, and, as we sat smoking after supper among the village guests in the large room of the inn, dimly lighted by a few hanging oil lamps, there came in two young men of whom something appeared to be expected. Presently one of them stood up and recited the canto of Dante that tells about the death of Ugolino, and the other young man took round the hat to collect pennies. Then they went away out into the cold wet night, but they forgot the hat and had to come back for it. Butler, thinking of the feast given by Alcinous in the eighth book of the *Odyssey*, and seeing in this professional reciter a survival of the ancient bards, said to me:

"I wonder whether Demodocus ever forgot his hat."

We went over the Passo d'Aprica to Sondrio and so by Colico, Varese, Laveno, and Arona to Varallo-Sesia, where Mademoiselle Vaillant and her friend Miss Scott joined us.

Signor Constantino Durio, one of the wealthy inhabitants of Varallo, had given a new facciata for the church on the Sacro Monte, and there was a festa to celebrate the laying of the first stone or the dedication of the completed work—I forget which it was. All sorts of people came for the ceremony, including the Archbishop of Vercelli, the Bishop of Novara, and the astronomer Padre Denza. Butler took all their photographs and had the further pleasure of showing Mademoiselle Vaillant and Miss Scott round the chapels. We also took the ladies for an excursion up to Civiasco,

1891 Aet. 55 on the road which leads over La Colma to Pella on the Lake of Orta, and had lunch at the restaurant there kept by La Martina. Miss Scott was a teetotaller and knew no Italian, so Butler maliciously instructed the old landlady to make the sabbaglione so that it should be forte and abbondante and to say that the Marsala, with which it was more than flavoured, was nothing but vinegar. In after years, whenever we went to Civiasco, La Martina always reminded us of this, and laughed as she told us that when she looked in to see how things were going Butler was pretending to lick the dish clean.

Butler to Mrs. Alfred Bovill.

VARALLO, *Sept.* 9, 1891.

DEAR MRS. BOVILL—It is a dangerous thing to take up a sheet of note-paper when one has only matter for a post-card. We are at Varallo, and assisted at the feast of the birth of the Virgin. They put us under the Bishop of Novara who was preaching right over my poor bald head, and got so hot that he rained on to me till Jones insisted that I should put up my umbrella or I should catch cold; it frightened the congregation at first, but they soon saw what it was and it was all right. The service lasted three mortal hours, and poor dear little Pio, who was sitting on the steps of the altar nursing the bishop's mitre, went to sleep and dropped it, so that the master of the ceremonies had to come and wake him, which little episode seemed to be a pleasant relief to every one.

Ulysses is getting on. He is in the castle now, and Penelope wanted him to have his feet washed and he said he would rather not. He was not going to let any of those "cats" (it was not "cats" but "Mrs. Dogs," only that will not be fit for publication) wash his feet; but Penelope insisted that washed he must certainly be, once that night, and then again to-morrow morning; so it was settled that Euryclea was to wash him, and she got some cold water and poured it into a bath, then she added the hot till it was just right and then she began to scrub. By and by she found the scar, and this surprised her so much that she dropped the foot into the tub with a splash, and it upset the tub so that Euryclea had to go and fetch some more water, for the first lot was all spilt; but he did get washed in the end.

You may think this is exaggerated, but see Butcher and Lang, Book xix., about two-thirds through, and you will find every word of it. I have only three more books to do now.

Jones leaves me on Friday and will be back in London about Tuesday or Wednesday next. I shall follow by the end of the month, say 27th. We shall be much pleased if you will write him instructions to Barnard's Inn as to when it will be most convenient to you that we should call upon you. I shall be on the move the whole time till I come back. 1891 Aet. 55

We hope you are fairly well and that Mr. Bovill is enjoying his golf. Più niente.—Yours very truly, S. BUTLER.

P.S.—We hope Miss Lehmann will be happy. What can two poor incarnate bachelors say more?

The postscript refers to the marriage of Miss Amelia Lehmann (a daughter of the painter, Rudolph Lehmann) with Mr. Barry Pain. Mrs. Bovill had brought her to tea with Butler and also with me. Here is a note about another tea-party in Barnard's Inn to which Mrs. Bovill brought another friend of hers:

Mrs. Bovill and Miss Hickman were to come to tea at Jones's, and Alfred was to take me to meet them. Through a combination of accidents, I forgot; and they expected us and we did not come. Alfred was very much put out and, after blowing me up sufficiently, said:

"And now, Sir, for the future let it be an understood thing—and Mr. Jones too—that if I am told, nothing will ever go wrong."

Which indeed is neither more nor less than the truth. Why does not God have an Alfred and tell him everything?

Soon after the publication of *Ex Voto* (May 1888) the Avvocato Cavaliere Francesco Negri, of Casale-Monferrato, who had been making researches at Crea and had published an article about Tabachetti in a newspaper, wrote to Butler, enclosing a copy of his article, saying that he had seen his book, and begging him to call the next time he came to Casale. In response to this invitation we went there from Varallo, and Butler and the Avvocato Negri became fast friends. Butler went to Casale every year afterwards, and all the members of the Negri family looked forward to his visits with great pleasure. There was always plenty to talk about because the avvocato had usually been visiting some town in North Italy where he had inspected and deciphered deeds or had ascertained facts or verified dates relating to Tabachetti,

1891 Aet. 55 thus doing work which was possible for him as an Italian lawyer but which Butler could scarcely have undertaken. He always, in the most generous manner, placed the results of his investigations at Butler's service, and was of the greatest assistance. He published a pamphlet entitled *Il Santuario di Crea in Monferrato* (G. M. Piccone: Alessandria, 1902), embodying all that he had then ascertained about Tabachetti.

At Casale we used to put up at the Albergo Rosa Rossa, where we had been also on our first visit to the town in 1887. This albergo had been bought by the Coppo family about ten years before, and they had taken over with the fixtures a remarkable old waiter named Pietro de Stefanis, who is mentioned by Butler in *Ex Voto* (p. 33) as being known to all the country-side. Some years afterwards Cesare and Angelo Coppo, who had both been in England and spoke our language, told me a great deal about him. He was of a good old family, "with a right to have a coat of arms." His brother was the successful proprietor of a hotel in Venice, but his prosperity died with him because his son was mad. "He was having many money in the bank and no felicity in the family. If his son would not became mad, would be proprietor also of the first hotel in Venice." Pietro was less successful financially than his brother, but was spared the distress of having a mad son. "He was in service to the Duchessa di Parma, and to General La Marmora who did conduct the Piemontese army into the Crimean war and was wounded and became his meals through a tube, and Pietro was his waiter for some time."

The Signora Coppo went once with her son Angelo to visit Pietro in his home in the native village of the De Stefanis family, which is Viggiona, above Cannero, on the Lago Maggiore. This, they told me, is the neighbourhood from which all the best cooks and waiters come. "The house was a beautiful place, the best house on the Lago Maggiore, 800 metres above the sea, built by Pietro's brother with the money from the hotel in Venice, and we was received like princes."

Pietro had only one eye and never went to bed;

there was a bedroom for him at the Rosa Rossa, but he did not use it except as a dressing-room. He worked nearly all his time, only lying down at midnight on three or four chairs in the dining-room, so as to be ready in case he was wanted, and being up and at work again by four in the morning. In the summer he used to put his chairs out on the balcony over the front door and sleep there among the pots of oleander which it was his first duty, summer and winter, to water. He scarcely ever took a holiday, and when he did he went home to Viggiona to see his wife.

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Pietro and Butler were much interested in one another, Butler because he always liked a man who was a voice and not an echo—it did not matter who he might be or whether he agreed with him or not; and Pietro because he was puzzled, and especially that Butler should return to Casale. Englishmen are rare at the Rosa Rossa, the customers being mostly Italian officers and commercial travellers. At last he gave it up, and one day asked Butler point-blank to explain himself. Butler replied:

"Well, you see, Pietro, it's like this: A short time ago I began to realise that in my youth I had done many things I ought not to have done. I consulted my spiritual adviser who advised me to undergo some kind of penance and recommended me not to scamp the business. I told him I had not much time to waste over it because there are other things I should like to attend to before I die. He thereupon very considerately named Crea, praising it as being less dilatory than any other Sanctuary in the granting of absolution to deserving pilgrims. And that is why I come to Casale."

Perhaps Pietro had already guessed that the interesting Englishman was not such stuff as pilgrims are made of, and perhaps Butler had already pigeon-holed Pietro and was prepared for the incredulous smile and shake of the head with which the old waiter suspected there must be some other reason. He then said:

"I see it is of no use trying to deceive you, Pietro; so now I will tell you the honest truth. England produces no wine."

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"Ma, che disgrazia!" exclaimed Pietro.

"It is indeed a disgrazia; we do what we can to make life endurable by importing wine from more favoured countries across the sea into our island; we even drink it; but good wine is a bad traveller and suffers so terribly from nostalgia that to change its habitation is to change its nature. And that is the real reason why I come to Casale. Here I know I shall find, and always in perfect condition, this divine creature—Grignolino. Let us drink a glass together."

Except for the initial shock about there being no wine in England, Pietro found all this quite satisfactory, and they drank each other's health and became great friends henceforward.

Pietro did not live to welcome us many times to the Rosa Rossa. He was like Porthos, his legs failed him and the doctor said he must go to bed, which he refused to do; he wanted to continue working twenty hours a day all his life. Signora Coppo offered to let him direct the work of the albergo from his bed, so that the old man should not give up entirely; she knew that Pietro in bed would be of more use than half-a-dozen ordinary waiters on their feet, just as his one eye was of more use than two are to ordinary people; but he could not contemplate such an ending of his days. He thanked her, but refused her offer and went home to Viggiona. "When he left the Rosa Rossa he left for ever. If he would come back we were ready to take him even for a day, but would not accept—would not come."

There were three kinds of customers whom Pietro did not care to see in the albergo—women, priests, and theatre-people. And it was an odd thing that, with his dislike of priests, his money went all to the church. "And poor Pietro is dead in want because the bad priest is always to take. And yet at Viggiona there were trees—very precious trees—oaks; and if he would sell them he would be having money, and if we would be knowing his want we would be sending money; but Pietro would not be telling." The officers and commercial travellers, not knowing his want but out of their regard for him,

got up a subscription, but he refused to receive anything, and the money had to be given to a hospital. 1891 Aet. 55

It required a little management to steer through the hospitality that was always shown us at Casale; for not only did the Coppo family place the whole albergo at our service, but the Negri family expected us to use their house as our home. The avvocato's dining-table formerly stood in the house of his father at Ramezzana, and Vittorio Emanuele often came there when he was hunting. The avvocato remembered how Vittorio Emanuele used to take him up in his arms and kiss him, the avvocato being then a child; he also remembered how strongly the great man smelt of garlic, which was because he was in the habit of eating la soma, that is, bread on which he had rubbed garlic. Cavour also came to the house and the Principe dal Pozzo della Cisterna, whose daughter married the Duca d' Aosta (son of Vittorio Emanuele) and became Queen of Spain. She played duets on the piano with the avvocato's wife. The Principessa dal Pozzo della Cisterna was the niece of Cardinal di Merode who was Ministero delle Arme di Pio Nono. These distinguished personages had all been to the house of the avvocato's father, and all had dined at the table at which we dined in Casale.

The Principe della Cisterna told them at dinner one day that, happening to be in a caffè reading a newspaper, he came upon an account of his own death; it appeared that he had been hanged for some political offence. He doubted the accuracy of the report but, nevertheless, was somewhat alarmed; however he tested it by swallowing a piece of bread, and was pleased to discover that they must have hanged some one else.

The avvocato's father was a great hunter; he used to stay out two or three weeks hunting, and in this way he met with his death, for it was while out hunting that he was bitten by a mosquito and died in two days.

When we lunched or dined with them there was usually some one to meet us who was interested in whatever Butler was doing at the time; it might be Don Minina, the priest, or Professore Gilardini, a musician

1891 Aet. 55 from Turin, or perhaps Giorcelli, the good old family doctor. I remember one evening when there was no one besides the family and ourselves; after dinner the Signora Negri brought out and showed us a white silk handkerchief with the Magna Charta of the Italian Constitution of 1848 printed on it and signed by Carlo Alberto. She was a child in those turbulent days, daughter of the Avvocato Giuseppe Ravizza, one of the leading citizens of Novara; they dressed her in the tricolor to symbolise the hopes of Italy, and when the King entered the town she was the first to welcome him. In acknowledgement he lifted her up in his arms and kissed her, saying:

"Ecco l' Italianina!"

The handkerchief has been preserved ever since, together with a letter of thanks, among her most sacred treasures. She also preserves the little golden dagger which she wore in her hair as part of her wedding dress—a survival of an old custom. There is an equestrian statue of Carlo Alberto in the piazza at Casale; he is holding out his hand, whereby the sculptor intended an allusion to his granting the Constitution, but the people say he is doing it to feel whether it is raining or not, and that he is saying: "Oggi non piove," or as the case may be.

We owe to the Avvocato Giuseppe Ravizza the invention of the typewriter, though, as often happens in these cases, he did not reap the rewards he was entitled to. He did however receive a gold medal in 1856 for his "Cembalo Scrivano" shown in the Exhibition at Novara; and at Turin in 1858 he received, at the Esposizione Nazionale di Prodotti d' Industria, a bronze medal "per concepimento ingegnoso di macchinetta a tasti per iscrivere."

Butler and I parted at Casale: I going to Nice to see my mother, and he to the Certosa di Pesio and Mondovì, thence to Turin and back to Varallo; after which he called at Faido and then went home.

On the 6th October Alfred saw him off on a visit to Shrewsbury.

Alfred to Butler.

15 CLIFFORD'S INN, E.C.
7 *October* 1891.

DEAR SIR—I hope you arrived quite safe on Tuesday and found your sister well. It rained all day and night on Tuesday so I could do no printing. Today is better and have been able to print a few. I have a little complaint to make. You never looked out of the carriage to see me standing on the platform as I always do. There was I, standing in the rain, and you never looked at me. . . . Yours truly, ALFRED. 1891 Aet. 55

[On receipt of this I went to the telegraph office at once and wired an apology. I do not believe I have ever so offended since. As a postscript to a note enclosing letters that had come for me he wrote, Oct. 8: "Received telegram this morning thank you. I shewed it to Mr. Jones and he laughed. I forgive you. Alfred." S. B.—7 March 1902.]

Alfred went to the opera this winter to see *La Basoche* and Butler made a note about it:

ALFRED AT THE OPERA

"Oh it was lovely, Sir. And in one scene they brought on a horse richly capronised you know, Sir."

I said, "Alfred, spell that word," and made a beginning for him.

"Oh yes," he answered, "I know—comparisoned."

"Come, come, Alfred, you know better than that."

"Well, Sir, it will be six years before I want to use that word again, and won't it do if I study it then?"

To which I not altogether unwillingly yielded, for Alfred's education takes time and, what is more, he is so very good as he is that it is better to leave him alone.

ALFRED AT THE PLAY

The Noble Vagabond was too homely a piece to please him; and he was afraid *Faust*, at the Lyceum, for which he had had a ticket given him, would be "a kind of a-draggin'" on him. He went, however, to this last piece and was delighted with it. He said it required a great deal of credulity before one could accept it all as true, but he had never seen such scenery anywhere.

Professor Marcus Hartog wrote to Butler, 5th November 1891, about a paper he had read at Cardiff.

1891 Aet. 55 Francis Darwin was in the chair, and they had some conversation afterwards, in the course of which F. Darwin "spoke very nicely of his intercourse with" Butler in London. "In his (F. Darwin's) own paper, 'On the Artificial Production of Rhythm in Plants,' he went very far towards ascribing memory to them."

Butler to Marcus Hartog.

6 *Nov.* 1891—I have observed that Weismannism has been very quiet during the last 18 months except for an occasional attack upon it. Romanes promised us a second article on him about 18 months ago, but it has never come off. I am convinced the inner circle of Darwinians see that the rout of Weismannism is general. They are in a mess; they threw Charles Darwin very much over when they tried to make a trump card of Weismann, and one does not exactly see how they are to get back to where they were, for they were driven into Weismann much as sailors are driven to port in a storm, and, if he will not shelter them, there is nothing but their skill in hoodwinking the public which can save them from disaster. Fortunately for them the public has developed such hereditary aptitude for being cheated, and they have themselves developed such not less hereditary aptitude for gulling the public that, thanks to universities and academies, they will probably find enough supporters to last their time, after which the deluge will not much matter.

As for Frank Darwin—he is a Cambridge professor and knows better than to go about breathing fire and smoke against me. No more, I trust, do I against him. Still the opinion I have formed of him is based on data which compel me to one inference only and, that inference being accepted, I prefer to think and speak of him as little as I can. I had seen a summary of his paper and noted it as very interesting. I am too busy on other matters to meddle with biology just now beyond, of course, noting and indexing anything that I think I may presently want whenever I come across it. By and by the Heringian theory will have to be threshed out and then we shall see what happens; till then I am writing *Ulysses*, translating the *Odyssey* (done now), doing my grandfather's Life, and attending to the Italian edition of *Ex Voto*, photographic snap-shots, etc. I shall make no more [meaning he will not meddle further with biology] till I see what I consider a good chance. I have heaps and heaps to interest me meanwhile. Of course if I get what I consider a fairly promising opening I shall take it.

In December, at the school concert at Shrewsbury, Butler's song, "Man in Vain," which he had written for *Ulysses*, was performed by the boys, and we went down to hear it. 1891 Aet. 55

I have given one letter dated Varallo, 9th September 1891, from Butler to Mrs. Alfred Bovill, and shall give several more. In 1912, after her second marriage (ante, p. 94), she very kindly wrote for me a paper of Reminiscences; it relates in part to a few years later than 1891, but I place it here because dates are not insisted upon, and it gives a delightful picture of Butler as he was at about this time of his life.

Reminiscences of my Friend, Mr. Samuel Butler

BY

The Hon. Mrs. Richard Cecil Grosvenor

Being a woman and never having been to school I cannot remember in what year I first met Mr. Butler, but whatever year it was it proved to be a blessed one for me.

When I was about 17 or 18 some kind friend mentioned *Erewhon* to me and, after reading that book, I longed to meet the author.

Many years later Charles Crawley, a very intimate friend of mine, while visiting at my house in London, mentioned that he had to be at the Working Men's College, Great Ormond Street, on a certain day as Butler was to lecture there at his (Charles Crawley's) request. I asked, "Who is Butler?" and the reply being, "Samuel Butler who wrote *Erewhon*," I begged to be allowed to come.

I am ashamed to say I forget what the lecture was about, the fact being that I was so taken up with studying the appearance of the lecturer. We went to Charles Crawley's rooms afterwards and I had the great joy of being introduced to Mr. Butler on that evening.

Of course I knew I wanted to know him intimately, but the delightful thing for me to remember is that he actually seemed to be quite ready to accept me at Charles Crawley's valuation, and from that day we began a friendship that lasted some years.

I am not certain whether it was on that night that I first met Mr. Festing Jones, but at any rate if not then it was very soon after, and I am glad to say he and I are at this date very

1891 Aet. 55 firm friends. No one could have known Mr. Butler intimately without knowing Mr. Jones and Alfred.

Very soon after Mr. Butler's first visit to my house he invited me to bring my two children, Carlos and Merric Bovill, to tea at 15 Clifford's Inn; we went and it was one of many such delightful tea-parties and I, as well as the boys, felt like a child going out to tea with a "grown-up"—one in a thousand—for he never talked as if he was coming down to one's level, indeed he had the great gift of making one bring out some good things occasionally; I was never *quite* sure they were not things he had himself said, dressed up in one's own somewhat meagre clothing, but, if so, he never reminded one of that fact.

His rooms and the stairway to them dated from before the great fire of London, I believe; at any rate if they did not I know I shall always think they did. The balustrade was lovely; the whole of one's hand rested upon it, it was much too wide to be clasped. Then the double doors opened and there he stood on the threshold beaming; beaming is what I mean and I will not alter that word; his glasses were very thick but they could not hide either the bright blue colour of his eyes or the delicious twinkle in them when he gave forth some rather more naughty and humorous speech than usual. Alfred was always there and Mr. Jones sometimes—generally I think. Then there was the room itself and all his treasures and his dear little piano on which I used to play, and I was always to sing "something that Alfred will like and understand, please." The tea was lovely and we all ate too much always and were all the better for it. The floor of the room was not level, and even that was a delight and is a delight now.

Mr. Butler used to go for walks in the country, often returning by train to Portland Road Station, and as my house had a door in Albany Street, close to the station, I was lucky enough to see him pretty often on his way home. His talk was always charming and full of fun, and he encouraged one to say anything that came into one's head and to be natural; for one soon found out that if there was one thing beyond all others he could not stand it was pretence of any sort.

It is my pride and joy to remember that as he translated the *Odyssey* he brought me his MS. and let me read it; and, of course, if it had been the dullest of books I should have read it and been happy, but as it was practically new to me (for I only knew the names and bits of the stories here and there) you can imagine how I lived upon it and was impatient for the next batch of Books to come. Such a beautiful handwriting too, and scarcely an erasure!

Then he would make me tell him what I thought of the

different characters, and once, when I said I thought Penelope was rather a flirt, he was so pleased that he went off at a tangent, said he quite thought she might have got rid of those suitors if she had sent them on messages, with patterns of wools for her work, told them they had not matched the colours well and must take them back, and when they brought them right at last, forgot to pay them, etc. [*The Authoress of the Odyssey*, p. 130.] All this and a great deal more we used to talk about. 1891 Aet. 55

On one occasion I persuaded him to give a lecture at my house on "The Whitewashing of Penelope" as he called it, and I asked a favoured few to come and listen and very pleased they were. Amongst the guests were Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Fuller Maitland; she was particularly delighted and afterwards sent a card to Mr. Butler for one of her musical evenings. He, of course, consulted me as to whether he should go. I think he had made up his mind to do so, although it was for 10 P.M. and he said: "But there's my bally old body to be considered." Finally he said he would go if I would promise to be there by 10 punctually. We both arrived at that hour, and I was very proud to walk into the room with him. He wore a shirt with a little frill down the front which looked old-worldish and delightfully like what he ought to wear. Several of my acquaintance asked me: "Who is that charming old gentleman?" and those I introduced to him felt that, after all, I was not quite such a Bohemian as they had thought.

At 11.30 he asked me, "May I go now?" and "Must I say good-bye?" I said, "Yes" and "No" and he beamed and twinkled and began to feel in his pockets. As he did so his face became first serious then sad and long, and, when all the pockets had been searched, he bent towards me and said:

"And now I've lost my bloody ticket."

I did so wish some of the quite Nice people who were there could have heard him.

Whenever I left home for any length of time he used to write to me—such delightful letters. They are full of good things, and the best of all is the really big friendliness and kindness running through every one of them. His kindness to me was continuous and always so intensely thoughtful. He lent me Alfred to make a catalogue of my books; it was never finished, but I have the book still in which it was begun. Nearly all my books by Mr. Butler are gifts from him.

I had letters and post-cards from him if he was abroad; no matter how busy he was he never seemed to forget that it would give me pleasure to hear of some striking paragraph in the *Odyssey* or *Iliad*, or of some of the people in or near Trapani.

He was not the sort of person one met casually; he never

1891 Aet. 55 made a practice of going to parties, and therefore whenever we did meet it was a regular arrangement and was all the pleasanter as one could arrange not to have people there who would not be interesting or interested—just a few real friends. I much preferred it, however, if we were quite alone and I could ask him this, that, and the other question and always be sure of being told what I wanted to know, without feeling that he thought me an ignoramus either; and that is saying a great deal for his consideration.

The *Note-Books* which have recently been published are more valuable than all his other works to those who knew him personally, for they bring him actually back to one's memory exactly as he was; his very words are there and with them come, to me at any rate, with no effort the sound of his voice and the picture of him with his strong personality. There is no dressing-up for effective presentation to the public; the simplicity of the book is its strength. The Biographical Statement is all one needs to remind one of the work done and the dates thereof; and the restraint shewn by the editor in thus letting the Notes speak for themselves is rare in work of this description and demands the gratitude of all those who, like myself, are fortunate enough to have met Samuel Butler, and also to be able to think and speak of him as "friend."

JESSIE GROSVENOR.

December, 1912.

I pointed out to Mrs. Grosvenor that I was scarcely the proper person to give currency to the last paragraph of her Reminiscences, but she thought me fastidious and was so anxious to say that reading the Notes brought him back more vividly than anything else that, after consideration, I determined to reproduce her MS. without asking her to alter the end of it. I was the more willing to do this because several friends who remembered him have expressed themselves to the same effect, notably his cousin, Reginald Worsley, and Gogin.

CHAPTER XXX

1892

SICILY

SOME time previous to 1892 I had made the acquaintance of Mrs. Beavington Atkinson who had met Butler years before. She lived in Kensington, and a few friends, including myself, used to meet at her house every week to try over madrigals and part-songs. On 27th January we sang through the whole of *Narcissus* with pianoforte accompaniment. Butler, of course, came and was much pleased to hear that, with a few more rehearsals, his music would sound as he had intended. 1892 Aet. 56

Meanwhile he was continuing his translation of the *Odyssey* which was "finished," as he wrote to Hartog, only in the sense that he had covered the canvas,—it all wanted revision. Early in January 1892, in the course of this revision, he came to Neptune's turning the Phaeacian ship into a rock at the entrance of the harbour of Scheria, and felt sure that, if an actual place was being described anywhere in the poem, this was the passage or one of the passages. He made a list of the various natural features of Scheria, as detailed in the poem, and set about looking on the map for some spot that should satisfy all the requirements. Learning from Colonel Mure's work[1] that the locality of the episode of the Cyclopes had been supposed to be near the Lilyboean promontory, he went to the British Museum and searched that neighbourhood on the Admiralty charts, whereon he found that Trapani and Mount Eryx supplied everything

[1] *Language and Literature of Ancient Greece* (London: Longmans, 1850).

1892 Aet. 56 he was in search of. He then wrote to *The Athenaeum*, 30th January 1892, a letter of which these were the points:

1. The town of Scheria must not be on a river, or Nausicaa need not go so far afield for a washing-ground. 2. The river when reached must not be a large one. 3. Between the town and the washing-ground there must be a stretch of low land with a road on it, running parallel to the coast, for both town and washing-ground are on the seashore. 4. The town must have what may pass for a harbour on either side of it. 5. There must be a low, but formidable, rock quite near the shore, and not much above water, for Neptune turns to stone the ship that had escorted Ulysses and presses it down into the water just as it was coming full sail into port. 6. There ought also to be a notable mountain not far from the town, to give point to Neptune's threat that he would bury the city under a high mountain.

It is indisputable that the local colour of the Phaeacian books is more vivid than that of the rest of the *Odyssey*. Assuming that the poem is all by a single writer, then, if the chief town of the Phaeacians, namely Scheria, can be localised as Trapani—

> It is from this place that the *Odyssey* must be supposed to have come, and it will be no strained hypothesis to hold that actual people may appear as well as an actual place. Whether the writer of the *Odyssey* may appear among these, and if so which character is most suggestive of the poem as a whole—these are points on which, though I may have formed an opinion, I do not venture to express it at present; I leave them, therefore, to the consideration of more competent critics.

These last words foreshadow his view that the authoress introduced herself into the poem under the name of Nausicaa.

In the *Odyssey*, when King Alcinous sees that Neptune has turned the ship into stone, he says that the Phaeacians have made a mistake in giving Ulysses an escort, and that they must not act so inconsiderately in future. Butler was surprised and delighted to find, not merely that there was a rock in the sea such as he wanted near the shore at

Trapani, but that it was named in the chart "Lo Scoglio di Malconsiglio." He wrote for information about it to the Sindaco of Trapani, who replied that there was a legend about Turkish pirates coming to attack the place, and that the Madonna di Trapani had turned their ship into this rock as it was entering the harbour—that is to say, the pagan legend of the *Odyssey* had been Christianised. 1892 Aet. 56

On the 30th January, the day that his letter appeared in *The Athenaeum*, he gave a lecture at the Working Men's College in Great Ormond Street on "The Humour of Homer." Dr. Garnett was there and also Miss Jane Harrison, the Greek scholar, both very much offended and scandalised, especially Miss Harrison—at least that is what Butler thought; but the audience generally were laughing heartily all the time.

My Lecture on "The Humour of Homer"

This came off on Saturday night at the Working Men's College and I should say went very well. The room was full and Garnett tells me that several had to stand, but I was too much occupied with the lecture to see.

I called on Garnett this morning, and it seemed to me that he had been a good deal frightened and shocked. I could not get a word out of him but the merest common form remarks; the most definite thing he said was that my suggestion about Mrs. Homer had a great many potentialities. As for my letter in Friday's *Athenaeum* about Trapani, he said it was a very ingenious, plausible suggestion, but that he did not know enough about the subject to be able to form an opinion. Garnett is an excellent don-ometer and what he said shows me what dons at Oxford and Cambridge will say generally—which was what I wanted to be sure about.

The wonder is that one so cautious and academic as he is should be, as he not less certainly is, one of the most brilliantly humorous and in all respects fascinating writers of the time, if not the very best we have, for I know not who can be placed above him.[1]

I told Fortescue, laughingly, of Garnett's attitude, and he smiled and said:

"Garnett hates anything downright and outspoken. There

[1] Butler was thinking of *The Twilight of the Gods*, a book of stories by Garnett, published in 1888.

1892 Aet. 56 came here once [to the British Museum Reading Room] a Siamese prince, a very intelligent fellow, who, among other things, was president of the library and educational department in Siam. Garnett and I went round with him and showed him among other things the way in which the place was heated:

"'And how does it work?' asked the prince.

"'Damnably,' I replied, and I could see Garnett writhed with agony. He shuddered and gasped for breath."

On 20th February a further letter from Butler appeared in *The Athenaeum* showing that the description in the *Odyssey* of Ithaca does not at all agree with the real Ithaca, which is one of the Ionian islands and lies off Greece, but does agree perfectly with Marettimo, which is one of the Aegadean islands and lies off Trapani. He also gave further reasons for thinking that Scheria is drawn from Trapani and that Ithaca, when it is being described from within, and not as an island lying away in the sea, is also drawn from Trapani and its neighbourhood.

Mrs. Bovill had been taking lessons from Rockstro but gave them up for a time when she went to Australia for her health. I do not remember whether it was on this or on some other occasion when she was unwell that Rockstro offered prayers and burnt a candle for her in his church. She wrote to Butler from Australia complaining of the colonialness of the place and he replied:

Butler to Mrs. Bovill.

7 Feb. 1892.

Poor Mrs. Bovill!—Jones said, "Poor thing!" when I read him your letter, and I was half tempted so to begin my letter, only I did not venture. I know all about it. I was 4½ years in New Zealand, but they were better then, for the place was only 9 years old and they had not yet got any money; but the newness and rawness of the place were very depressing. Then I was a year and a half in Canada, mainly Montreal. I think you know the little "Psalm" which was the outcome of that sojourn. It is at the end of my Selection book. When they have nicer things to eat they will be nicer people, and when they are nicer people they will have nicer things to eat; but so long as their food is what it is the Lord will harden their hearts and they will not bring forth the fruits of good living. What a vicious circle it all is! For good living is both the fruit that is to be borne and the thing that is to bear the fruit, is it not?

My Alfred watched your ship all the way out, and duly informed me of every place at which she touched. The moment he heard you were in the *Paramatta*, he began to watch that. It was very good of him, for it was all done out of his own head. 1892 Aet. 56

We have had Venus and Jupiter very bright and very close. One evening they shone clear and near the moon, no other stars being visible. Alfred did not like it, so he said:

"Do you think, Sir, that that is quite right?"

I said I thought it was; but next night the moon was a long way off, so he complained to me and said it was *not* right.

I said: "But you know, Alfred, the moon rises an hour later every night, so it will be an hour yet before it is in the same place."

"Very well, Sir," he answered, finding my explanation a little tedious, "I forgive you this once, but never allude to the subject again in my presence."

Isn't it refreshing to have people like that about one?

My lecture came off last Saturday week, and Jones and I thought it was a good deal liked. I do not see how it could possibly have gone better. I have found the place where Nausicaa lived. She drew it all from life, and I had a long letter, with map, about it in last week's *Athenaeum*. No contradiction as yet. I have offered my translation to publisher after publisher, and no one will take it though I have offered to give it to them. It must wait. Griffith, Farran & Co. were no good—a long story—so I went and was as rude as I could be—very rude—and deliberately so. . . . I did not go to them. They wrote to me and asked to see the MS. I took it. They kept it a fortnight, so I called for an answer. They asked for a few more days—kept it another fortnight—I called again, and found Welsh had gone to America. So I flew at their manager and morally pulled the establishment about their ears. A week was ample time, considering that they had asked to see it and I had told them I wanted it.

Mrs. Beavington Atkinson did *Narcissus* the week before last, from end to end, songs, choruses (8 voices), and all; it took just 2 hours including the interval between the parts, and we thought everyone liked it and laughed very heartily. She will do it again. Please get well enough to come and hear it. I have done the Sirens music for *Ulysses*, but am at a stone wall with the recitative that follows. The isle is to dissolve in flames of fire, and I cannot do the fire.

Alfred shall get you some cream and a nice piece of cake from Buszard's as soon as ever you come back. You will have lots of letters to read and this is too long already, so with kind

1892 Aet. 56 regards and great hope that you may be soon here again and *in good health and spirits*,—Believe me, yours very truly,

S. BUTLER.

Butler, of course, told Rockstro all about his *Odyssey* theories, and Rockstro was tempted to get up his Greek again so that he might understand them better. During the time we knew him, but I forget precisely when, he fell from the top of an omnibus near South Kensington Station. Otto Goldschmidt, who, as has been already mentioned, had been a fellow-pupil with him under Hauptmann and Mendelssohn, came to see him in the hospital, and Rockstro told Goldschmidt all about the accident. Goldschmidt would not believe him and said:

"You don't mean to tell me you fell off from the top of the bus down to the ground?"

"Yes, I do," said Rockstro, "right off from the top down to the ground, and they took me into the pastrycook's before bringing me here."

Next day Goldschmidt went to see Rockstro again and said:

"I find you are quite right. I have been to the pastrycook's and you actually did fall from the top of the bus to the road."

Butler was amused when he heard this, and made the wicked comment that as Otto Goldschmidt had known Rockstro nearly all his life he ought to have been able to form a correct idea of his truthfulness without calling at the pastrycook's for confirmation.

Rockstro never completely recovered from this accident, and when he had influenza or caught cold, which he frequently did, he suffered in the bruised limbs. In March 1892 he was laid up, and wrote to Butler that he had been using his time in brushing up his Greek:

W. S. Rockstro to Butler.

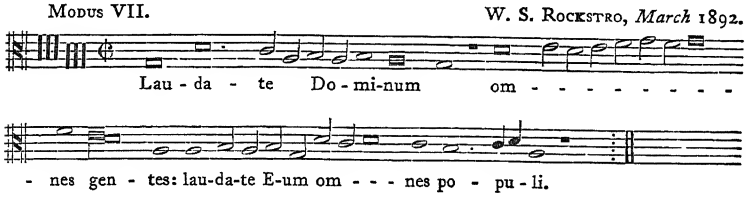
March 1892—I find I have not only forgotten my verbs but my men and places also, and I have wished I had a key to Homer

like that which some benevolent Frenchman has written to de Balzac; a key which would explain who was who and where was where in both poems. When I was a boy I determined a thousand times over that I would make myself such a key, and the desire has come over me again. Only I cannot now afford to give my time to it wholly for love. Do you think any enterprising publisher would join me in the speculation? I am afraid to broach the subject to Macmillan or any of the confraternity, lest anyone else should think the idea good and anticipate me—for I suppose one cannot register a literary invention like a mechanical one. But I certainly should like to concoct such a key to Homer in a systematic form, and the labour would be to so great an extent mechanical that it would not need the learning of a tremendous scholar to carry it out. What say you to the idea? . . . 1892 Aet. 56

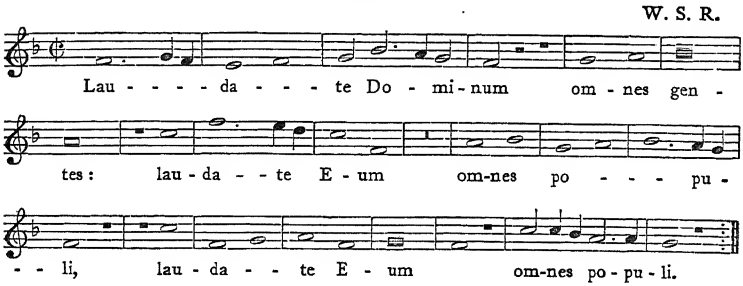
Also while actually confined to bed I made a canon, capable of heaps of solutions, some bad, some good, and a few really good. I send it to you on the opposite page in case you or Jones might like to have a shy at it.

About this time Rockstro gave me another canon which he had been composing. I reproduce them both here; the first is the one he sent to Butler, the second is the one he gave to me.

CANON I.



CANON II.



1892 Aet. 56 Canons were not much in Butler's line, but I had a shy at them. I did not, however, get anything like the 82 solutions of which Rockstro said one of them was capable. I think it was 82, but that was if one kept strictly to the rules; by using licenses it was something like 150, if I remember right.

In March 1892 Butler had the misfortune to lose a friend whom he always called "Madame." Her name was Lucie Dumas, but some years before her death she exchanged the Dumas, which was her father's name, for Dewattines, which was her mother's maiden name. Butler made her acquaintance somewhere near the Angel at Islington about 1872, when she was twenty-one. She came of respectable parents, engaged in the silk trade at Lyons. She had been in Paris and had a son whose father, on marrying, undertook to provide for him and made Madame an allowance on condition that she lived out of France. He did this with the acquiescence of his wife, and Madame spoke well of their behaviour to her. I have no doubt she deserved to be well treated by them, for she was an admirable woman, absolutely trustworthy, with considerable knowledge of the world, great natural intelligence, and what her brother, who was with her during the last years of her life, called "un cœur d'or."

Madame had had predecessors, but during the twenty years of her intimacy with Butler she had no rivals. After he had known her some fifteen years he disclosed his name and address, and she occasionally came to tea in his rooms; none of the predecessors had known how to retain his friendship as she retained it.

Madame spoke English, but never completely mastered the intricacies of our language, and she and Butler conversed in French. One evening he said to me:

"Oh, what do you think Madame told me this afternoon? She says she has a friend—let me see if I can remember her words—'Une amie qui va épouser en secondes noces un officier de la Sale-Vache Armée.'"

And we wondered whether to admire more the reckless clutching at the Salvation Army or the discreet admission of one previous marriage.

Madame, as a good Catholic, observed the festivals and fasts of the Roman Church; not only so, she tried to induce those about her to observe them also—especially the fasts. I forget whether she ever made Butler actually promise to abstain from meat on Good Friday, but I remember his telling me how shocked she was when he confessed to her, one year, that he had sinned in this respect, and how she blew him up and begged him to reform. He was "civil but quite inexorable," as he was when refusing to help to get the Jews back to Palestine (ante, I. p. 383). 1892 Æt. 56

She was more successful with Marquis, her cat; but then she had the ordering of his daily menu. When she boasted to Butler of her intentions he thought she was construing the injunctions of her spiritual adviser somewhat widely, and remonstrated, pointing out that Marquis could not seriously claim any share in the sacred mystery of the Redemption. It was of no use. She brushed his sophistries aside. Marquis must conform. And that is how matters stood when Butler went for his Easter outing.

On his return Madame welcomed him—had he enjoyed himself? had he made many sketches? evidently the weather had been fine, he was so sunburnt. And all the time Marquis, with his tail in the air, was performing greetings after his kind, purring loud, caressing Butler's ankles, and describing figures of eight in and out between his feet. Then Butler sat down in front of the fire and began to unlace his boots, an operation which always fascinated Marquis; he forgot he was grown up, and sported with the flickering tags like the kitten he still was at heart. Butler himself became fascinated as he watched his lithe movements. He always associated grace and contentment with good health, and it came into his mind that whatever Marquis had had for dinner on Good Friday it had not disagreed with him. Perhaps Madame had relented?

"Non, non; pas du tout. Au contraire, j'ai dit au marchand de meat de ne rien apporter ce jour-là—inutile de passer."

"Alors, il n'a pas mangé, ce pauvre Marquis?"

1892 Aet. 56 "Pas mangé! mais si, mon ami, il a mangé. Je lui ai donné un hot cross bun."

Madame was continually changing her lodgings, which were at first in Islington and later on in Bloomsbury. Towards the end of her life she was living in Handel Street, near the Foundling Hospital; the circumstance amused Butler and gave a new significance to the epithet "Handelian." She was taken from Handel Street to the French Hospital, where she died of consumption. Butler saw that she was suitably buried, and he and I, accompanied by her brother, followed her to Kensal Green.

It was Madame who said of Butler, referring to his simplicity in some matters and his insight in others, "Il sait tout; il ne sait rien; il est poète."

Mrs. Bovill presently returned from Australia, and one day Butler sent Alfred to her house with a copy of *Ex Voto* for her sister, and a copy of *Alps and Sanctuaries* for herself.

Butler to Mrs. Bovill.

5th April 1892—Well, your servant, not knowing what a very important person Alfred was, and thinking he was just a common young man, said you were busy; and Alfred, being very meek, went away, forgetting that he had express instructions to explain everything by word of mouth, and that he ought to have said he would wait till you were disengaged. However, this note will do the thing as well. *Mind you don't scold your servant*; and mind, please, you ask me to tell you about Alfred and the plates. No—I will do it now.

I took him to see Venice at Olympia, and we saw some plates, 6d. each.

Alf. "Do you know, Sir, I think you ought to have a few plates like that against Mrs. Bovill comes—you know it looks very bad, such common plates as you have."

I. "Very well; I will get *one*, but I shall only get one; you know that's the way you always rush me when I take you out anywhere. Still, I will get *one*."

Alf. "Very well, Sir, but *I* am to have it when she has used it, am I not?"

I. "Why, what do you want it for?"

Alf. "To hang up, because I think it looks pretty."

I. "Very well, Alfred, then I had better get two plates at once."

Alf. (after a pause) "Do you know, Sir, I think it would be almost as well if Mrs. Bovill did not see my plate." 1892 Aet. 56

I. "Why so?"

Alf. "Because, you know, she might take a fancy to it, and, if she was to like it, I think the very least you could do would be to give it her, and then I shouldn't have it."

I. "Very well, Alfred, you shall do exactly as you please, but I will get two plates."

And now let us see what he does. I won't interfere one way or the other.

This spring Butler did something he had often threatened to do—he took a short outing to Holland in April to see the bulbs in bloom and to refresh his memory of the Rembrandts at Amsterdam.

Butler's lecture "The Humour of Homer" having appeared in *The Eagle*, he had it printed as a pamphlet in March by Metcalfe of Cambridge, and sent copies to friends, among others, to Garnett, who thanked him for the present of his discourse, "which," he wrote, "I shall read with no less pleasure than I heard it." Butler adnotated this with the following explanation and remark:

I.e. "which I hate as much as when I heard the lecture delivered." I have never yet had an opportunity of making this clever euphemism my own—but I may yet have one.—S. B., Mar. 10, 1902.

This comment is dated about three months before Butler's death; had he not been then seriously out of health he would have remembered that in the opening of the first chapter of "The Deadlock in Darwinism," which appeared in *The Universal Review* in April 1890 (reprinted in *Essays on Life, Art, and Science* and in *The Humour of Homer and Other Essays*), he had already had an opportunity, and had used it, of making something very like "this clever euphemism" his own. Speaking of Charles Darwin and Alfred Russel Wallace he wrote, "Neither can be held as the more profound and conscientious thinker; . . . neither is the more ready to welcome criticism and to state his opponent's case in the most telling and pointed way in which it can be put;

1892 Aet. 56 . . . neither is the more genial, generous adversary, or has the profounder horror of anything even approaching literary or scientific want of candour," and so on for nearly a page. Possibly Garnett had this passage in his mind when he wrote his letter of thanks.

There was a review of the pamphlet in *The Spectator* about which Butler wrote to his sister :

Butler to Miss Butler.

26 *April* 1892—We believe the article to be by a Miss Jane Harrison who wrote a book about Homer a dozen years ago or so in the affected Church style which so many people unfortunately mistake for culture. She was at my lecture with the two Miss Butchers (Butcher and Lang's sisters). She told me she had disliked it very much and the Miss Butchers glared at me, so I went off to those who were more sympathetic. I am told she was scowling the whole lecture through. Of course I may be wrong—the review may be by Mr. Gladstone, but we think Miss Harrison more likely. I think most people will see that it is by an angry woman who is determined to see nothing but bad, and who will not even deign to notice the topographical suggestions which she cannot contradict. In fact we believe it to be just on a small scale Blomfield and Dr. Butler over again.[1] If my way of doing the thing is right Miss Harrison's is wrong and so is Mr. Butcher's ; so naturally Miss Harrison and the Miss Butchers abuse me as much as they can. As for Dr. Butler, I should think he would be delighted with the whole thing—at least you may be sure I should not take so much pains with his life and memory and then go and do anything which I believe he would consider in bad taste. However it is hopeless my trying to please *The Spectator* or those who take in *The Spectator*, and I may as well irritate them as I know I cannot please them.

Whether Mr. Gladstone wrote the article in *The Spectator* I cannot say, but, as will appear later (p. 212) Miss Jane Harrison did not. Butler made this note on the copy he kept of his letter to his sister : "*The Spectator* would never give Miss Harrison more than three columns of sub-leader to review a simple lecture."

In May 1892 Butler received a letter from Emanuele

[1] There was a quarrel, arising out of Dr. Butler's *Aeschylus*, of which particulars will be found in *The Life and Letters of Dr. Samuel Butler*, I. 55.

Biaggini of Trapani. He kept what he calls an "epitomised translation" of this letter and I give it here as he left it, with the notes he made on it. The notes add to the interest of the letter, and the whole will instruct the reader in several matters which he ought to bear in mind when reading about the development of the *Odyssey* theories. He will notice that Biaggini accepts the view that the writer of the poem was a woman, and boldly calls her Nausicaa. 1892 Aet. 56

Signor Emanuele Biaggini to Butler.

(Epitomised and Adnotated Translation by Butler)

Trapani, 10 *May* 1892.

Pardon my writing in Italian, for I know no English. I have been told by the sindaco of Trapani that you have written a pamphlet called "The Humour of Homer" in which you have also given two letters (already published in *The Athenaeum*) respecting the writer of the *Odyssey* and the true site of Scheria. These letters which the sindaco has had translated and which he has shewn to various friends have made an excellent impression here. In my own name, therefore, and in that of my fellow-citizens, I feel in duty bound to send you our best thanks for the lustre which your acute remarks have shed upon our native town.

Meanwhile I would ask you to send me a copy of your "Humour of Homer" that I may get it explained to me by a friend who knows English, etc.

[He then asks permission to make a few remarks of his own, that have occurred to him on reading the *Odyssey* again by the light of my theory.—S. B.]

All historians who have written about Trapani are agreed that it dates from a very remote antiquity. Here was buried the famous sickle wherewith Saturn was mutilated; Saturn was worshipped here and regarded as the founder of the city. Everyone knows that the name of the town is taken from this sickle.

The island of Corfù claims a like origin, although Apollonius Rhodius tells us that Corfù or Corcyra was called Drepane to do honour to the nurse of Feace, whose name was Drepane.

Feace was father of Nausithous, who was father of Alcinous king of the Phaeacians, but I will deal with this more fully later. . . .

To return to history. The city was important even in the

1892 Aet. 56 times of the Sicans and Sicels [Trapani never was a Sican city, nor yet, probably, a Sicel one.—S. B.], and when occupied by the Phoenicians it became a great emporium of commerce.

Eryx, the ancient city—perhaps Hypereia—was a flourishing city at the time of the Trojan war. Its king Acertes received the exile Aeneas, according to Virgil, with all suitable munificence—the silence, however, of Virgil about the Phaeacians is noteworthy, and I will deal with it in a later letter. There is nothing, therefore, very surprising in the fact that it should have owned a civilisation capable of producing the *Odyssey*.

I will now briefly point out the closeness with which the description given by Nausicaa tallies with the actual features of Trapani.

1. The city surrounded by high walls, on a strip of land running out into the sea. Such was Trapani in days of old and such it remained until within the last few years.

2. The two harbours, one on either side, where the sailors beached their ships. The true harbour now is on the South side, but also on the North side there is a shore on which small vessels can find shelter and be beached in safety.

3. The aptitude of the Phaeacians for the sea. Trapanese sailors have always been held to be the best of sailors, whether in Punic, Roman, or medieval times.

4. Distrust of, and want of courtesy towards strangers was a distinguishing feature of the Phaeacians. I regret to say that it still is so among the common people here.

5. The temple of Neptune in the heart of the town. We have a tradition, quoted also by historians, that the present church of S. Nicola stands on the foundations of an ancient temple of Neptune. Ferro tells us that when the foundations of this church were laid open for some repairs in 1770 a small bronze idol was found. At this place (then shore) ships, sails, and oars were repaired, as they still are on the shore a little further on.

[I omit Biaggini's 7 & 8, as abounding in untenable positions, but I note that Biaggini hankered from the first after making Nausicaa go northward to wash her clothes, instead of southward as I was at first inclined to do. I notice, also, that Biaggini had spotted the fact that it was winter when Ulysses landed in Scheria.—S. B.]

9. The high mountain under which Neptune threatened to bury the city of Scheria, is found in Mount Eryx, which overhangs Trapani at no great distance.

10. I need not epitomise what Biaggini says about Malconsiglio.

11. Caves. There is the Grotta del Toro, also called the Giants' or the Cyclopes' cave, on the slopes of Martogna. There

was also another cave towards the East called "the Giant's," where Father Castronovo, quoting from Fazzello, tells us that in 1342 an enormous skeleton was found with colossal bones, teeth and jaws. There is also the Grotta Emiliana. . . . 1892 Aet. 56

In all the above-named caves there are found remains of human meals [fossilized—when the inhabitants had done eating they threw the débris of their meals, often partly chewed, on the upper sides of the cave, where they stuck. I brought several examples home, full of bones and sometimes hair and feathers—S. B., Mar. 17, 1902], bones and teeth of animals, flint arms and implements, showing that these caves have been inhabited ever since the age of stone. I find nothing strange, therefore, that traditions of the existence of pre-existing uncivilised races, of great stature, and dwellers in caves suggested the episode of the Cyclopes to the writer of the *Odyssey*. [It was the big stones of the Pelasgic walls on the top of Mount Eryx that suggested the gigantic size of the Cyclopes.—S. B.] I am confirmed in this opinion by the fact that Fazzello and Stolberg, as you tell me, placed the episode of the Cyclopes on the Lilyboean promontory.

[I omit his remarks upon Alcinous's gardens. About Dulichium and the isola lunga he takes my view. He cannot make out why I said that the fact of Stolberg and Fazzello having placed the Cyclops episode on the Lilyboean promontory should have made me suspect that Scheria would not be far off. I told him partly because I had already discovered that the writer was a young woman drawing from her own neighbourhood, and little likely to draw from any other; and partly because in *Od.* viii. Alcinous seems to know all about the Cyclopes, to whom indeed he is represented as nearly related, being half-great-nephew to Polyphemus.

The rest of the letter is nothing but warm invitation to come to Trapani.—S. B.]

About this time Harry Quilter proposed to republish Butler's *Universal Review* articles and to write a prefatory Essay on Butler's books as a whole.

Butler to Harry Quilter.

18 *May* 1892—What a flattering proposition! Of course I shall be delighted—if you think it worth while. . . . But are you not hoaxing me altogether and presuming on my inordinate vanity? If you are I forgive you.

They discussed the advisability of including some additional matter, and considered "The Humour of

1892 Aet. 56 Homer"; but this was not available because of arrangements already made between Butler and Metcalfe.

Butler to Harry Quilter.

21 *May* 1892—Otherwise, if it is thought desirable to have an article on the *Odyssey* I have abundant most aggravating and impudent matter about Penelope and King Menelaus which I could throw into an article like the classical part in "Ramblings in Cheapside."

I have also an article, in great part written, called "Croesus's Kitchen-maid" which has nothing to do with Croesus or classics but has, I fancy, a good deal of quiet devilment—but I am very busy and shall not be able to make these articles very long. . . .

If I write the article or articles above referred to, please don't say that they were written for your collection; let it be supposed that they were copy left on your hands for *The Universal Review* and not used before the Review was discontinued.

This correspondence is all I find about Quilter's proposal; the foregoing extracts are interesting to me personally because they give the facts which I had more than half forgotten when I wrote the note at the end of "Croesus and his Kitchen-maid" in *The Note-Books of Samuel Butler* (1912). On referring to the MS. Note-Books themselves I see that the note which forms the greater part of "Croesus and his Kitchen-maid" was originally written so long ago as 1880.

In June Butler went to an At Home at Mrs. Bovill's and left rather abruptly. This is from his letter of apology:

Butler to Mrs. Bovill.

17 *June* 1892—I went downstairs to console myself with ices (*they were excellent*) and who should come in but Mrs. X, whom I like and who, I am sure, is well disposed towards me, but who would not believe I meant what I said in my lecture ["The Humour of Homer"]; and I had to battle with her, and I don't believe I convinced her then. It made me feel so low and hopeless that even a friendly and clever woman like Mrs. X can think me capable of such poor pleasantry and, moreover, to see that even she could not see the seriousness because I had done my little feeble best to amuse as well as interest, that I felt the top of a bus and a cigarette to be the only thing I cared about.

This morning the thunder is over and I am all right again, so I hasten to apologise. 1892 Aet. 56

P.S.—Remember, please, that it is twenty years since I published *Erewhon* and I have been battling with Mrs X's ever since.

Butler to Avvocato Francesco Negri.

June 19th, 1892.

DEAR AVVOCATO NEGRI—I have let your very kind and interesting letter of April 23 remain far too long without an answer. Pray forgive me. I have noted all the additional matter that you tell me about Tabachetti. I wish the good people at Varallo would throw themselves into Tabachetti one half as well as you and Don Minina do. All that you tell me I always find commends itself to me at once, and it always turns out right.

I cannot tell my own movements just yet, but shall know shortly how to make my plans; anyhow I intend coming to Varallo and Casale in August or September, but which it is will depend on whether I go to Sicily first, or after having been to Casale, and this depends on other people.

They are translating my pamphlet about Homer at Trapani, and are evidently a good deal surprised and interested at having the *Odyssey* thrust upon them. Here [England] the pamphlet has met with a very bad reception, and I have been very angrily or even savagely attacked for it. The writers pass over the topographical question without notice; they see they can do nothing against that; nor do they say much against my supposition that the poem was written by a woman; but they say I have vulgarised Homer, and that I am laughing at what is great poetry and should not be profanely handled. I have made no replies; but in the first place the *Odyssey* is much more "alla buona" than people think it is, and, in the next, I really do not see anything particularly vulgar in my translation. However the critics do, so there I am obliged to leave it. I believe the gravamen really is that I, who am not a Homeric student, should have stumbled upon such interesting things in connection with the *Odyssey*, things moreover that they are inexcusable for not having found out long ago. And so it was here in England with Tabachetti. It seems to me that the average English critic has neither eyes nor ears, and neither knows nor wants to know, but only thinks of scratching the eyes out of the head of anyone who looks at things for him or her self. However, this is beginning to be spiteful.

They have begun to print [the translation into Italian of]

1892 Aet. 56 Trapanesi. On 4th August 1892, in the morning, Peppino Pagoto and some student friends took him to I Runzi near the Rock of the Ravens (*The Authoress*, p. 171). It was a rough walk and in the afternoon, after they had returned, Butler slipped on the uneven stones in the street of the town and put his foot out of joint. He was taken to Biaggini's house and, as the doctor was not at home, his assistant, a barber-surgeon, Peppino, came and pulled the foot into place again. This interested the patient nearly as much as the prehistoric remains, because Handel's father was a barber-surgeon.

Butler was not what would be called a good patient and, the doctor having ordered three weeks of absolute quiet in bed, was up the day after the accident and going about on crutches; but he was not able to leave the Mountain so soon as he had intended, and all the time he was there he stayed in the house of Emanuele Biaggini whose sisters with the utmost kindness nursed him as much as he would permit, and all the family became very much attached to him.

When Butler fell in the street, Peppino Pagoto was the one who helped him to rise and was exceedingly kind and attentive to him while he was laid up. Peppino is a native of Mount Eryx, that is to say, he is a descendant of the Cyclopes who built the megalithic walls of the city, and Butler, on discovering this, was delighted, because Peppino's face is noticeably round and the name Cyclopes means circle-faced, not one-eyed (*The Authoress*, p. 190).

Butler to H. F. Jones.

7 *Aug.* 1892—I am going on all right and am to go down in a carriage to Trapani to-morrow. There are three very nice intelligent boys here, aet. 15–18, who have taken me under their wing and seem to like fussing with an invalid. They are very good and you would like them very much. Then there is a black sea-captain [Capitano Messina, since deceased] about 40, all fire and fury but a wonderful person. He translated my "Humour of Homer" into Italian, and I do not think I ever saw a finer piece of translation. Just as I hope and think I have

made my translation read as though it were not a translation, so has he—it is full of life and vigour. But he is a scorcher. About ten years ago he got into some row which made him furious; so he went on to the upper deck of his ship, put a pistol into his mouth and pulled the trigger; but the ball came out at his eye and lodged in the bone immediately above his eye. Finding he had failed, he flung himself into the sea and, when fished out of that, had to be bound with cords or he would have killed himself with his hands. He was quieted in the end and recovered absolute health, with the exception that his eye, of course, was gone. 1892 Aet. 56

10 *Aug.* 1892—The doctor came to-day and cut open the old bandage and made me a new one. I can walk about the room without sticks and the doctor says I may; but, when the bandage was off, the leg from the toes to the knee, all along the left side, was such a mass of rainbow bruises I should have been ashamed to ask a dog to eat it.

He made many friends at Trapani, not only among the young students, to some of whom he gave lessons in English, but among the elder members of the more staid and wealthy families—the D'Alì, the Platamone, the Adragna, the Burgarella. Among these was Conte Agostino Sieri Pepoli whose summer residence, Le Torri, is on the summit of Monte San Giuliano. "My reception generally is overwhelming and quite equal to anything my vanity can desire." And again: "I never was treated so magnificently as I am here." And again: "They treat me like a Royal Personage."

Butler to H. F. Jones.

16 *Aug.* 1892—Everyone is exceedingly good to me and I have no doubt it will help matters that people should have got to know me and feel at home with me; for here, those who interest themselves in the affair treat me much as at Varallo—I mean as though they had known me all their lives.

When he was sufficiently recovered to hobble about he was going through the main street of Erice with Biaggini one day and they met a ragged, dirty, but robust old priest who looked about seventy-five but was said to be some years more than eighty.

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"Jupiter?" said Biaggini.

"Giove," at once replied the priest with a strong clear voice.

"Omnetrinumo—?" said Biaggini.

"Este perfettimo," was the rejoinder.

Then Biaggini said, "Pretere?" and the priest replied, "Malandrinumo."

This was the famous Don Giovanni Sciallara of Mount Eryx. The dialogue is really a way of saying, "You do not know Latin," and of answering, "Yes, I do."

"Jupiter?" says the first, meaning "What is the Latin for that?" "Giove" is the answer. "Omne trinum—?" says the other, meaning "Now you go on, if you can," and the priest continues, "Est perfectum." He is said to refuse a single glass of wine; he will not accept less than three because of the Trinity, but will take as many threes as any one will give him. "Pretere?" continues the first, meaning "Prete? (or Priest) What's that?" "Malandrinumo" (A bad man) is the answer.

This old priest was a great favourite with the people whom he used to cure by putting their heads under his cloak and mumbling benedictions. If they did not get better it was because they were wicked.

It was suggested that he should be got to come and bless my foot, but I was afraid it might get about and do me harm at Trapani, so I resisted the no small temptation of having my foot blessed by him.

At last Butler was well enough to be driven down to Trapani where he stayed, making more friends, going about in the neighbourhood to see everything that might bear upon the *Odyssey*, and getting the local features well into his head. He put up at the Albergo delle Cinque Torri and slept in a room which had been occupied by the Emperor Charles V. The house is no longer used as an inn; it stands where two streets meet and on the corner, high up, is a projecting crown surmounting a face, both in carved stone; the face is popularly supposed to represent the emperor but, except for the presence of the crown, there is no reason for thinking this is so, and it is more likely "una maschera qualunque."

It was here that the incident mentioned in "Thought and Language" (*Essays on Life, Art, and Science*)

occurred, when the deaf-mute waiter, speaking entirely in gesture, told a caller that his friend who wore divided spectacles, with the heavy eyebrows and the white beard, meaning Butler, had had his dinner and gone out about five minutes before. This extraordinary fellow is no longer a waiter (1913) but is employed at the railway station. We used to think that he was born deaf and dumb, but I have since been told that his affliction is the result of an accident which occurred when he was about five years old, that he is married and has three children. His name is Leonardo Rao, but he is generally spoken of as "il Muto" or "quel Sordo-Muto."

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Butler was one day in the church of the Annunziata at Trapani, the sanctuary of the famous Madonna di Trapani, and it was a festa.

Some peasants brought in a woman who was afflicted with a nervous disorder and whom they supposed to be possessed by a devil; they were elderly people and came from some remote country district, but I was told there had been many such on the preceding day. The men supported the woman on either side and kept shouting:

"Viva! Viva! Viva Maria!"

They were trying to put these words into the mouth of the woman, for if she could be got to say them, the devil would come out of her. But it is not reckoned quite safe to stand by on these occasions, you must shut your mouth and put the fore-fingers of each hand in front of it in the shape of the Cross; for if the devil catches you with your mouth open and no Cross in front of it, he will be down your throat in a moment and it may be no end of a job to get him up again. I did not see that they seemed to make much progress.

There are still in the remoter districts professional devil-brokers who beat the sufferers unmercifully with the intention of making things so hot for the devil that he won't stay but comes flying out like a wasp or bee.

It reminded him of what Uncle James had seen at Funchal in 1764 (ante, I. p. 8).

Biaggini took him with some friends to the Grotta del Toro in which Ulysses hid his treasure (*The Authoress*, p. 165). "Next to Malconsiglio this is the prettiest bit of identification in the whole matter." They went

1892 Aet. 56 beyond, to the caves on Cofano (*The Authoress*, p. 193), where the cave-dwellers "provided us with snow white table-cloths and napkins for the lunch which we had brought from Trapani, and they gave us any quantity of almonds fried in a little salt and butter; most unexpected of all, the salt they brought us was mixed with chervil seed" (*The Authoress*, p. 194). They went to Custonaci where is the sacred picture of the Madonna and where they saw "geese eating mash out of a trough as in the *Odyssey*. There is no grass for them to eat."

Another day he was taken to S. Pantaleo, which is the fourth of the Aegadean islands, but not a prominent object like the others, because, as I have said before, it lies low and near the shore in the direction of Marsala. It is the site of Motya, very famous in her day, and Butler hoped to find remains that would throw light on his theories about the early civilisation of the neighbourhood. In spite of his foot he

> . . . walked with help all round the island and saw many squared stones ready to be taken away. Whenever they find a nice bit of stone they re-face it and take it to Marsala which, no doubt, is largely built of Motya stones—hence the utter absence of all ruins save at the north gate and a vestige of the south.

On the 23rd August he returned to Palermo where he made the acquaintance of Professor Salinas, Director of the Museum, and of Professor Romano from whom he gathered that Eryx and Cefalù contained the most noteworthy examples of megalithic remains in the island. He went with Professor Romano to Cefalù

> . . . and climbed to the upper [Cyclopean] fragments, at mid-day, after lunch, in broiling sun; with my foot still very infirm this was not easy, but we did it and were richly rewarded. I know not which were the more interesting, the fragments by the seaside or those above, but they both prove the city to have been the site of a great civilization. No doubt Laestrygonia.
>
> Then we went to the cathedral, the mosaics in the choir of which (date 1182, etc.) are much the finest of their kind that I have ever seen.
>
> In the train there was a doctor, so I showed him my foot and he spoke very seriously about the risk I ran in going about

while it was so much swollen. I let him bandage it next day and stayed a day in Palermo for the starch to dry. 1892 Aet. 56

He went to Catania and, as there was an eruption of Mount Etna, insisted on going up to see it, notwithstanding that the doctor in the train had spoken so seriously about his foot. He accomplished the excursion successfully, as he generally did everything he had once fairly set his mind on doing. He started, with an Anglicised Swiss whom he happened to meet at Catania, on the evening of the 26th August; they had supper at Nicolosi where they got horses which took them half-way up the mountain to the place where the main stream of lava was coming out. They were from 9 P.M. till 2 A.M. riding up to this spot, and from 3 to 8 A.M. riding down. It was bitterly cold, and a wonderfully clear starlight night, with Jupiter larger than he had ever seen him. His foot was very painful and his saddle intolerable; yet the sight of the eruption well repaid him.

Returning to Catania he went from there to Messina and, in the train, got into conversation with a Sicilian gentleman who spoke English and pointed out the rocks which lie off the coast about half-way between Catania and Aci Reale, saying that those were the rocks which Polyphemus hurled at Ulysses. He thought he was giving a piece of interesting information to an intelligent foreigner, but Butler said at once:

"Excuse me, sir, but that can hardly be, because Polyphemus lived on the other side of the island; I have myself been photographed standing in his cave and it is near Trapani."

Finding that the Sicilian gentleman was interested, he went on to tell him that his reason for coming to the East side of the island was to see these very Scogli de' Ciclopi and compare them with the Asinelli and the Formiche near Trapani (*The Authoress*, p. 189), which he had made up his mind were really the rocks hurled by Polyphemus.

The Sicilian gentleman was Professor Giovanni

1892 Aet. 56 Platania of Aci Reale and Catania. I formerly thought it was his brother Gaetano, and made the mistake of saying so in my *Diary of a Journey*. Giovanni Platania, on returning to Aci Reale, recounted to his friend, Mario Puglisi Pico, the conversation he had had in the train, and they invited Butler to Aci Reale, but he had not time to go there that year.

He went by sea from Messina to Naples where he saw the museum and had his foot dressed. He went to Cava and

> . . . thence, next morning, to Paestum which deserves all that is said of it; but how immeasurably superior the Temple of Neptune is to the others! It is like fine Norman as against one piece of 14th century, and another of late and poor Perpendicular. Heaven forgive me if I am talking nonsense! Thence back to Naples and next day to Rome. Not well. Too much knocked about.

At Rome he rested; but his notion of rest did not preclude pottering about the Capitol, going up the tower, and seeing the prehistoric museum and St. Peter's. He wrote to me from Rome, 30th August 1892, and, after saying that the authoress of the *Odyssey* was drawing from what she had seen, continued:

> I have found out about the ferry [at Trapani]. In winter, after a strong N. wind, the two seas used to meet, and a cart or boat was necessary till a few years back when the land was raised. The scene is laid in winter and this is the ferry.
>
> Lastly you remember that, in the country of the Laestrygonians, a man who could do without sleep could earn double wages, for the shepherds drive out their flocks to feed by night and those that come into the town in the morning meet those who are driving out the flock for the day, so that, if a man could do without sleep, he might earn two wages.
>
> This means that civilization was so high there that, instead of having only a morning supply of milk, as at Trapani and Palermo, they had organised a double set of goats and had fresh milk in the evening as well. Hence the small local joke about the sleepless man [post, p. 246] which enables me to connect Laestrygonia with the colossal fragments at Cefalù, more especially as the topographical position between Ustica (the island of Aeolus) and the Lipari islands (Circe and the Sirens) is perfect. Now is this pretty, or is it not?

I have satisfied myself of the exact position of Eumaeus's hut and of the Hill of Mercury and of the fountain. All is perfectly clear and easily identifiable. I have also satisfied myself that Eryx was a ruined city in the time of the *Odyssey* and that the great civilization, of which it must have been the seat, must be thrown back to a very remote date, even as compared with the *Odyssey*. However, I must shut up. Scylla and Charybdis, though grossly exaggerated, are more genuine than I suspected. Scylla really did wreck a large steamer last year, and I saw the wreck. Charybdis really does prevent sailing vessels from going out, sometimes for three or four days together, and the two are very close to one another. There! I have several other letters to write and I am rather tired; but have I done well or have I not? 1892 Aet. 56

He went from Rome to Cortona to see the walls, which he remembered having seen when he went to Italy as a boy with his people, and to Florence to refresh his memory of the walls at Fiesole which he had told Paget to see. After Florence he joined me at Varese. I had gone to Varallo where I had met Mademoiselle Gabrielle Vaillant and Miss Scott. I went with them over the Colma to the Lago di Orta, crossed the Lago Maggiore and so to the Sacro Monte above Varese. Butler arrived the same day, or the next, full of his Sicilian experiences and of the discoveries he had made in confirmation of his theories about the *Odyssey*.

Emanuele Biaggini to Butler.

(Translation by Butler)

12 *Sept.* 1892—The name Nausicaa is becoming quite a household word here. When people meet a pretty girl they say "Here comes a Nausicaa." And then they begin talking about the *Odyssey* and about you, and run on for hours about our famous picnics to the caves of the Scurati, Custonaci, Motya, etc.

CHAPTER XXXI

1893

THE WANDERINGS OF ULYSSES

1893 Aet. 57 AMONG the Trapanesi who took an interest in Butler's *Odyssey* theories was Signor Pietro Sugameli. His interest was, however, unfortunately, so enthusiastic as to lead to situations of a kind disclosed by the next letter in which Butler is gently endeavouring to choke him off.

Butler to Pietro Sugameli.

Jan. 16, 1893.

MY DEAR SIR—I have this morning received the magnificent map of Trapani which you have been so kind as to send me, and which will be of great value and interest to me. I am extremely obliged to you for it and hardly know how sufficiently to thank you. I venture however to do so in English rather than in Italian for I know you are an excellent English scholar.

I perfectly understand your map and am long since convinced that the ground outside Trapani towards Monte S. Giuliano was often covered with sea during the winter months. Stolberg says that in winter Trapani is an island, so in his time the seas seem often to have joined. I do not, therefore, for a moment dispute that Trapani was often a veritable island; what, however, I do say is that, so far as we have any actual knowledge of it, this condition of things was only temporary and that in its normal state we have no certain knowledge of Trapani except as a peninsula.

So much for external evidence. Now for internal—I mean as for what we can get out of the *Odyssey*. I am confident you will never get our best Homeric students, nor those of Germany, to see that the *Odyssey* lends support to your contention. I, as I dare say you know, am not very fond of those gentlemen, but

I understand them and know pretty well what they will accept and what they will reject in matters of this sort. Moreover, I recognise them as my masters—they are the people whom I am trying to convince, and before whose decision I shall bow as soon as I see that they have really considered the matter at all. At present I pay very little attention to what they say, because they have paid very little attention to it themselves; but when they do, and I perceive that they understand the argument and have taken the pains to form an opinion about it, I shall yield to their opinion whatever it is. 1893 Aet. 57

Now keeping one eye always fixed on Oxford and Cambridge I feel sure I am right in saying that you will never persuade our scholars that from the words ἀπάνευθε and ἐγγύθεν you can draw any conclusion at all as to the fact that Scheria was an island. They would tell you, and I think justly, that you are trying to put more meaning on these words than they will legitimately bear; I have said in the *Lambruschini* the little I have to say about ἀπάνευθε; as for ἐγγύθεν it means "da vicino" as you very justly say it does, but I cannot admit that this gives you any ground for thinking that there was water between the inhabitants of the chief town of Scheria and their nearest neighbour, and I am convinced that you will not get any of our best Greek scholars to agree with you on this point. You may be quite sure that if I did I should at once come round to your opinion, for all I care about is to be on the winning side, and I should at once go over to the one that I thought the strongest.

When Nausicaa returns from washing the clothes, as described in the *Odyssey*, I can find nothing to indicate that she crossed any water. She seems to have driven straight into the town, much as she would do now, only there was probably more marshy ground on either side of the road. When Ulysses follows her into the town on foot, he crosses no water. As for the ferry of xx. 187, I considered this passage with the utmost attention I could bestow upon it to see whether Eumaeus and Melanthius, who certainly came down from Mt. Eryx, crossed the ferry too as well as Philoetius, and the conclusion I came to was that I could not fairly make the passage say this. It seemed to me then, as it does now, that Philoetius was the only one who crossed a ferry, and that the others did not. I believe, therefore, that the ferry was simply across the southern harbour, and that there was no ferry between Mt. Eryx and the town.

And now, my dear Sir, I must close this or lose the post. I have written with great plainness believing that it is always best to do so. I am very much gratified at the support you have given me, and am assured that by its means we shall now get the subject fully discussed which without it would have been very

1893 Aet. 57 doubtful. I cannot, however, pretend that I can go further than admit that the part between Eryx and the town was often an island. As for the Western part that you have marked blue—that may perfectly well have been water. The *Odyssey* says nothing about it one way or the other, and my argument is not affected one way or the other. I have therefore no opposition to make to this, and am, with kind regards and many thanks, Yours very truly, S. BUTLER.

Butler gave the lecture, "The Whitewashing of Penelope," referred to in Mrs. Grosvenor's reminiscences, in March 1893. This is the letter he wrote after it:

Butler to Mrs. Bovill.

7 *March* 1893—The obligation was entirely on my side; you cannot tell what a help it was to me; and really I thought they did seem to like it, which I assure you I had done my level best to make them do.

Mrs. Fuller Maitland has kindly sent me a card for the 15th. Of course I shall go.

I will come to tea to-morrow with great pleasure, and will tell Jones, but do not know whether he has not to go to Mlle Vaillant's for a lesson.

By the way—do you think you sit too near your large window when you have a cold? It occurred to me yesterday that a small fine draught might get in, and nothing turns a slight cold into a bad one more quickly. Also, I find I have not had one single cold since last August—a thing for me unprecedented. I attribute this to wearing soft flannel night-shirts instead of calico, and to keeping well away from my windows during the winter when reading or writing.

As for your proposal I am sure it will be a great pleasure to fall in with it when I know what it is, which I shall no doubt do to-morrow afternoon.

This Easter we went to Brussels and Dinant for Butler to continue his researches about Tabachetti, and this Easter I left Barnard's Inn because the place was sold and partly pulled down. I found new rooms at 1 Staple Inn, and began to live there. The night-watchman at Staple Inn was named Hatt, and was quite as much of an old fossil as Tom at Barnard's Inn; but he did not call the hours during the night. Cousens, who lived in the Inn, was

talking to him about the garden, and Hatt said, speaking very deliberately: 1893 Aet. 57

"Most of these flowers, Sir, I planted them myself. Not all of them. Most of them."

"I suppose you are interested in gardening," said Cousens; "have you a garden at home?"

"Not exactly at home, Sir; but I have a bit of a garden on the railway. The North London Railway."

"And what kind of soil is it?"

"Well, Sir, it's a kind of a redooced loam, it is."

"That's an uncommon kind of soil."

"You see, Sir, it's like this; when the railway come along, it took off the surface and that redooced it."

"Oh, I see. And what kind of flowers do you grow there?"

"Roses. Roses. There's the glory di John. He do very well. And William Allen. He's all right. And the Duchess of Connaught. She's got the worm."

We told Butler, and he said he could see possibilities in old Hatt; he might have come out of Dickens.

Butler to Mrs. Bovill.

April 8th, 1893.

DEAR MRS. BOVILL—I did not get back till 5.30 yesterday afternoon and could not have got to St. Andrew's Place in time—you will, I am sure, see that this is bona fide.

I am extremely sorry to hear that you have been anxious about Merric; I will call to-morrow afternoon and enquire. I hope I shall find him all right again, and I hope also you will be better yourself, but what with *cold*, *nursing*, and *rehearsing* I hardly expect *that you will be up and about*, and shall be very glad to find myself mistaken. I go to Shrewsbury on Monday afternoon and shall return on Thursday or Friday. Any day after then will suit me perfectly well, and I assure you Alfred and I will do our best to turn out some nice negatives [photographs of her room]. I got some snapshots during this Easter that ought to turn out well. I took a mean advantage of a little boy and a little girl who, I suppose, had not very long had their breakfast. They were by the road-side and I hope the negative will be successful, but I can only show it by leaving it about to be seen—any emphasised calling of attention to it will be out of the question.

1893 Aet. 57 I hope I shall hear that you are pretty well to-morrow, or else I shall begin to feel that I am like the man who said, "I had a friend once, but, damn her, she was always catching cold."

With kind regards, Believe me always yours very truly,

S. BUTLER.

In June, Butler's uncle, Philip Worsley, the father of Reginald Worsley, died, and Butler went to the funeral which gave him another opportunity of wearing his silk hat.

In July he went to Shrewsbury for the School Speech-day.

JOWETT AT SHREWSBURY

Jowett came down to the Shrewsbury School speeches last week, and I was asked to meet him at dinner at Moss's house. I heard the speech he made—it was a sermon not a speech—on the duties of a master and on those of a schoolboy. He read it, badly, and it bored everyone. Seeing, therefore, how old, feeble, and dull he was, I determined to keep out of his way and not to try and draw him about the *Odyssey*. I was put to sit pretty near him at dinner, but we did not speak—we hardly could. Nor did we speak after dinner. In the drawing-room I kept near the door, right at the other end of the room, while he seemed well occupied with those who were round him. Presently, however, he rose, toddled across the room and came up to me.

"I think I have had the pleasure of meeting you here before, Mr. Butler."

"Yes, Sir, but I did not think you would remember me."

"Oh, I remember you very well; you know how heartily we all laughed over your *Erewhon*—and moreover, there was a great deal of truth in that book."

"It was like everything else, Sir, true, and not true."

"Well, yes, I suppose that is it."

"And then, *Erewhon* was published more than twenty years ago, and I have never succeeded in making you all laugh again."

"But have you ever tried?"

"Oh yes, I have written a good many books since *Erewhon*."

"How is it, then, that I have never heard of any of them?"

"I suppose, Sir," I said, laughing, "because they failed to attract attention; but a year ago I did myself the honour of sending you a pamphlet on the Humour of Homer, and another this spring on the Sicilian provenance of the *Odyssey*."

"Ah, to be sure, I remember there was something of the

kind, but I have so many of those things sent me that—well— to speak frankly I never read either of them." 1893 Aet. 57

"Why should you, Sir? It was proper of me to send them as a mark of respect which I should have been sorry to omit, but I had very little idea that you would read them."

I kept on smiling all the time, but was particularly careful not to try and draw him, or tell him anything. He then turned the subject on to Dr. Butler, and assured me that everyone interested in the classics would read my Life of him, whereon we talked for another five minutes or so and parted very amicably.

The conversation, however, confirmed me in the opinion I had formed already, that very few people know any of my books except *Erewhon* which hangs rather as a millstone about my neck.

On the 14th of July Butler left London alone, and went, via Basel and the S. Gottardo, to Casale where the Avvocato Negri, who had been continuing his investigations about Tabachetti, communicated the results to him, and Butler in return told him what he had found out at Dinant. He then went on through Rome and spent some time among the ancient cities between Rome and Naples. The megalithic walls fascinated him. He did not find much at Sora, but at Arpino—"Qualche cosa di stupendo!"

The walls [he wrote to me] are a conglomerate of diluvial stones embedded in lime—very large, but hardly so colossal as those of Erice and Cefalù. Throughout there is a kind of wild ovarian tumour sort of mad yearning after regularity, of course, but it is never reached, though here and there they seemed close on it—like my father's whistling of the Easter hymn; he had got it, but he hadn't got it right.

Butler to H. F. Jones.

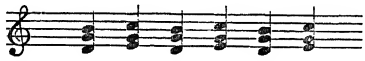
FERENTINO.

24 *July* 1893—At Atina [the walls were] of less interest but still enough to show that those devils, whoever they were, were there. Yesterday I left for Veroli and Alatri, the first very interesting. The second—Good heavens! the gate went through a Cyclopean wall 90 feet thick—and such stones!

My driver crooned all the time, beginning on the dominant and droning on it ever so long, then tumbling down like

1893 Aet. 57 "Nilus' flow"[1] to the supertonic, resting a short space, then up to the dominant and down again through the supertonic to the tonic on which he droned as he had done on the dominant. This he repeated over and over again with a very strange and sweet effect; but, at last, he came to an end, and judge of my surprise when the last time, instead of droning on the tonic, he walked leisurely through the leading note and droned on the submediant, after which he was mute. For God's sake ask Rockstro what that meant.[2]

At Veroli in the upper Pelasgic town, close by the Pelasgic walls, I came upon a street ball—everyone dancing in the street. I never knew what dancing was before, I could have looked at it for hours. Each partner gave his or her right hand to his or her partner, male or female, taking the partner's left hand. They danced *at* one another and *to* one another all the time—old men with old men, old women with old women, boys, girls, young men, young women, every one higgledy-piggledy with every one. All so terribly in earnest that even my camera was powerless to attract them. The music, on an accordion, was:



et cetera ad infinitum; no variation of any kind. Tune would have been a disturbance and impertinence that should only appear when there was need of such vanity.[3]

I dined in the kitchen with mine host in his shirt-sleeves, my driver, mine hostess and the boy, all in our shirt-sleeves. All this at Veroli and thence to Alatri, and there! fleas and dirt beyond all words. . . . Well, here at Ferentino the walls are not less interesting and the inn is cleaner. I asked the landlord what was the best inn at Segni. He said it did not matter; that if

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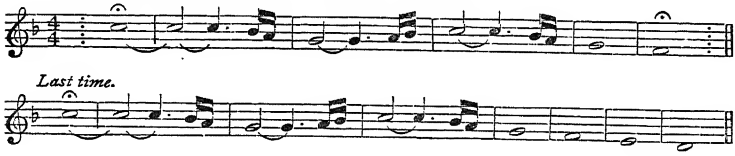
[1] He is thinking of *Narcissus* and means "Nilus' tide."

Shall I to Egypt's dusky bonds
A portion of my wealth confide,
Where Memnon's fabled voice responds
To morning's ray o'er Nilus' tide?

[2] It appears from a subsequent letter that it was like this:



I showed it to Rockstro but got nothing out of him except that it was in the Aeolian mode.

[3] This is how they danced in the *Odyssey* after the death of the suitors.

a man had quattrini all inns were good. I said I differed from him—all depended on the cuore in dentro dell' albergatore, if that was good a few quattrini would go a long way; if that was bad ever so many quattrini would hardly produce any effect at all. He immediately pulled out a snuff-box of strong snuff and gave me a pinch which was very refreshing. At the same moment his wife entered—seized the water-bottle and, seeing I wanted no more, sprinkled it all over the floor, in the name, I am sure, of the blessed gods that live in heaven. 1893 Aet. 57

Address "Poste Restante, Aci Reale, Sicily."

Butler to H. F. Jones.

CORI, about 28 *July* 1893.

DEAR JONES—I wrote yesterday, but have rather a reason for writing again to-day, but it is not worth mentioning. I left Segni at 5.15 on a pony with a guide. The landlord insisted on coming too. I do not see why he should and I don't like him but I found it hard to shake him off without an open rupture. It was a lovely ride of 7 hours all among the mountains to Norma where the walls are quite up to the others. Then two hours seeing these same walls and four more coasting along the side of the Apennines to Cori, about 1500 feet above the Pontine Marshes which lay like a map beneath—very fine. At Cori in the hotel, which is still excessively bad, I fancy that I can descry, etc. The walls, so far as I have seen them, more full of suggestion than any I have yet seen.

Not to be too mysterious, since beginning this I have made up my mind. I suspect the landlord of putting some gaol-bird-like looking fellows at Norma up to way-laying me on my return over the mountains. I am not going to have this, so I shall send my horse back with him and the guide, and go round by tram and railway which is feasible, and I have told the landlord that I do not feel well and shall do this. You may take your oath to that. It will cost me 3 or 4 francs but it will make matters safe.—S. B.

This was disturbing, and I showed the post card to Rockstro; he assumed that the worst had happened and wrote to me that he had lain awake all night "trying to guess how much ransom the fiends would demand"; we were both inexpressibly relieved when the next post card came beginning "I am now at Aci Reale."

The broken sentence about his fancying he can descry in the inn, which is still excessively bad, etc., is a

1893 Aet. 57 reminiscence of a school incident which he introduced into *The Way of All Flesh* (chap. xliv.), where Dr. Skinner, speaking to Ernest about the copy of Alcaics on the dogs of the monks of St. Bernard, says what Dr. Kennedy had said to Butler :

"In this copy of Alcaics—which is still excessively bad—I fancy that I can discern some faint symptom of improvement."

Alfred had as much difficulty with Aci Reale as he had had with "caparisoned." First he called it Acki-Ahly. I said :

"No, Alfred. That's not right. It is Aci Reale."

"Well, that's what I said, Sir."

"You said Acki-Ahly."

"Isn't that it, Sir?"

"No ; it's Aci Reale."

"Well, let me try again—Ackilli-Ahly ; there, that's right, isn't it, Sir?"

As he wrote it correctly on the envelopes and none of the letters ever miscarried, we agreed that this was near enough and accurate pronunciation was excused.

Butler's friends at Aci Reale got him to write some articles about his *Odyssey* theory for the *Rassegna della Letteratura Siciliana*, a magazine then being edited by Mario Puglisi Pico. They also did him the honour of electing him a Socio Corrispondente both of the Accademia di Scienze Lettere ed Arti de' Zelanti di Aci Reale and of the Accademia Dafnica di Scienze Lettere e delle Arti in Aci Reale.

Butler also wrote for *Il Lambruschini*, a scholastic periodical published at Trapani. All that he wrote in these papers was used up as material for *The Authoress of the Odyssey*.

He went for a long day to Siracusa and was taken round by Politi who showed him all the antiquities. In the absence of polygonal walls he had to be contented with early Greek work. He passed through Palermo where he spent a morning in the museum with the early Etruscan work and the metopes from Selinunte and then went on to Trapani.

Here he reconsidered the sites of the Grotta del Toro and the cave where Ulysses hid his treasure, and saw that the bay of S. Cusumano must be the harbour Reithron of the *Odyssey*. He went with Biaggini up the Mountain, and Conte Pepoli showed him, in his garden, the remains of an old wall and, in the light of all the experience he had gathered between Rome and Naples, he reconsidered the walls of Eryx. He returned to the site of the hut of Eumaeus near the Ruccazzù dei Corvi, but there were not so many ravens there as there used to be formerly, probably because the Count had attracted them away to Le Torri. And he settled that the old city on the Mountain must have been the original of Hypereia in the *Odyssey*. 1893 Aet. 57

From the Mountain he saw the island of Pantellaria, about half-way to Africa. This he had settled was Calypso's island and, as he was told that there were Cyclopean walls and nuraghi there, he determined to visit it. He stopped at the island of Favognana on his way, and when he got to Pantellaria stayed several days there examining all he could find, and making notes about the walls and the prehistoric remains, and afterwards returned to Mount Eryx. In one of his letters to me he gave some account of his stay in the island :

> I went on my mule to the top of the mountain accompanied by my guide who was very like the busts of Socrates ["Ramblings in Cheapside"]. The bunches of grapes sprawled on the hot earth like heaps of amber beads. I ate too many or something and was very unwell. . . . I found the cottages of the peasants scrupulously clean, the perfection of neatness and cleanliness. Dr. Errera [the Sindaco] assures me that this in the country is universal. They wall all their orange trees round with a high circular wall with a door—sometimes 20 feet of wall. They say it is to protect the trees from the wind.
>
> I can say nothing about the excellent arciprete, with his vestments and spectacles all covered with snuff and his teeth like the stump stones of a Pelasgic wall. Nor yet of Dr. Errera, the pretore, the maresciallo and the two other most amiable men with whom I supped nightly. It is too hot and I am too tired.

Butler sent the following two post cards to Mrs. Bovill, who was staying at The Vicarage, Chorley Wood.

1893 Aet. 57 They are both dated 22 Agosto 1893, and were posted at Monte San Giuliano, Trapani:

Post card No. 1.

Dear Mrs. Bovill—I heard from Jones last night and feel convinced of sin in not having written; it is not that I have so much to do, as that these good people here will not let me do anything at all. No sooner do I sit down than first one comes and then another—nor are they by any means proficients in the art of going. However—I brought it all on myself. Why could not I have let the *Odyssey* alone? I have revised another six bks of which I send you a sample on another card. I don't see that the second 12 bks are materially less interesting than the first. It was very kind of you to perk Jones up by asking him to Chorley Wood. I wish Ch. Wd. were within reach, for I want a little attention myself—something has disagreed with me or I have disagreed with something, and this two days past I am a wreck. I expect I shall be all right to-morrow. I went to the island of Pantellaria. I and the judge, the Sindaco and the head of the military used to dine without our coats in the street outside the restaurant; when I went away they would not let me pay my bill, and all accompanied me on board a mile from shore.—Kind regards, S. B.

Post card No. 2.

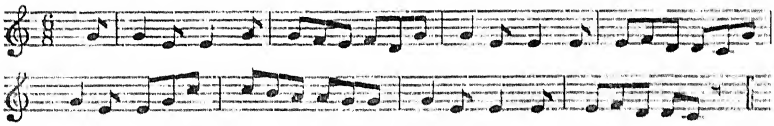
xviii. 214. "Telemachus," said she addressing her son, "I fear you are no longer conducting yourself so discreetly as you used to do. When you were younger you had more sense, but now you are grown up, though a stranger to look at you would take you for the son of well-to-do people as far as size and good looks go, he would be mistaken, for your conduct has been by no means what it should have been. What is all this disturbance that has been going on, and how came you to allow a stranger to be so disgracefully ill-treated? It is most discreditable to you that such usage should have been offered to anyone who came as a suppliant to our house."

"I am not surprised, my dear mother, at your displeasure," replied Telemachus. "I have come to years of understanding and know perfectly well when things are not as they should be, which I could not do when I was younger, but I cannot always keep my temper. First one and then another of these wicked people here keeps driving me out of my mind."

Butler to H. F. Jones.

MONTE ERICE. 1893 Æt. 57

22 *Aug.* 1893—While in bed this morning I heard a voice singing in the street accompanied by a fiddle and 'cello; it seemed like a boy's voice:



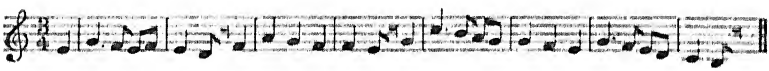
This he repeated over and over again, but never twice the same exactly; it was lovely—the voice very "simpatica." I went to the window and found it came from a little, blind, old man who sang falsetto. He played such a fiddle! and his mate played the violoncello. Then he changed and sang a more complicated tune. So I got him and asked him to do the first over again. He could not. He never sings the same twice, but makes up his tune as he goes on and then forgets it. He ought to be followed night and day by a musical amanuensis.

24 *Aug.* 1893—I am still shaky and have to keep quiet. The general consent is that I got it at Pantellaria, which I believe I did, and from drinking goat's milk when the goat was in the family way, which seems to be thought here next door to poison. I have it borne in upon me that it was this. The Count [Pepoli] sends me excellent water from the castle every day. Biaggini has sent a couple of bottles of extra special wine, so I am to drink good wine and water and forswear goat's milk, otherwise I never was better in my life. . . .

That blind man who sings so beautifully has hardly got any nose—it is smashed in at the bridge. When he lies, he says:

"May God smash my nose and strike me stone blind if I am not speaking the truth."

I heard him again last night. His range of melody is limited to the class of song in vogue among the Sicilian peasants, but within that range I never heard anything to compare with it. What the quality of voice is I know not, but I should think "evirato."



I have just caught this from him, but it is always varied—never the same twice; and as long as he chooses to sing one must listen.

1893 Aet. 57 This blind singer and his mate with the 'cello travel about the country; I met them once at Fiesole, and I have met them also in Palermo. From the Mountain Butler went to Calatafimi, stopping on the way at Castelvetrano to see Selinunte:

WAITING TO BE HIRED

At Castelvetrano I had to start the next morning at 4 A.M. to see the ruins of Selinunte and slept lightly with my window open. About 2 o'clock I began to hear a buzz of conversation in the piazza outside my window and it kept me awake, so I got up to shut the window and see what it was. I found it came from a long knot of men standing about, two deep, but not strictly marshalled. When I got up, at half-past three, it was still dark and the men were still there though perhaps not so many. I enquired and found they were standing to be hired for the day. Any one wanting labourers would come there, engage as many as he wanted and go off with them, others would come up and so on till about four, after which no one would hire, the day being regarded as short in weight after that hour. Being so collected, the men gossip over their own and other people's affairs —wonder who that fine-looking stranger going about yesterday with Nausicaa was, etc. [*Odyssey* vi. 273]. This, in fact, is their club and the place where the public opinion of the district is formed.

At Selinunte he found the ruins as impressive as possible, with the stones even larger than those used in the walls of Eryx but

. . . the work is all Greek, not a trace of anything Pelasgic. There can be no doubt that the columns were thrown down by an earthquake. No human enemies would have taken the trouble to make the destruction so thorough. Not even Christians.

Just as I was leaving Castelvetrano station a little newspaper boy, of about 9 or 10 years old, came up to me, smiled, said "Scusi" and kissed my hand, the train moving off as he did so.

The train took him from Castelvetrano to Calatafimi, from which one starts to visit Segesta. Eryx and Segesta were the two towns of the Elymi and, having seen the first, he had to see the second. Emanuele Biaggini had given him an introduction to Cavaliere Biagio Ingroja

who, with the Avvocato Cabasino, met him at the station and they drove up together. 1893 Aet. 57

Calatafimi is also famous in modern history. When it was known in 1860 that Garibaldi was coming to Sicily with his thousand men, the English wine-merchants at Marsala applied to the British Government for protection, as there was likely to be fighting. Two of our ships were accordingly told off to do what was necessary, and they did it in such a way that Garibaldi was able to land with little difficulty at Marsala, whence he marched to Calatafimi and there won his first victory over the Neapolitans. Of course we were not to be blamed if the evolutions of our ships, necessary for the protection of our wine-merchants, incidentally happened to protect Garibaldi; nevertheless it was known that our sympathies were with him, and the propriety and correctness with which we managed the business were quite in the Italian manner. It will be remembered that during the revolution they themselves were writing "Viva Verdi" on every blank wall that offered—a perfectly innocent thing to do; of course they were not to be blamed if their favourite composer's name happened to be formed of the initial letters of the words Vittorio Emanuele Re D' Italia. The Sicilians never forget, and this throws some light upon their great love for the English, especially in this corner of the island, where I have repeatedly been told the story of Garibaldi's landing.

In 1862 Garibaldi made a tour in Sicily in order to raise a band of volunteers to march on Rome, and the first place he went to from Palermo was Calatafimi. He attended service in the Church of the Crocefisso to receive the Benediction of the Holy Sacrament. After the ceremony Ingroja, who was then an enthusiastic young priest, preached the sermon, which was less a sermon than a passionate outburst of patriotic aspiration. The congregation was in an uproar, and Garibaldi, who knew how to seize an opportunity, left his prie-Dieu in front of the altar, approached Ingroja as he descended the pulpit steps, seized both his hands, thanked him and inquired:

"Of course I may not take your place?"

1893 Aet. 57 Ingroja replied that on the contrary the pulpit was at his service. Garibaldi mounted it and poured forth his soul to the people, dwelling upon the idea of United Italy with Rome as her capital, and saying in conclusion that if all priests were like Ingroja the political situation they all deplored would soon be settled to their satisfaction.

After church Garibaldi visited the battlefield, the scene of his victory two years before, and then returned to the house on which there is now a marble tablet stating that he lodged there in 1860 and in 1862. Recognising Ingroja among those present to receive him, he came to him, embraced him and kissed him three times, once on each cheek and once on the forehead. Then he went out on the balcony and made another speech to the people, in which he summarised all that had been said in church that morning, and, for the first time, uttered the historic words:

"Roma o Morte!"

From Calatafimi he went to Trapani and Marsala, returned to Palermo, and so on through the island making speeches everywhere, and everywhere repeating "Roma o Morte!"

Ingroja, when Butler made his acquaintance, had left the church, married and settled down to his profession of schoolmaster. They were of the same age, within a year, and became fast friends. Ingroja was indefatigable in helping Butler in his Odyssean studies, and his suggestions, unlike Sugameli's, never led to any embarrassment. He looked forward to Butler's annual visits as to the visits of a brother, and Butler, in dedicating *The Authoress of the Odyssey* to him afterwards, spoke of him as his "prezioso alleato."

Ingroja took Butler to the temple of Segesta, whose date, 460–409 B.C., he readily accepted. They then went up the height to see the remains of the town and the theatre. Judging by the stones of the theatre he thought its date might be about 800–700 B.C. What was the date of the town of Segesta? From here Eryx is distinctly visible and Segesta on its height, lying to the east of Eryx and glowing in the rays of the setting sun, must

have been a prominent object in the view from the Mountain, and therefore familiar to the authoress of the *Odyssey*, who, however, never mentions it. He could not believe that she "would have been able to keep her tongue off" Segesta "if it had been in existence in her day"; nor would she have described the Phaeacians as dwelling beyond the reach of enemies, as she has done, if there was a city so near as Segesta—unless, of course, it were as yet only an insignificant place. 1893 Aet. 57

The Date of Segesta

In this case the date of the foundation of Segesta is to be placed somewhere prior, at the latest, to 800 B.C. (as being assuredly considerably prior to the [Corinthian] colonies of Siracusa etc.) but later than 1100 or 1050 B.C. which is as late as I dare put the *Odyssey*. The *Odyssey* however might well go back as far as 1150 or 1200 B.C., earlier than which I do not think it should be placed. Roughly I should make a shot at about 1000 ± as the date of the foundation of Segesta.

Before leaving Sicily he went to Aci Reale to correct the proofs of a pamphlet in Italian about the *Odyssey*, and then turned north via Messina, Naples, and Rome to Casale. He would not go to Varallo because of something that had occurred in the Crucifixion chapel on the Sacro Monte.

This chapel contains from twenty to thirty life-size terra-cotta coloured figures, and on the frescoed walls and ceiling are painted about 150 more figures. All the frescoes and, with the exception of the Christ upon the Cross, all the statues were designed and executed by Gaudenzio Ferrari who used for the Christ an older and very impressive wooden figure, already much venerated, no doubt intending that its popularity and its slightly greater archaism should detach it from those around it and thereby enhance the austere solemnity of the scene.

This grave old Christ was deposed. We had seen it in the Sacristy, its long, thin arms stretching helplessly over the edge of the table on which it was lying; and on the Cross, under Gaudenzio's weeping angels, there was a

1893 Aet. 57 shocking new plaster image which might have been turned out in a couple of mornings by the old Jew sculptor we had seen working at Crea. It was like coming upon an emendation by the late Sir George Macfarren in a Palestrina mass. The strange Christ was still on the Cross, and Butler marked his sense of the slight to Gaudenzio by refusing to go to Varallo. He wrote to Dionigi Negri that he would come no further up the valley than Borgo-Sesia where he should be happy to see any of his friends who cared to come down and meet him. Eight of them came, and they dined together.

As soon as he returned to London he wrote to *The Times* (17th October) detailing all the circumstances. Arienta complained to the authorities in Rome, and the old figure was replaced. Three negatives of Gaudenzio's Crucifixion chapel taken by Butler were lent by him to assist in the restitution of the original figure.

There is no longer any fear of a repetition of this kind of sacrilege at Varallo. Dionigi Negri told me, in 1904, that the Administration has awakened to the fact that it possesses a valuable and unique work of art, and intends to take proper care of it for the future.

Alfred to H. F. Jones.

22 *Sept.* 1893—The Governor arrived home safe last evening. I thought him looking very well, only a little thin, but now he is home again he will pick it all up before Xmas. I was very glad to see him after such a long absence, and so was he to see me again. I will not bully him more than I can help, but only a little teasing at times for that is only Alfd.'s nature and he does not really mean it.

I had started for my holiday about the time that Butler returned; we met for a few days in Switzerland, and I went on into Italy alone. On my return to London, in the train between Basel and Calais, I made the acquaintance of a young Swiss from Basel, Hans Rudolf Faesch. He was coming to London to learn our language and our business ways, and, when we parted at Charing Cross, promised to call on me, which he did in October. I took him to see Butler, who was much attracted by him, and he

was constantly with us, coming out for walks on Sunday and spending the evenings with us. He found employment in a business house in the city, and remained in London about a year and a half. 1893 Aet. 57

The family of Faesch, which in French is spelt Fesch, has been long established in Basel; its most distinguished member was Cardinal Joseph Fesch, the half-uncle of Napoleon. I take the following from the *Biographie Universelle* (Michaud):

> Fesch (Joseph) Cardinal, archevêque de Lyon, primat des Gaules, etc., était frère utérin de Laetitia Ramolino, mère de Napoléon Ier. Il naquit à Ajaccio le 3 janvier 1763. Son père, François Fesch, était Suisse, d'une famille de Bâle aisée et considérée; un de ses ancêtres avait été bourgmestre de cette importante cité. Capitaine dans un régiment helvétique au service de Gênes, François Fesch suivit son régiment en Corse, alors sous la domination de cette république. Il y connut Angèle-Marie Pietra-Santa, veuve en premières noces de Ramolino; Laetitia était le seul enfant de ce mariage prématurément brisé par la mort. François s'éprit des charmes de la jeune veuve.

The captain being a Protestant there were difficulties, but he changed his religion and married the widow by whom he had one child, afterwards known as Cardinal Joseph Fesch, the half-brother of Laetitia Ramolino.

One of our favourite ways of spending Sunday was to take Hans Faesch by a morning train to Gravesend and walk to Gadshill, stopping on the way for a glass of beer at a certain public-house. The landlady was one of those who enjoy bad health, but the precise nature of her complaint was obscure. She was always well enough to attend to us personally, and Butler used to make a point of inquiring sympathetically after her symptoms.

"I trust, ma'am, you are feeling better?" inquired he one Sunday in what was almost the professional bed-side manner.

"Oh, sir, I am a great sufferer," replied the landlady.

"Are you sleeping fairly well?"

"Yes, thank you, sir."

"Is your appetite pretty good?"

"Yes, thank you, sir."

1893 Aet. 57

"You do not suffer from palpitations?"

"No, sir, thank you."

"Are your ——?"

Here the inquiries became so particular and intimate that Hans, who already had nearly disgraced himself, had to be bundled out into the road as quickly as possible.

At Gadshill, the scene of one of Falstaff's classic exploits, just as Mount Eryx is the scene of the classic events in the *Odyssey*, we had lunch and walked on to a neighbouring station from which we returned to London.

Another of our walks was to Harrow Weald, where there was a public-house kept by two old ladies and their niece, and the niece resembled the portraits of Queen Elizabeth. Butler often had his satchel full of new-laid eggs which he had bought at some farm-house on the way. One day as he was saying good-bye to the old ladies and Queen Elizabeth, afraid of crushing his eggs in the narrow passage, he said:

"I must be careful as I go out; you know, I feel like a woman in the family way."

"Get along with you," replied one of the old ladies in a state of high delight; "what do you know about such things?"

On the 25th September he told me in a letter that through Russell Cooke (his solicitor) he had sent a copy of an article he had written for his friends at Aci Reale to Mr. Gladstone. "He won't look at it, still I thought it better to send it."

Butler to Mrs. Bovill.

10 *Oct.* 1893—Thank you for your encouraging letter. There are ten more books to do. I have gone through them again during my summer outing and am now copying them out fair, for I have hacked the original MS. about.

I hope you feel that, lovely and brilliant as it is, it is the hand of a delightful woman and not of a man that is holding the pen. It may be only my fancy but I seem to see this in every page. It does not matter where one opens it, I always feel it. I don't think any of the remaining books are less interesting than the two you have just had. *Show these wherever you like*;

and, any day next week that you like to name, bring Merric to tea and I shall then have two more books ready for you. 1893 Aet. 57

The Authors' Syndicate people cannot get a publisher to undertake my translation. I am in no hurry, for I do not want to take any steps myself just now—not in fact till the MS. is quite completed.

Alfred to H. F. Jones.

16 *Oct.* 1893—I am very sorry to have to tell you that the Governor was robbed of his watch-chain on Saturday night, about 10, in Fetter Lane by one of those prigs that hang about the Lane mostly outside the Busy Bees. The thief put his arms around the poor Govr, snatched his chain which broke at the swivel, thereby leaving the watch in his pocket, and then bolted. Of course the Govr could not follow him, so the blackguard got away. It gave the Govr a dreadful scare, but I am by his side to comfort him and cheer him and pull him through.

I shall be very pleased to have the honour of meeting you on Thursday if you let me know the time you arrive at Charing X.

Rockstro had been robbed a short time before in full daylight in Albemarle Street, or one of those streets going north from Piccadilly. I told him about Butler's loss and he wrote: "What a shame to rob dear old Butler! My chain broke also and saved my watch in exactly the same way."

Butler wrote to *The Times* a letter headed "Robbery in the Streets" and signed "A Victim," but nothing came of it. There is a word of Alfred's in the first of the following chain of letters to Mrs. Bovill—"stresses." He meant "tresses," having been told that Mrs. Bovill was undergoing some treatment for her hair. My being "good for nothing" means that I had been or was ill. "La Musa" is the name of the picture which was used as the frontispiece of *The Authoress*.

Butler to Mrs. Bovill.

20 *Nov.* 1893—Yes, please, I will call for the 8 books on Wednesday at 4.30, but I must be home early as Jones is very good for nothing and I shall want to get up to him as soon as I can.

I am getting the whole thing together and mean trying a literary agent—true, the Authors' Society man was a literary agent and he could do nothing, but I will try another.

1893 Aet. 58 Enclosed from Alfred please keep till I come on Wednesday. He told Jones all about your "poor stresses" as he called them. About La Musa the dialogue after you were gone was:

"You know, Sir, I knew you had another copy and I did not know any one worthier to have it than Mrs. Bovill: I thought if I brought it out while she was there you would say she was to have it, so I showed it to her"—so you see it is Alfred's little attention not mine, but he was a little uneasy about having said "female," till I reassured him and said I felt sure you would overlook it this time if it did not occur again.

So glad you are satisfied with the last 4 books.

Butler to Mrs. Bovill.

9 *Dec.* 1893—I think you will be rather expecting a call from me to-morrow afternoon to which I was myself looking forward, but on my return on Thursday I found Alfred in bed with severe rheumatism and cold. I have sent the man who attends on Jones [Dr. GreatRex] and who, also, by the way, was a protégé, more or less, of old Dr. Butler's and he says that Alfred must not get up before Tuesday next, and then must not stir out for a week after leaving his bed. To keep such a parched pea as Alfred in tolerable obedience will be no easy matter, but at present he is too much bowled over to want to get up. Therefore on my return from my walk to-morrow, instead of getting out at Portland Road, I shall do so at King's Cross and go and sit with Alfred. He is well looked after, I assure you, and I am not in the least uneasy about him, only it is a time when he will expect that due attention should be shown him.

Besides though the doctor vows that there is no influenza about it, I have my suspicions; please consider, then, that I have stolen a pair of socks, or some sausages, or at any rate am under a social cloud till the patient requires less attention and we know better what the mischief precisely is.

P.S.—I shan't be able to smoke at Alfred's.

Butler to Mrs. Bovill.

17 *Dec.* 1893—I will come and see you, please, at 4.30 to-morrow. Alfred is much better and was allowed out for half an hour to-day; I am no longer uneasy about him, provided he will be moderately prudent.

About cigarettes. There is no house in which a determined

smoker cannot smoke without being found out. If you put your head well near the chimney and send the smoke well up it, it can be done quite safely. I do not mean to say it is nice, but it is much better than nothing. If I found myself absolutely precluded from this (which however can hardly be) I should eat the cigarette, or chew it at any rate; there is a great deal to be said for chewing. 1893 Aet. 58

Butler's interest in New Zealand had not ceased. Besides receiving letters from the colony he had visits from one or other of his friends when they happened to come to the old country. Sir Julius and Lady von Haast came more than once, if I remember right, and he dined with them. He wrote among others to Colonel Alexander Lean, who is mentioned (ante, I. 103) as having had a run on the Rakaia and who retired, practised as an architect in Christchurch, and took a prominent part in music. Butler told him about the exorcism at Trapani; Colonel Lean, in his reply, 22nd March 1893, supposed that it was the will of the patient that effected the cure and continued his letter:

I trust N. Z. will never be hull-down with you. My younger son is off next week a-mountaineering. I strongly advised him to read afresh your incomparable descriptions in *Erewhon*. I never tire of them myself. They remind me of a time of my life when I lived, when we were all agog for "country," when I found you at the club (at Woodman's) with a tell-tale rim above your sun-and-glacier-burnt mask which told me of your explorations before your own narrative. You found a better thing than "country"—you found Erewhon.

In January 1913 I came across a book, *New Zealand: pictured by F. & W. Wright; described by the Hon. W. Pember Reeves, High Commissioner for New Zealand* (London: Adam & Charles Black, 1908), wherein I found this passage (pp. 162-3):

Butler's sheep-station, Mesopotamia by name, lay among the alps of Canterbury and the satirist himself did some exploring work in his pastoral days, work concerning which I recall a story told me by an old settler whom I will call the Sheriff. This gentleman, meeting Butler one day in Christchurch in the early

1893 Aet. 58 sixties, noticed that his face and neck were burned to the colour of red chocolate.

"Hullo, my friend," said he, "you have been among the snow!"

"Hush!" answered Butler in an apprehensive whisper, and looking round the smoking-room nervously, "how do you know that?"

"By the colour of your face; nothing more," was the reply.

They talked a while and Butler presently admitted that he had been up to the dividing range and seen a great sight away beyond it.

"I've found a hundred thousand acres of 'country,'" said he. "Naturally I wish you to keep this quiet till I have proved it and applied to the Government for a pastoral license."

"Well, I congratulate you," said the Sheriff. "If it will carry sheep you've made your fortune, that's all."

But he intimated his doubts as to whether the blue expanse seen from far off could be grass country. And indeed when next they met the latter shook his head ruefully:

"You were quite right; it was all bush."

I have often wondered whether that experience was the basis of the passage that tells of the thrilling discovery of Erewhon beyond the pass guarded by the great images.

I wrote to Mr. Pember Reeves reminding him of this passage, telling him I was writing Butler's Life, and asking whether the Sheriff was not Colonel Lean. In his reply (25th January 1913) he wrote:

You have hit it! It was the late Colonel Alexander Lean, Registrar and Sheriff of the Supreme Court in Christchurch. Colonel Lean described Butler's appearance. It was not only his neck that was burnt chocolate red, but his face right up to the line on his forehead marked by his hat.

The early chapters of *Erewhon* are a wonderfully vivid description of the general features and atmosphere of the Canterbury Alps. Of course the height and distances have been exaggerated.

Colonel Lean wrote Butler a further letter on 16th May 1893, from which this is an extract:

The evening after I wrote you last, there was a discussion at my table among some young fellows who proposed getting to the top of Mount Arrowsmith (if you know the mountain by such

a name). The question was your route to Erewhon. You would, I fancy, have been interested at seeing the second generation with your book before them, keen on identifying the points of that celebrated journey which has now immortalised you, for you will be identified with this country as long as it lives. 1893 Aet. 58

Butler to Colonel Lean.

Dec. 12th 1893.

Dear Colonel Lean—I have let your very kind and entertaining letter of the 4th of September remain too long unanswered; pray forgive me; the days slip by faster than I can count them. What a social cataclysm that crash must have been; but, as you have observed, it must have had its comic side. Let them be meek in the day of their victory; they will not be so, but their turn will come, if they are not. I cannot resist copying the speech of Ulysses to Amphinomus from the eighteenth book of the *Odyssey* [124-151] which will serve at once to show the lines on which I have laid my translation and also how little the world has changed.

Everyone has been bullying Ulysses—who, by the way, does rather keep on asking for it—and Amphinomus gives him some bread and meat. Then Ulysses says:

"Amphinomus, you seem to be a man of no mean understanding, as indeed you may well be seeing whose son you are. I have heard your father well spoken of; he is Nisus of Dulichium, a man both brave and wealthy; they tell me you are his son and you appear to be a considerable person. Listen, therefore, and take heed to what I am saying.

"Man is the very vainest of all God's creatures that live and move upon the earth; for as long as heaven vouchsafes him health and strength he thinks that he shall come to no harm hereafter; and even when the blessed gods bring sorrow upon him, he bears it as he needs must and makes the best of it; for God Almighty gives men their daily minds day by day. I know all about it; I was a rich man myself once, and did much wrong in the stubbornness of my pride and in the confidence that my father and brothers would support me. Therefore, let a man fear God in all things always and take the good that heaven may see fit to send him without vainglory."

Is it not fine? not very profound, true; and yet what can be more profoundly true? It is the old story of putting down the mighty from their seat, etc.; but after all it doesn't come to much, for the humble and meek do get so confoundedly cocky in such a little time that it is much as though the mighty had not

1893 Aet. 58 been put down at all. For my own part I confess my sympathies are rather with the mighty. I am afraid of liberalism—or at any rate of the people who call themselves liberal; they flirt with radicals who flirt with socialists who flirt with anarchists who do something a deal more than flirt with dynamite. Well, at any rate the new rulers of society in Christchurch had better look out.

I went to Sicily again last summer and had a delightful time notwithstanding the intense heat and a good deal of quasi-dysentery, but it does not seem to have done me any harm. I found out one or two mistakes in my theory the correction of which has improved it very much. Nothing has ever interested me (except, of course, Handel) so much as this *Odyssey* business has done; it is far the finest piece of good fortune that ever happened to me, and I find it all the sweeter for the strong displeasure which it has aroused in academic circles. This, I know, is not righteous, but when the righteous man turneth away from the righteousness which he hath committed and doeth that which is a little unlawful and wrong he will generally be found to have gained in savoir faire what he has lost in holiness.

These Oxford and Cambridge people have treated me de haut en bas so long and so inexorably (no doubt they are quite right, but they must not expect me to say so to them) that now I feel I have got their heads in Chancery as far as the *Odyssey* is concerned, do you think *I* am going to remember the advice to Amphinomus which I quoted at the beginning of this letter? No; I will have my punch at them before I let them out. Probably I shall do nothing of the kind, but it refreshes me to think I will.

If you knew the insolence of these people, and the way in which alike in literature and science they keep on throwing dust in our eyes under the pretence of helping us to see things more clearly, being all the time bent on nothing but swagger and the rolling of their own logs, you would understand better the contempt and dislike I feel for them—I mean for the more noisy and for those who are most in evidence. Among my grandfather's letters I found one from Dr. Parr in which he says "the plain truth is that the Church and both the Universities are corrupt to the very root. Your grandchildren will be eye-witnesses of the mischief. I have lived and, happily, my head will be under the sod when the storm bursts." This was written in 1822 and the storm has not burst, nor does it seem likely to burst yet awhile. So much the better; let us stave it off as long as we can, and nothing will stave it off more than the creation of a strong outside public opinion over which the dons and friars shall feel that they have no influence till they show that they

deserve it. But rotten to the root they assuredly are now to the full as much as they were in 1822. 1893 Aet. 58

By the way my *Life and Memoirs of Dr. Butler* has stood lamentably on one side for some months. During my holiday, in railway stations, in trains, at every odd moment I revised my translation of the second twelve books of the *Odyssey*; on my return at the end of September I copied these twelve books anew and found they had thrown so much new light on the first twelve that these wanted no little revision also. I have another ten days' work to do on them, and then I can return to Dr. Butler whose correspondence I have found fascinating—so clear, so strong, so laborious, so sensible and, above all, so kind and considerate that I really know of no collection of letters that I find more charming. And then the people who wrote to him did, some of them, write such lovely stuff. Here, for example, is a sentence:

"Sans interest, sans patron, sans everything that makes a man no-man, I left my cradle to swagger through the wilderness of life, gathering crab-apples by the way and munching them on the thorn-stuffed stool of repentance." Why, it is Shakespearean.[1]

But how could I help it? When Fortune threw such a prize as the bringing back the *Odyssey* and its writer to their own home and people, what man with one spark of literary enthusiasm could refrain from at once putting all else on one side? I have seldom felt more profoundly moved than when I brought Tabachetti back to Dinant in Belgium, where his very name was unknown, and restored that Titan to his home after an absence of 300 years [*Ex Voto*]; but that was a little thing in comparison with this.

Does it occur to you that there may be a little presumption in all this? I assure you it does so to me; but my pen has run away with me and I reckon you have taken the length of my foot before now.

Veel[2] has not written and will not write, so I shall have a correspondent the less and, believe me, my correspondence is heavy especially for Italy and Sicily. By the way, in Sicily this summer I saw the ruins of Selinunte—columns in every flute of which a man can stand! When London goes to rack we shall leave nothing like it.

I don't know whether you like nonsense verses; I don't know that I do much myself; but something made me write one or two the other day:

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[1] The Rev. S. Tillbrook to Dr. Butler, 21st April 1817, *Life and Letters of Dr. Butler*, I. 127.

[2] Colborne-Veel, Editor of *The Press*, N.Z., while Butler was writing in that paper.

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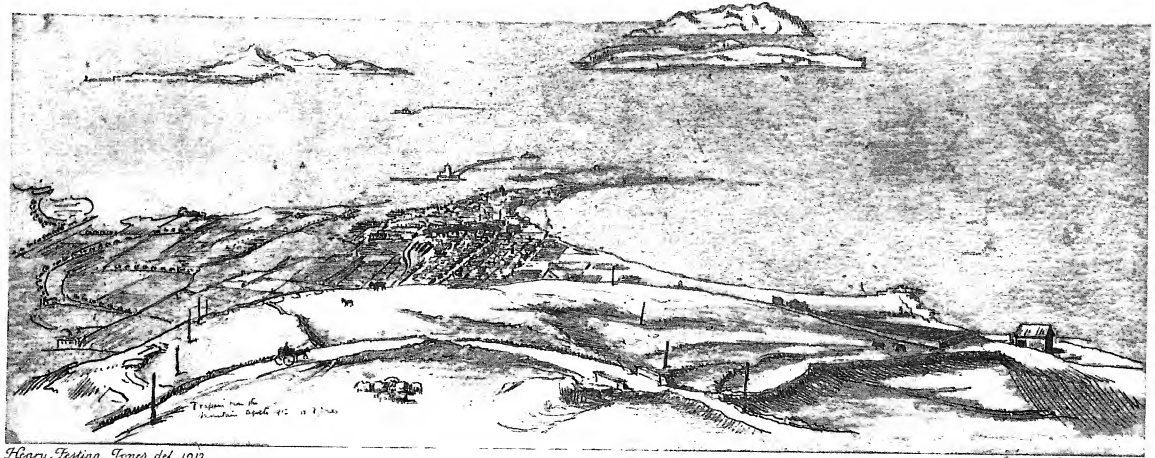
There was a young lady named Ford
Who kept trying to find the Lost Chord,
So she banged the notes down
Till she roused the whole town,
And when she had found it—O Lord!

I suppose you know Sullivan's song "The Lost Chord." Believe me, with all kindest wishes for the new year in which this will reach you, Yours very truly, S. BUTLER.



Henry Festing Jones del. 1913 — Emery Walker Lith. Sc.

Trapani and the Islands from Mount Eryx

CHAPTER XXXII

1894

THE COUNTRY OF THE *ODYSSEY*

THE following extract is from the *Life and Letters of Dr. Mandell Creighton* by his wife (II. 83). 1894 Aet. 58

The Bishop had been reading Mr. Samuel Butler's enchanting book *Alps and Sanctuaries* and determined to visit some of the places there described. We divided our time between the Italian lakes and the lower slopes of the Alps and explored many mountain sanctuaries. . . . As a result of this journey the Bishop got to know Mr. S. Butler. He wrote to tell him the pleasure his books had given us and asked him to visit us. After this he came frequently and the Bishop was much attracted by his original mind and stores of out-of-the-way knowledge.

Dr. Creighton was at this time Bishop of Peterborough; he was translated to London in 1897. His first step in getting to know Butler was taken in 1893. He wrote to Martin, a photographer in Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, for particulars of the illustrations to *Ex Voto*, which, according to an advertisement in that book, Martin was ready to supply. Martin, however, having retired from the business, handed the letter to Butler, who replied to the bishop that he was about to start for Sicily, but that, in his absence, Alfred would be pleased to print any photographs that might be wanted.

The Bishop of Peterborough to Butler.

THE PALACE, PETERBOROUGH,
11 *July* 1893.

DEAR SIR—I have just received your letter, and hasten to thank you for it. I will deal with your clerk as you permit me to do.

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But I cannot lose the opportunity which your kind letter offers me of expressing a hope that, after you return home, it may be possible for us to meet and have a little talk. I find myself on many points relating to art and literature—and to Italy, which may rank as a subject by itself—in agreement with you; and it would be a great pleasure to me to compare notes. Anyhow you will pardon the suggestion.—Yours very faithfully,

M. PETRIBURG:

No doubt Butler made a suitable reply, but he did not keep a copy. I have a recollection that the bishop called upon him in Clifford's Inn, but it may be that the visit was later. The next thing I find is in a letter from Butler to me of 30th December 1893:

What do you think? The Bishop of Peterborough has written and asked me to spend from Saturday to Monday (Jan. 13–15). What a Sunday I shall have, to be sure! Of course I must go.

The conclusion that "of course" he must go was not arrived at without consideration, as will appear from the following note reproduced from *The Note-Books of Samuel Butler* (1912).

DR. MANDELL CREIGHTON & MR. W. S. ROCKSTRO

The first time that Dr. Creighton asked me to come down to Peterborough, in 1894, before he became Bishop of London, I was a little doubtful whether to go or not. As usual, I consulted my good clerk, Alfred, who said:

"Let me have a look at his letter, Sir."

I gave him the letter, and he said:

"I see, Sir, there is a crumb of tobacco in it; I think you may go."

I went and enjoyed myself very much. I should like to add that there are very few men who have ever impressed me so profoundly and so favourably as Dr. Creighton. I have often seen him since, both at Peterborough and at Fulham, and like and admire him most cordially.

I paid my first visit to Peterborough at a time when that learned musician and incomparable teacher, Mr. W. S. Rockstro, was giving me lessons in medieval counterpoint; so I particularly noticed the music at divine service. The hymns were very silly, and of the usual Gounod-Barnby character. Their numbers were

posted up in a frame and I saw there were to be five, so I called the first Farringdon Street, the second King's Cross, the third Gower Street, the fourth Portland Road, and the fifth Baker Street, those being stations on my way to Rickmansworth, where I frequently go for a walk in the country. 1894 Aet. 58

In his private chapel at night the bishop began his verse of the psalms always well before we had done the response to the preceding verse. It reminded me of what Rockstro had said a few weeks earlier to the effect that a point of imitation was always more effective if introduced before the other voices had finished. I told Rockstro about it and said that the bishop's instinct had guided him correctly—certainly I found his method more satisfactory than if he had waited till we had finished. Rockstro smiled, and knowing that I was at the time forbidden to work said:

"Satan finds some mischief still for idle brains to do."

Talking of Rockstro, he scolded me once and said he wondered how I could have done such a thing as to call Handel "one of the greatest of all musicians," referring to the great chords in *Erewhon*. I said that if he would look again at the passage he would find I had said not that Handel was "one of the greatest" but that he was "the greatest of all musicians," on which he apologised.

The foregoing Note was one of those which were published in *The New Quarterly* before the *Note-Books* (1912) appeared; Mrs. Grosvenor did not see those selections until I lent her my copy some time afterwards. She then wrote to me, 31st December 1911:

The Notes are delightful. By the way I can add to one. When Mr. Butler came to tell me he was going to stay with Dr. Creighton, he told me that Alfred had decided he might go, on finding the little flake of tobacco in the letter. Then he asked me if I would lend him a prayer-book as he thought the bishop's man ought to find one in his portmanteau when he unpacked, the visit being from a Saturday to Monday. I fetched one and as I handed it to him he said:

"Is it cut?"

Mrs. Creighton, in giving me permission to print the bishop's letter (ante, pp. 175-6) and also another letter from him (post, pp. 315-16) suggested my asking her son, the Rev. Cuthbert Creighton, if he had any reminiscences of Butler's visits to the Palace at Peterborough, and after-

1894 Aet. 58 wards to Fulham. I give his reply here because it seems to me interesting to read his account of this visit to Peterborough immediately after Butler's own account.

Reminiscences of Samuel Butler

BY

The Rev. Cuthbert Creighton

Mr. Festing Jones has kindly asked me to contribute my reminiscences of Samuel Butler, and, in attempting to do so, I fully recognise that the only interest they can have for anyone but myself is to add one more testimony to a feature of his character which must already be clear to all who knew him or who have read his writings with discernment. I mean that kindly and sympathetic interest which he was always ready to take in any of his fellow creatures, the condition of which was merely that they should be ready to invite and respond to his friendliness, and which he showed as readily, perhaps even more readily, to an Italian peasant or (as in my case) to an English schoolboy as to those with whom it might naturally have been considered that he had more in common.

I made Butler's acquaintance on the occasion of his visit to my father at Peterborough in 1894 when I was 18 years old. The circumstances of this visit are described by Butler in an amusing note published in the *Note-Books*. My father, to whom Butler was then unknown except as the author of *Ex Voto* and *Alps and Sanctuaries*, had asked him to come and stay, as a result of the pleasure he had taken in these books and in a recent visit to some of the places described in them. I remember my father telling us children that an unknown and probably rather eccentric visitor was coming to stay who, he had been warned, held cranky views on certain points and especially on Darwinism, which made it most desirable to prevent the conversation approaching any of these subjects, and whom there were some grounds for suspecting of an antipathy to bishops. It is interesting to recall this now as showing the view that was commonly held then of Butler as a scientific writer. This announcement of course stimulated our imagination, and I pictured to myself a formidable-looking man, with a loud voice and a brow-beating manner, who would have to be humoured and prevented from becoming controversial.

A greater contrast to the real Butler it would have been difficult to conceive, and this threw into all the stronger relief the modest courtliness and gentleness, the simple dignity and

complete absence of anything that could be considered alarming or formidable, which struck me at once when Butler entered the drawing-room before dinner, and which made me feel no diffidence or hesitation in approaching or entering into conversation with him. 1894 Aet. 58

He had brought down with him his photographs of Varallo and the Sacro Monte which he showed to us and talked about after dinner. The photographs were mounted in albums with the titles fully and neatly written underneath. I was struck by the repetition of the name Alfred, thus: "View of the ——, with Alfred," so at length I ventured to ask:

"Who is Alfred?"

Butler at once told us all about Alfred, how he had travelled with him on this occasion and mounted his photographs for him, and how invaluable he was to him. As an instance of this he told, to our great amusement, the story of the crumb of tobacco in the letter, as related in the *Note-Books*.

My eldest sister sang one or two German and Italian songs, which gave Butler occasion to speak about music and, either on this or on some subsequent occasion, he gave her a copy of *Narcissus* and other music, and showed a kindly and appreciative interest in her singing. When my father took him away to his study later on, he said good-night to us all and left the room, walking backwards, smiling and bowing to the company in the quaint old-fashioned way which I understand was his habit on such occasions.

I think this was the only time Butler stayed with my father at Peterborough,[1] but a little later on he was a frequent visitor at Fulham, when he would come down to tea on a Sunday afternoon for a talk with my father. I am afraid I can remember nothing to record of these conversations at which, however, I was always, as far as possible, an interested listener and, somehow, there grew up in my mind a feeling of rather special friendliness between myself and Butler whose manner was always such as to put me completely at my ease and to invite my confidence. I used to make a point of accompanying him through the garden to Putney Bridge station when he went away. On one occasion when I enquired as usual after Alfred, to whom and to whose services to him Butler would frequently refer, Butler replied:

"Unfortunately Alfred has been taking a holiday and I have been terribly at a loss without him. The other day a dreadful thing happened. I had to go down to Shrewsbury to be present at the unveiling of a memorial to my grandfather and I thought I ought to have a new suit of clothes in honour of the occasion.

[1] Butler paid certainly one other visit to Peterborough, in January 1895 (post, p. 200).

1894 Aet. 58 So I got what seemed suitable and went to Shrewsbury. But when I came back in the evening my laundress exclaimed in horror:

"'Lor'! Mr. Butler, you've never been and gone to Shrewsbury in that coat and them trousers!'

"And then I saw that I had been to Shrewsbury in my new coat but an old pair of trousers. Well now, you see, if Alfred had been there, that could never have happened."

I mention these somewhat trivial details in the hope of giving some idea of Butler in his relations with young people, and of the way in which his kindliness and simple courtesy evoked from them a ready response. I had by this time read and heard enough of Butler to recognise that he was a man of remarkable originality and penetration, intellectually formidable and even ruthless, but I was never in the least inclined to be alarmed by him; I felt that he was always ready to be interested in one and to meet one on common ground, and that without any suspicion of condescension on his part, or of the feeling that he was bringing himself down to one's level, which it is rare for anyone to be so completely free from as was Butler in his dealings with his intellectual or social inferiors.

To have known Butler, even to such a limited extent as I did, has meant much to me. For now when I read his writings, besides the brilliant thinker and unsparing critic whom none can fail to find in them, I have before me also the picture of one who was above all things, and to an unusual degree, kindly, courteous, considerate and sympathetic in his personal relations. I cannot feel at all sure that I should have had the discrimination to discern in the writer of *The Way of All Flesh* and the *Note-Books* the man as I was privileged to know him. But with that knowledge I can now see shining, or perhaps I might rather say twinkling, through his pages the personality of a man of rare loveable character, one who, though this may sound an unexpected note on which to end and though the idea would have brought an incredulous smile to his lips, always seems to me to have had in him something of what I conceive to be saintliness.

C. CREIGHTON.

March 22nd, 1914.

In February 1894 the spire of St. Mary's Church, Shrewsbury, was blown down. Butler "sent them £10—being about the earliest subscriber. People said I ought to have given more. Perhaps I ought, but it does not matter."

Soon afterwards, being at Shrewsbury, he went to the church and the clerk showed him the ruins of the nave. 1894 Aet. 58

"Now, Sir," said the clerk, "you go to any of these famous dynamite people and ask them to throw you down that spire so clean on the middle of the roof as that is done. There isn't one of them as could do it. Lord bless you, Sir, it's the hand."

And so he went on, fully convinced that the Almighty had himself personally conducted, as it were, the spire into the middle of the nave.

Mr. Poyntz, the rector, preached saying or suggesting that the spire was thrown down because the Shrewsbury people were organising a memorial to Darwin.

On 20th July Butler went alone to Casale, whence he wrote to me that the Italian translation of *Ex Voto* was at last published. He went from Casale to Rome and Naples, then by steamer to Messina and down to Aci Reale to consult with Mario Puglisi and his friends there about the articles he was writing for their magazine.

One day Mario took him to the Scogli de' Ciclopi, which Giovanni Platania in the train in 1892 had offered to him as the rocks hurled by Polyphemus. The rocks are also considered by some writers to include the island on which Ulysses and his men hunted the goats (*Od.* ix. 152). They were, of course, on the wrong side of Sicily for Butler who had already located the goat island on the west (*The Authoress*, p. 43), where he also located the rocks that were hurled; but he thought he ought to consider the claims of the Scogli de' Ciclopi. He and Mario landed on the largest island and looked about for evidence. There was vegetation, but no trace of goats, and Butler said to Mario:

"Qui vedo capperi, non capre" ("Here I see capers, not goats").

So the Scogli de' Ciclopi were dismissed.

They went to spend a day at a country house belonging to Mario on the slopes of Etna. The house had been shut up empty for some weeks, and at the moment of turning the key in the lock Mario was aware of a movement—something very slight, but he recognised it for what it was and said to Butler:

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"That was an earthquake."

Etna was in eruption at the time, and as they came along they had been discussing earthquakes, so Butler may be excused for having thought that Mario was trying to make fun of him. He felt himself all over, back and front, legs and arms, and replied :

"I don't think so, there is nothing broken."

The next day there was a more decided shock in the same neighbourhood, and Butler, who had returned to Catania, saw an account of it in the papers. He wrote to Mario inquiring whether anything had been broken the second time, and saying he supposed that, in spite of his having felt nothing, there really must have been an earthquake at the country house. After he left Catania he heard that the shocks became slightly more serious, and was disappointed to know that he had missed them. He was always interested in natural phenomena, but I should have thought he had had enough of earthquakes ; there was the shock when he was at school at Shrewsbury ; in New Zealand they are so frequent that he must have felt several ; and there was the one in Callao harbour when he was on his way back. Perhaps these were all slight shocks. I think that, if he had lived to see the ruins of Messina after the disaster of 1908, he would not have wanted any more earthquakes.

Butler to Mrs. Bovill.

GRAND HOTEL, ACI REALE.

4 *Aug.* 1894—Alfred writes me that you have been so kind as to send him a teapot with which he is evidently very much pleased; he tells me he has written to thank you. I know what he will have said. It is most strange that such a consummate letter-writer as he sometimes shows himself to be should break down so completely as he does when he has to make a set composition. When I have been giving him his Whitsun outing I have seen the letters sometimes that he has written to the young woman whose property he now is, and was always amused to see how perfectly correct and conventional (I mean of course how stupid) they were.

The happy event took place on Sunday the 29th. There is a kind of excellent red champagne, at once strong, tasty and of a

good flavour, that grows on the slopes of Etna, under the shadow of which mountain I am now writing. So I made Alfred's wedding an excuse for having a bottle to drink his and his bride's good health, and drank as nearly as much as was good for me—I mean of course that I got as nearly tipsy as I ever think it worth while to get. 1894 Aet. 58

On the day after the wedding Alfred himself wrote to me as follows:

"The wedding went off very nicely and everybody said how nice we looked. I was under a top hat and felt very strange I can assure you. It was a lovely morning. We all met at church at 9.15, and when we came out got into a hansom cab to escape as much as possible the storm of rice, whilst the others came home on foot. Mr. King gave the lady away. It was a perfect success, and not the slightest thing occurred to mar the day's enjoyment. I am only sorry that you were not able to be present, but your health was drunk by us all. Our party numbered 14. This morning I am in very good form."

Which means of course that everything went off quite nicely.

My object in being here is to put a long Italian article about the *Odyssey* through the press. There are two good kind gentlemen here who edit a paper called *La Rassegna*, and they correct my Italian and keep me straight; but they seem to have no notion of the value of time and I have been kept here a full week and shall have another 3 or 4 days over work that should have been done in two days easy. However I get on with the *Iliad* (I have done 1000 lines since I left England) and if I was not here I should only be somewhere else, but I shall get on to Trapani as soon as ever I can.

Etna is smoking a little, not much, but there was a sharp little shock of an earthquake two days ago.

Murray has got the MS. of Dr. Butler to consider, but I have little idea that he will take it. If he does so it will be a great thing, but, even though he does not, I feel pretty sure that somebody else will.

What a long stupid letter when all I had to say that was worth saying is that it was very kind of you to give Alfred a teapot. I am quite well, but very hot and badly mosquito-bitten.

The happy couple left London for Boscombe, whence Alfred wrote me the letter which follows. The reader must settle in his own mind whether to class it as an effort made in his capacity of "consummate letter-writer" or as "a set composition." I do not think it "stupid." I like knowing how thoroughly the ardent young lovers

1894 Aet. 58 enjoyed their solitude à deux, and with what enthusiasm they looked forward to settling down together in their new London home.

Alfred to H. F. Jones.

7 Tower Road, Boscombe, Bournemouth,
Aug. 15th 1894.

My dear Sir—I must apologise to you and ask your forgiveness for not answering your nice letter before this. I know you will forgive me. I am very pleased to hear you had a nice passage over, and was not ill. I trust you will get along all right, and will have a very pleasant holiday. I have forgotten Mr. Watt's address, but will send it to Mr. Larken as soon as I return to London. We return home on Saty. evening about 9.30. I had a letter from the Governor this morning. He is quite well and going on all right. They seem to badger him about with their "Article." He seemed to have got away only just in time from Acireale, when the earthquake happened. The Governor left about 14 hours before it happened. I am (and so are we all) glad he escaped it.

My wife and myself are enjoying our holiday immensely. The weather this last week has been glorious. We are awfully sunburnt, in fact I am quite brown. We have had some very nice walks, and picked up a very nice couple, which makes it very pleasant and breaks the monotony of always being by our two selves. We have walked to Christchurch and Southbourne and enjoyed it much. There are a great number of people down here, especially Bank Holiday week. We leave here on Saturday evening at 5 and will have had 15 days at Boscombe, which ought to brace us up for the coming winter "*of our discontent.*"

I will now conclude with my very best love and the best of wishes and remain,—Yours very truly,

Alfred Emery Cathie.

P.S.—Mrs. Cathie sends her very kind regards to you and hopes you will return safe.

Having broached the subject of Alfred's epistolary style, it may help the reader to appreciate Butler's criticism if I give here this letter received from him about six years previously.

Alfred to H. F. Jones.

15 CLIFFORD'S INN, LONDON, E.C. 1894
July 16th 1888. Aet. 58

DEAR SIR—I was very pleased to hear from you and of your safe arrival. I have been waiting until I had been to the Italian Exhibition so as I could have something to tell you. I went with Mr. Butler on Saturday and enjoyed myself immense. As far as the Exhibition itself goes I do not think much of it; the other little [ ] was what I enjoyed, such as the Music in the Gardens, also the Switchback Railway. I enticed Mr. Butler to have a ride with me on it, which he did, but he said when he came off "*it was damnable.*" I soothed him by saying the motion was ridiculous but the sensation was grand. He left me about 4 o'clock and at 5 my companion met me and we spent the rest of the time together. We went to the Coliseum to witness "Rome under the Emperors" and thought it was very good. I got home just after 11 o'clock after having spent a nice long day. I hope you are having better weather than we are, it is nothing but rain now. Hoping you are quite well and begin to feel the benefit of your little trip,—Believe me to remain yours truly, A. CATHIE.

Butler went from Aci Reale to Castrogiovanni, the site of the ancient Enna where Proserpine was gathering flowers when Pluto carried her off. Here he stayed at the Trattoria Grande: "the salone is a modern theatre with boxes all round it and a stage at the end. In what should be the pit one dines." He hoped to find remains of Sican or of Pelasgic walls, but failed. In the museum, however, he saw some amber, taken from the neighbouring river-bed, which interested him particularly, because amber is never mentioned in the *Iliad*, whereas in the *Odyssey*, a Sicilian poem, it occurs three times.

AMBER

In one piece of amber in the museum there was a whole willow-leaf, and in another a little snail-shell. . . . The odds against the preservation of that willow-leaf were heaven knows how many million to one, still it was preserved. On the other hand, the odds against no willow-leaf having been preserved, if there was any amber exuding in the neighbourhood, were also heaven knows how many million to one. So that squares it, and prevents our being compelled to accept the Christian miracles.

1894 Aet. 58 From Castrogiovanni he passed through Palermo to Trapani and, having heard that there were remains of walls in the island of Marettimo, determined to see them. This account of the excursion is condensed from his letters to me and his notes. The illustration at the opening of this chapter, "Trapani and the Islands," is not a success as a work of art; for instance, I have not sufficiently detached the foreground, which is Mount Eryx, from the middle distance, which is Trapani. It is, however, intended less as a work of art than as a bird's-eye view of the course taken by Butler in his excursion to Marettimo. The town is seen jutting out into the sea. On the left are the salt-pans, the dots representing heaps of gathered salt covered with tiles to protect them from any possible thunderstorm. The harbour from which he started is shown between the salt-pans and the town. Favognana is the island to the left; Marettimo is the island that cuts the horizon lying "all highest up in the sea to the west"; Levanzo is the island which hides Marettimo when you look out to sea from the level of Trapani.

Marettimo

About 10 P.M. on Tuesday 14th August I went on board the bi-weekly sailing post, a small cutter, a mere fisherman's boat, a tub that would make 6 or 7 knots an hour, perhaps 10 feet broad and 20 ft. long, with a slightly arched upper deck and beneath this a hold, about 4 feet high, filled with the properties of the captain, his son and another lad. The second of these boys had what I have not infrequently noticed among the young sailors of this neighbourhood, a singularly beautiful set of teeth, all white as ivory, strongly set and packed like peas in a pod.

I looked into the hold where, among the hundred odd things that such a boat was sure to contain, was a mattress spread for me. I smelt the hold and shuddered. Many previous passengers to and from Marettimo must have suffered from the effects of the lumpy sea which the vento maestro raises. Cheese and onions and rum, dirty clothes and barrels of pickled sardines, cockroaches and blackbeetles—the ghosts of all these things and the living presence of many more gave me pause and I preferred the lovely moonlight and the fresh breeze of the deck.

The voyage ought to take 3 or 4 hours; as we glided out of the harbour, it was like being in Venice and the other boats showed black in the sheen of the moon as we passed them. Presently, however, the islands of Levanzo and Favognana remaining still ahead of us, it appeared that no progress was being made. The breeze went down and we tacked about with the lights of Trapani still near, and at last there was not a breath. The sails flapped while the boat rose and fell with the swell, the yard creaked and we lay becalmed for hours during which the moon set in the sea. I was dewy and salty but not uncomfortable—only bored. About 3 A.M. up sprang a breeze, fairly strong and dead against us. Tack, tack, tack (derive "tack"), and then the sea rose rapidly and I was getting splashed. There was nothing for it but to go down into the hold; this therefore I did, not without difficulty. 1894 Aet. 58

I went below from 3.30 to 6.30 and then put my head out of the opening through which I had crept, feeling sure that we must be nearing Marettimo. Alas! we had not yet reached Favognana, and the sea was now not dangerous but roughish and white-horsey. Presently the captain said he should not venture further than Favognana and that unless he made it pretty soon he should put back to Trapani. I said:

"Do what you think best. I shall leave it to you. If you think there is risk in going further, don't go."

The end of it was that after 11 hours we did actually make Favognana and here we stayed till evening when they hoped the wind would shift round, but I didn't see why it should.

So I landed about 9.30 A.M. and went to the inn (very decent) had a substitute for a bath and am now writing this with the very utmost difficulty in keeping awake, as you may imagine. At noon I shall dine and then I will take two solid hours of sleep after which, I doubt not, I shall be able to do my quantum of Homer [translation of the *Iliad*] which I brought with me in case something should confine me.

We started again from Favognana at 4.30 the next morning and crept along, sometimes helping ourselves with a little rowing. The swell, after the heavy weather, made any locomotion on the boat difficult. Once we came upon some wicker fish-traps set by a boat which we could see ahead of us, and in no time the captain and the two boys turned a dozen nice live red mullets flapping on to the deck. Before they were quite dead the captain began to scale them and cut them through and then set about cooking them. The boys playing with one another amused me much; they laughed when I told them that they were like kittens while I was like an old cow. The monotony was further relieved by our finding some nets and some more fish-traps which

1894 Aet. 58 the captain knew to have been lost; with some trouble we got them on board and in one of them there was the finest lobster I ever saw, quite two feet long from the tail to the end of the claws—such a brute! and in another there was a cray-fish. Then the sun set, and nothing can be conceived more lovely; but the heat and monotony were distressing and brought on a head-ache behind my right eye which has been with me ever since. At last, about 9 P.M. there sprang up a light breeze which presently freshened and ran us down to Marettimo in no time. Soon after dark on Thursday evening 16 August we landed, having taken in all 48 hours to go a distance of little more than 20 miles.

I presented my letter to the brigadier who at once beat up the landlord and did his best for me. Ulysses himself was not a greater object of curiosity to the Phaeacians than I found myself to these people. Almost immediately the brigadier introduced me to a young man, Vincenzo, who knew my Odyssean theories and seemed much interested, so into his hands I was committed and at 8 this morning he came to fetch me.

Vincenzo took me all over the place and showed me all I wanted to see. There are some remains of a very ancient civilization on the island, not many, but enough to leave no doubt that there had been such people; I should say, however, that they belonged to an age long prior to the *Odyssey*, to one which, moreover, had become extinct when the *Odyssey* was written. The whole island, except where naturally protected by precipices, was surrounded by a wall which, though mainly destroyed to make other walls, can be traced wherever the island is accessible and was clearly a defensive wall. I am confident the island had no important civilization in the days of the *Odyssey*, but the fact of this wall is sure to have been known and I cannot doubt would impress the authoress of the poem. As she transferred Thersites's hump to Eurybates, so I strongly suspect that her wall running all round the island of Aeolus is in reality suggested by this wall.

17 *Aug.* 1894—To-day I was to dine with the brigadier, a good little man, a smart little person of about 24, very good-natured and most anxious to be hospitable. He has two men under him, good creatures both of them, and at about 12 o'clock he came to fetch me. The barracks were as small and meagre as can be well conceived; downstairs there was a small mess-room, kitchen and ripostiglio or cellar-larder. Upstairs was the brigadier's office-bedroom and the rooms of the two men. After a certain amount of waiting upstairs, one of the men announced that dinner was ready and we went down, all four of us dining at the same table. The three have to do everything for themselves,

no servant being permitted. It transpired that they had cooked the dinner between the three of them. The cloth was very dirty and, as they have no meat, no milk and very few eggs, it may be imagined that, though they were doing their very best, the good fellows could not do much. 1894 Aet. 58

First we had chicken broth, very fair and not untasty. Then came the chicken which had made the broth—such a poor little drunken drab of a thing as it must have been. Then four huge plates of maccaroni covered with tomatoes, mine being four times as much as I could by any conceivable means manage to eat; I removed half at once and ate half the remainder. Then came another chicken, own brother to the one that had made the soup. Lastly came what I was told was the inside and entrails of the two chickens together, *i.e.* their gizzards, livers and as much as could be, by hook or crook, utilised of the remaining insides. And the wine was black and strong with a taste of treacle and rum.

They had been fortunate enough, said the second soldier, to find some specimens of a kind of land-fish; it is really a fish, but still they find it on land; he did not suppose we had it in England, but it had a delicious flavour; it seems to fill the whole stomach with a divine and exquisite aroma that remains for several days; indeed, for a fortnight afterwards, when any little wind rises from the stomach, you can still taste it. The description reminded me all the time of the soothing herb which Helen put into the mixing bowl in the fourth book of the *Odyssey*. But what to do? And what, again, was this wonderful land-fish?

"You find it on walls and stones."

"Oh," said I, "I have not seen any lizards on the island," for I made sure that lizards were intended.

"No," was the answer, "lizards are not good to eat, but these are exquisite, we call them lumachi, and now I remember we have the shells in the kitchen."

"And here," interrupted the second soldier, triumphantly, "they actually are," as he laid a dozen snail-shells on the table.

I could have better eaten a worser meat. Had it been lizards I could have eaten them and thanked heaven it was no worse. Had it been stewed mice—yet could I bear that too, well, very well. But snails! I would as soon eat cockroaches and blackbeetles. I thought of my uncle John and how his brothers, when he was a boy, offered him sixpence if he would eat a cockroach. He mused for a while:

"The stomach," he murmured, "will be the worst part."

Then we had two pears and two figs each and the meal was ended.

They had a little, wild, live rabbit in the ripostiglio and they showed me how the dog would catch it without hurting it.

1894 Aet. 58 I was then taken to the brigadier's room and the poor little man gave me details as to the miseries of his life in Marettimo which I can well believe. For my own part I could not live there a twelvemonth. After this I was to photograph them, first in full dress, then in undress and then there was to be a friendly group which was to include the phlebotomist and the shoemaker—for all which see my photos, if, as I hope, they turn out all right. The phlebotomist is also barber and hair-dresser, but I do not think the people employ him very much.

We got back to Trapani at 4 A.M. on Sunday 19 August, after an uncomfortable dawdling return voyage of 13 hours. At any rate it seemed to me quite worth while to go, and I am glad I went, but I have had a rough time varied, however, with episodes which will come in another *Alps and Sanctuaries*, if ever I get to one, and which I need hardly say I carefully note.

Butler to Jones.

19 *August* 1894—What with posting up the notes—which is the first thing—the translation of the *Iliad* (I have done Bks vii. viii. ix.), letters, photography, and visitors without ceasing, I have my work cut out. . . .

Both Dudgeon and Pauli write as though they considered I had scored in Lord Salisbury's address to the British Association, but I really do not see that I do. Certainly Darwin gets blown upon for his natural selection but that is now little more than common form.

Dr. Dudgeon to Butler.

53 MONTAGU SQUARE, W.
9th August, 1894.

DEAR MR. BUTLER—Lord Salisbury's presidential address at the B[ritish] A[ssociation] meeting must be "nuts" to you. Lord Salisbury, who may be considered a representative intelligent "man in the street," sees that "luck" won't do and that "cunning" must come in to explain evolution; and this is just what you taught and what Darwin gnashed his teeth at you for doing. I don't know if you are still in town, but I could not help congratulating you on this public adoption of your views. Of course Salisbury has not any idea of what the "cunning" really is—he seems to hint that it is theological—but it is enough for the present that natural selection "luck" is relegated to a back seat—the older Darwin's "cunning" will come to the fore presently.

Lord Salisbury doesn't seem to have found out the fallacies of Lister or Pasteur yet, but the man in the street, however intelligent, does not know everything.—Yours very truly,

R. E. DUDGEON.

Butler to Dr. Dudgeon.

TRAPANI, SICILY. 1894
August 20th, 1894. Aet. 58

DEAR DR. DUDGEON—Your very kind note reached me here yesterday on my return to this place from the island of Marettimo, where there are some prehistoric remains which I wished to see.

I read, or rather skimmed, Ld. Salisbury's speech and thought, as you do, that he was quite awake to the fact that the Charles-Darwinian natural selection is rubbish, but then the amount of soft soap, etc. and the absence of anything like plain straightforward outspokenness did, I confess, disgust me. The man knows that Charles Darwin has messed and muddled the question for many years; that he mystified the public under the guise of making things easier for it; that he very well knew he was keeping things back from us which he knew himself, and which he knew that it concerned us to know, but which he was not going to tell us; that he was unscrupulous in the means he used if he wanted to get rid of a troublesome opponent; that he behaved towards his predecessors with a meanness which would be incredible if alleged concerning anyone except himself; all this is known to Lord Salisbury and to the greater part of those who listened to him. I confess, therefore, it is not without impatience that I view the farce that is kept up between speaker and audience. It not only serves no useful end, but it encourages and widens that severance between science and sincerity which, as you and I know so well, is already apparently impassable. If I see a man hanging about the British Association at all, or indeed any of the learned societies, I look upon him ipso facto with suspicion, and such speeches as Lord Salisbury's confirm one in the opinion that I do well to do so. What—well, I have said enough.

I was very nearly caught in the Acireale earthquake; the first shock happened half an hour after I had left, the second and most serious one about fourteen hours afterwards. My friends tell me the distress and damage done are very great. I shall return about the 20th of September and will call shortly afterwards. I am quite well, but the heat is fearful—I can only sleep by lying outside my bed close to a wide-open window and letting the mosquitoes do exactly what they choose; by this means I get along all right. With kind regards,—Believe me, Yours very truly, S. BUTLER.

P.S.—What is wanted is not to reconcile science and religion—let them fight it out—but to reconcile science and common modesty, accuracy, and straightforwardness which, so far as I can see at present, have a very righteous quarrel with her for innumerable insults she has heaped upon them.

1894 Aet. 58 On 22nd August Butler went up Mount Eryx to stay for a week with Conte Agostino Sieri Pepoli at his summer residence, Le Torri. Here were the ravens which had been attracted from the Ruccazzù dei Corvi. Some of them were half-tame and would eat out of one's hand; they had had silver bells hung round their necks and would flit tinkling in and out of the Castle windows and perch upon the crazy wooden balconies. Butler brought back a snap-shot showing old Monsignore Di Marzo, one of his fellow-guests, asleep in a perilous chair upon one of the balconies "over the edge of a precipice of many hundred feet, backed by leagues upon leagues of Sicily." But he could not get the ravens into the photograph.

Butler to H. F. Jones.

MONTE ERICE.

26 *August* 1894—On Monday they have the Personaggi, *i.e.* people dressed up as the great personages of Holy Writ; they make a Cavalcata Simbolica beginning at 10.30 P.M. and continuing all night—no doubt a continuation of some old rites of the Temple of Venus which, as you know, was here and very magnificent in former times. . . .

I like the count, but he is a queer mixture of shrewdness and heaven knows what else. He has an imperfect lady here this year, lent to him by the marchese, but it is understood she is more for show than use. She is a very nice person and I should like her very much if she did not exhibit so decided a desire that I should take her back with me to London—an idea which makes my backbone curdle. Still she is exactly the person we want. Shall I bring her after all?

29 *August* 1894—I came down on foot from the Mountain under guidance of a contadino provided by the count. . . . I was to be taken the short cuts and I was so taken. We were benighted half way and I seldom have had a more difficult and even perilous walk but, thanks to extreme care, no mishap occurred. Yes, Ulysses certainly did want a stick for that walk.

It was a wonderful experience at the count's. The great event which I was staying to see was "I Personaggi" who made their progress on the night of Monday-Tuesday. They begin about 11 P.M. and progress slowly through all the narrow streets till 5.30 A.M. by which time the poor personages are nearly dead and often they faint away.

I. Night, a man dressed as a woman, with a veil of black net before his face, reclining in front of a background of clouds. 1894 Aet. 58

II. Ashtaroth (*i.e.* Venus) con seguito di Sacerdotesse. This was very good. Venus was exceedingly pretty; she stood inside a huge open bivalve with a dear little cupid and two sweet little girls going before her.

III. Baal.

IV. Idolatry.

V. L'Apoteosi, or Divine Honours paid to Man. This was personified by Julius Caesar, one of the finest-looking, best-built young fellows imaginable.

VI. Aurora.

VII. The Sun.

VIII. Faith.

IX. Christian Civilization.

X. Eryx.

XI. Charity.

XII. Youth.

And finally a triumphal car, in the form of a boat, on which were a band of music and six little girl-singers, surmounted by a copy of the Madonna di Custonaci. . . .

Each of these figures was superbly dressed, with jewels in some cases weighing ten pounds of gold and precious stones for a single dress. Every gold ornament in the town and neighbouring villages in possession of any family is lent and never a ring is robbed. The arrangement of the jewels is made with consummate skill. I was taken round to see the personages in their own houses before they started and they had picked the most representative they could find. The visits thus paid were as interesting as the procession itself. The whole thing was pagan with the slightest varnish of Christianity; all other such things I have seen were Christian with a touch of paganism. The crowds, the perfect spontaneity, indigenousness, and heartiness (not a priest in the whole procession) made it a thing which I should be very sorry to have missed. . . .

I gave Donna Maria, the cook at the count's, an old lady of my own age, 5 francs, when I went away, tipping the other servants, of course, also; the cook was the only one [of the servants] who kissed me. The count kissed me too.

He went from Trapani to Castelvetrano and reconsidered the ruins of Selinunte. With several friends he went to Poggio Reale to see some remains of walls near by, on Monte Elimo, but could not make out much

1894 Aet. 58 except that they probably were on the site of some Sican-Trojan-Phocaean city.

He then went to Calatafimi, and one day Ingroja and his friends took him for an excursion of a few miles on horseback to Monte Inice, where there is a castle in which Charles V. stayed and where he hunted; some one had written a book saying that there were prehistoric remains there, and Butler hoped to find something to help him. Either there were no remains or they were of no consequence; anyhow the excursion was very enjoyable. It was early in September—one of those days that in Sicily succeed each other all through the summer and early autumn, when there is no cloud in the sky and the land lies breathless under the heat. They had brought their lunch with them and were eating it in the shade. Presently Butler looked up critically in the direction of the sun and, with the little reiterated shake of the head which all his friends remember, said, very solemnly:

"Non nevica" (The snow keeps off).

He could not have spoken more seriously if he had been announcing some important discovery concerning the Temple of Segesta itself, and for a moment they were puzzled; then they all laughed, and continued laughing about it for the rest of the day. He was as much surprised and pleased as any of them, for it was an old joke he had picked up years before in New Zealand and had used off and on ever since. With us it had grown so threadbare that we scarcely looked upon it as a joke any longer; it had never, even in its best days, met with so great a success as on this occasion; the fame of it spread through all the country round, and he became known, and is still spoken of, as the Englishman who had proved that the *Odyssey* was written by a woman at Trapani, and who had said, "Non nevica."

While Butler was in Sicily I was abroad, and at Basel made the acquaintance of the Faesch family. Hans was still in London, but he wrote to his people to expect me, and I stayed with them a few days in his grandfather's house outside the town. I met Butler on his return, and we were together at Casale whence we went with the

Avvocato Negri for an excursion to Crea to see Tabachetti's work there. We also went to Rosignano, which is on the hills near Casale, and stayed with the painter Morbelli at his country house, and Butler made many photographs of the children in all sorts of engaging attitudes. We returned to London on 20th September. 1894 Aet. 58

Butler to Mrs. Bovill.

Oct. 4, 1894—We have examined the outside of your house and saw such evidence of painters that we make sure you are still at Chorley Wood, I hope enjoying yourself. I have been back the best part of a fortnight and go down next week to Shrewsbury to my sisters, after which I intend being a fixture for some time. I translated 6 more bks of the *Iliad*, but have not yet revised and copied them out. The *Odyssey* still on its rounds from publisher to publisher hitherto without result. Dr. Butler in like manner has started on his way—hitherto with no better success. I cannot think however but that sooner or later Mr. Watt will place both books for me, and in the meantime go on with the *Iliad*. Alfred seems quite contented and comfortable. I think he is all right. Jones brought a bad cold with him and has been a good deal out of sorts but is picking up and will be all right in a day or two. I have actually drawn a post-card out of old Gladstone re my second Italian pamphlet, published at the end of August. I sent it to Gladstone and have been rewarded with a post-card—in my opinion a very silly one. The Bishop of Peterborough has written very warmly about my theory and says that he feels sure it will work its way in time. So am I but I want it to work its way immediately. I am to go down there (I mean to Peterborough) in December.

P.S.—I address to St. Andrew's Place in case you should have come back since Sunday.

Butler to Mrs. Bovill.

Oct. 25, 1894—Jones tells me you would like Alfred to come to you either Tuesday or Wednesday. He will be delighted to do so, and is only afraid that he will not be able to do what you want "because" he "shall feel so nervous." I tell him he will not feel nervous, and he will do what you want perfectly well. I am rather cross to-day because I went to see Arthur Roberts last night, and did not like it. I am haunted by a growing idea that I am getting old and dull (not that I was ever much else)

1894 Aet. 59 but surely either the fault is in me or else Arthur Roberts is a good deal overrated.

Jones tells me I am to have the pleasure of meeting you next Wednesday. Tant mieux.

P.S.—I have been to see my doctor who tells me that there is nothing the matter with me except rather serious brain-fag. I am to do as nearly nothing as I can for some few weeks, and mean to take things very easy.

Alfred was to help Mrs. Bovill to catalogue her books. The next letter was sent to Spain where she had gone for the winter.

Butler to Mrs. Bovill.

Dec. 6, 1894—Yours of Nov. 27 reached me a few days ago and was immediately retailed to Jones who will write and thank you on his own account. I gave Alfred your message which pleased him very much. By the way, entre nous, it seems that Alfred's baby is expected a little sooner than I was quite prepared for. They were married at the end of July, and it seems the baby is expected at Xmas; there are such things as five months' children are there not? I have not been officially informed of this, but Mrs. Cathie, Alfred's aunt, told me and was inclined to be a little censorious, so I flew at her. I said any doctor could tell her that 5 months' children were the commonest things in the world. I have a very heavy cold, but am getting through with it; my head is better—all I wanted was not to work quite so hard. Alfred is at this moment copying out Book xi of the *Iliad*, and we shall have all the first 12 books copied out (typewritten for the second six books) by Xmas. By midsummer I hope to have the lot done. No publisher found yet for either *Odyssey* or Dr. Butler; Dr. B. is being offered now to the Cambridge Press. As for the *Odyssey* nearly 30 publishers have refused it, and we have settled to wait till the *Iliad* is done and then start afresh with *Iliad* and *Odyssey* together. In the meantime I hear my "Sicilian Origin of the *Odyssey*" seems to be gaining ground in Italy and Sicily, and will, I doubt not, do so here sooner or later: I shall then perhaps have a better chance with my *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. We have had a splendid November but it is now getting rather raw and foggy and very often dark. You are well out of it, but I am afraid you will be more or less bored after a couple of months. I do hope Mr. Bovill's and the boys' visit will not

fall through. I shall go to Boulogne at Xmas with Gogin and I believe Jones will come too. There is a something about Boulogne at Xmas which attracts me and I have been there regularly for a good many years. We are also finishing the oratorio *Ulysses* which Jones and I began some few years ago and from which the *Odyssey* for a time deflected me. I therefore go to Mr. Rockstro once a fortnight. I am writing the final chorus of which about half is done. I shall then only have two more choruses and one or two recitatives to complete my share of the work. Jones has some lovely things in it and, though it will probably fall as flat as *Narcissus*, than which nothing could well fall flatter, I shall be glad to have done it. 1894 Aet. 59

By the way, please, mind when you next write, do not allude to the little matter mentioned on p. 1, for Alfred is sure to get hold of your letter somehow or other and he will read every word of it. So I am sure you will be careful. By the way, also—he has petitioned for a few Spanish *used* stamps if they are to be had, but he remembered that Carlos is a stamp-collector also, and said he did not think he ought to ask. I said I thought he might.

I hope your cough will continue to get better, but it is plain you went none too soon. How do you like this from *Iliad* Bk xii?

"As the flakes that fall thick upon a winter's day, when Jove is minded to snow and to display these his arrows to mankind—he lulls the wind to rest and snows steadily till he has covered the tops of the high mountains, the headlands that jut out into the sea, the grassy plains and the tilled fields of men; the snow falls on the forelands and havens of the grey sea, but the wandering wave resists it though all things else are wrapped as with a mantle, so heavy are the heavens with snow . . ."

This is a very stupid letter but it must go for want of a better. Alfred unites with me in all good wishes for your health and wealth of every kind. Jones is not here or he would do so, and he will I know write for himself.

Butler to Mrs. Bovill.

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.
24 *Dec.* 1894.

DEAR MRS. BOVILL—Jones was going to write to you this morning, but I do so instead and he will write later. We thought your letter to him rather more cheerful than the one to me, of which Alfred said:

"Well, Sir, I think she's very low and the sooner she gets away from that place the better."

1894 Aet. 59 I noted your discretion. I am being gradually prepared for the somewhat premature appearance of the infant.

"You know, Sir, we begin to think it's going to be a seven months' child."

"Begin to think" indeed! when he has confessed to Jones and Faesch, and his aunt has told me, that the child is to be born early in January and the wedding took place early in August. "Five months don't make seven, Alfred" was on the tip of my tongue but, officially, I know nothing; so, not to betray my informants, I said he would probably find that the child did not come till May. Jones's sister, Lil, sent through Jones some orange blossoms for the wedding from Nice, but it was officially announced to us, we being away and at the mercy of every lie which a guilty conscience might suggest to Alfred, that the blossoms were too much damaged to be worn. It was a little odd, but we are good unsuspecting souls and took it as we were told. Now we understand why the orange blossoms were not possible—it was not *they* that had lost their purity. However, I don't think it very much matters provided mother and infant do well.

We suppose that you are now at Gibraltar, and Carlos and Miss Harrison will, I hope, arrive in a day or two, if they are not already with you, to cheer you up. Of course it will make all the difference. Jones and I are pretty fit, but I cannot quite get rid of my head which comes back with very little provocation. The Cambridge Press would not take Dr. Butler. I knew they wouldn't but the Bishop of Peterborough and others urged me to try them. Here is their Secretary's answer to Mr. Watt:

"DEAR SIR—I am directed by the Syndics of the Press to inform you that they have considered the proposal contained in your letter of December 1 that they should undertake the publication of the *Life and Letters of Dr. Samuel Butler*, by Mr. S. Butler, and that they have decided not to undertake the work in question.—I am, yours faithfully, RICHARD T. WRIGHT."

They only saw the synopsis which I had printed and would not even look at the work itself. I was in doubt whether to look upon this as merely formal or as "extra special cold, or even icy," but my friends at the Museum and elsewhere tell me they look upon it as the second. I am sorry they will not take the book for Dr. Butler's sake as I should have been glad that his life should have had the stamp of the Press of his own university; for my own sake it matters little to me whether I print the work or they do; it will be printed and I am very well able to do it if I cannot find a publisher. I confess also that it is a pleasure

to me to be under no sort of obligation to Cambridge; if Cambridge delights to honour the name of Darwin, it is not likely to honour mine. I consider myself as mieux posé by having offered myself in 1886 (I think) for their Art Professorship, and now as having offered them Dr. Butler, and in each case having been refused, than I should have been if I had not offered, or if I had been accepted. What my acquaintance with Mrs. X is to you your friendship with Z (who is nothing but a male Mrs. X) is to me; and you *like* Z, whereas as you very well know, I fly before that woman as a wolf before a fat old ewe whose blood is so poisonous that the wolf dares not bite her and can only trot along before her and blaspheme the hour which threw him into the same field with her. However, chacun à son goût. If ever I hear of your hobnobbing with Z again I will ask Mrs. X to tea every day for a month and tell you about it—but I should be dead by the fifth day. 1894 Aet. 59

Dr. B. is now gone to Oxford, but we shall hear nothing till term begins. They will refuse it, but they will do so civilly and with the common forms of courtesy.

I am half way through Book xiii of the *Iliad*, but am told to work as little as possible so do not get on as fast as I should like to do.

Love to Carlos and kind regards to Miss Harrison.—Yours very truly,

S. B.

CHAPTER XXXIII

1895—Part I.

THE COUNTRY OF THE *ILIAD*

Butler to Mrs. Bridges.

1895 Aet. 59

24 *Jan.* 1895—Nothing happened at the bishop's [at Peterborough]. There was no one to meet me, so I was a good deal tête à tête with the bishop; but whether this was design or accident on his part is a matter which he knows better than I do. They were all of them extremely nice and kind, and the bishop let me run on about the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* as long as I pleased. Of course I kept a look out for signs of incipient boredom, but whether they existed or no before I saw them—this again is better known to the bishop than to myself.

Hans Faesch had not done so well in London as he had hoped to do—that is commercially; he was happy in his private life and enjoyed being with us, apparently, as much as we enjoyed his company; but that was not business and he had his living to earn. We knew he was looking out for something else and that he might leave London at any time; nevertheless it was a shock when he told us one day, in January, that he had accepted a post in a business house at Singapore. On the 14th February we saw him off at the Holborn Viaduct Station for Basel, where he was to make preparations and say good-bye to his family. He was not well; the weather was cold, raw, and boisterous; we were afraid that the journey would be too much for him and that the climate of the East would not suit him. On the evening of the next day Butler showed me the following Calamus poem which he had

written in the interval. He called it an In Memoriam because he had persuaded himself that we should never see Hans again. 1895 Aet. 59

IN MEMORIAM H. R. F.

14 *Feb.* 1895.

Out, out, out into the night,
With the wind bitter north-east and the sea rough;
You have a racking cough and your lungs are weak,
But out, out into the night you go,
So guide you and guard you, Heaven, and fare you well!

We have been three lights to one another, and now we are two,
For you go far and alone into the darkness;
But the light in you was clearer and stronger than ours,
For you came straighter from God, and, whereas we had learned,
You had never forgotten. Three minutes more and then—
Out, out into the night you go:
So guide you and guard you, Heaven, and fare you well!

Never a cross look, never a thought,
Never a word that had better been left unspoken;
We gave you the best we had, such as it was,
It pleased you well, for you smiled and nodded your head;
And now, out, out into the night you go,
So guide you and guard you, Heaven, and fare you well!

You said we were a little weak that the three of us wept;
Are we, then, weak if we laugh when we are glad?
When men are under the knife let them roar as they will,
So that they flinch not.
Therefore let tears flow on, for so long as we live
No such second sorrow shall ever draw nigh us,
Till one of us two leaves the other alone
And goes out, out, out into the night,
So guard the one that is left, O God, and fare him well!

Yet for the great bitterness of this grief
We three, you and he and I,
May pass into the hearts of like true comrades hereafter,
In whom we may weep anew and yet comfort them,
As they too pass out, out into the night,
So guide them and guard them, Heaven, and fare them well!

* * * * * *

1895 Aet. 59

The minutes have flown and he whom we loved is gone,
The like of whom we never again shall see.
The wind is heavy with snow and the sea rough,
He has a racking cough and his lungs are weak.
Hand in hand we watch the train as it glides
Out, out, out into the night.
So take him into thy holy keeping, O Lord,
And guide him and guard him ever, and fare him well!

Butler to Hans Faesch.

16th Feb. 1895.

My dear Hans—I never called you by your Christian name before, but I know I may do so now. We keep thinking of you all the time, and hoping that you got through your awful journey without the serious harm which such a terribly bleak night might very easily do you. I woke often in the night, and after one o'clock I said to myself, "Thank heaven he is off the sea now." I saw next morning that it had been rough. We fear you suffered much. What a beast I was for not taking you as far as Calais myself and helping you if you were ill; but it only occurred to me yesterday. Before I had done dressing I got out Bradshaw and noted your whereabouts, and glad indeed was I when it was half-past five and I could think of you as warm, and, I hope, being packed off straight to bed.

In the evening I went up to Jones's, and we tried to talk of other things, but it was no use; we kept turning back to you again and again, and saying to each other that, as we had never seen anyone like you before, so we never expect to do so till, as we hope, we again one day see your own dear, kind face, looking well and strong and happy as you deserve to be.

We both say we hope you will be too busy to have time to think much about us; you will, I know, if you can, and we hope that you will be hindered. The sooner we all of us, as men of sense and sober reason, get through the very acute, poignant sorrow which we now feel, the better for us all. There is no fear of any of us forgetting, when the acute stage is passed. I should be ashamed of myself for having felt as keenly and spoken with as little reserve as I have if it were anyone but you; but I feel no shame at any length to which grief can take me when it is about you. I can call to mind no word that ever passed between us three which had been better unspoken; no syllable of irritation or unkindness; nothing but goodness and kindness ever came out of you, and such as our best was we gave it to you as you gave yours to us. Who may not well be plunged up to the lips in sorrow at

parting from one of whom he can say this in all soberness and truth? I feel as though I had lost an only son with no hope of another. However—the sooner we can all take refuge in active employment the better for us all. 1895 Aet. 59

Do not trouble to answer this. You will have much to do, and I have nothing; hence it is not hard for me to write while it would be so for you. You can answer by your next letter to Jones. I know he wrote to you yesterday; on Monday morning we hope for good news of you. How I hope indeed that it will be all that we could wish.

The fault about your photographs was under-exposure. All of them came out in the end, but they wanted twice the exposure I gave them. I suppose it was the yellowness of the light that threw me out. I shall send prints of the two best as soon as Alfred can come down and print them, but they are not good, and, though Jones and I would rather have them than nothing, they are not near so good as the Stereoscopic Company's portrait of you.

And now with every loving and affectionate thought which one man can think about another, Believe me always from the bottom of my heart yours

S. BUTLER.

Butler to Hans Faesch.

24 *Feb.* 1895.

MY DEAR HANS . . . And now I gather that you are to go to Singapore, and I write a few lines to catch you before you leave Basel on Wednesday.

I am very glad you are going, for a great many reasons. Of course Jones and I would rather have you here, but I am afraid of our climate for you, and from all I can learn I have a great hope that Singapore will do you good. It would be no pleasure to us to have you here and to find that the fog and damp were doing you harm. Besides you will never be happy till you have travelled, so good luck go with you, and come back to us well and strong in a few years' time.

Now I have one last, great favour to ask of you. Suppose when you get to Singapore you find you have made a serious mistake—you will not think so unless you have really made one—especially, suppose the doctors out there tell you that you will do yourself a mischief if you stay; suppose you would come back only do not quite see your way and do not wish to apply to your mother for fear of burdening her; then, my dear Hans, let me beseech you in the name of all the affection a dear father can bear to a very dear son, by the absurd, idiotic tears that you have

1895 Aet. 59 wrung from me, by those we wrung from yourself, by the love which Jones bears you and which you bear towards him—if these things will not prevail with you nothing will—apply to me, and do so without delay in whatever way will ensure your getting the answer quickest which you will immediately receive—I mean *draw on me at once for your passage money and necessary expenses* and come home.

The one thing that alarms me about your going is the fear of your finding it not suit your chest when you get there, and sticking on, as you would probably do, rather than burden your friends.

You need not answer this—I know how busy you must be—I shall assume that I have your promise, and it will be a great comfort to me, for Alfred does not rely upon me with greater confidence for anything I have promised him than I do on you for anything I feel I have a right to claim; and so, my very dear Hans, bon voyage et bon succès. As for me, I have a lusting after Gravesend and Gadshill. It will comfort me to know that the bowels of the landlady of the Shakespeare Inn are acting quite regularly. We think of you and love you always.

S. B.

Butler to Hans Faesch.

8 *March* 1895—Since I began to write this I have received an exceedingly kind letter from your mother and I am to call on her next time I go through Basel which I should think will be at the beginning of April.

I took Alfred the Gadshill walk last Thursday and I seemed to have the shadow of another dear person with us all the while. I did not see the landlady of the Shakespeare; she has hurt her leg falling over the top of a cask; I hope she will get all right, for I like her. To-day I went with him to Harrow Weald (where Queen Elizabeth is) and we had the first really warm and spring-like day that we have yet had. It was a great treat to both of us. The gulls are nearly all gone, but a few remain.

It seems oh! such a long time since that never-to-be-forgotten night on which you left us and when we were so terribly frightened about you. It is hard to think that it is only three weeks to-day. Jones and I never talk long of anything else but you. It seems to me, the more I think of it, that the true life of anyone is not the one they live in themselves, and of which they are themselves conscious, but the life they live in the hearts of others; our bodies and brains are but the tools with which we work to make our true life which is not in the tool-box and

tools we ignorantly mistake for ourselves but in the work we do with them; and this work, if it be truly done, lives more in others than in ourselves. Look at Handel and Shakespeare—what was their conscious life in themselves as compared with their unconscious life in us? I made this the subject of my lecture at the Women's Club. And so you are living, and very dearly loved, in us, you good and dear Hans, and we feel happy in the assurance that we too are living in yourself; and so good night and bless you.

1895 Aet. 59

"My lecture at the Women's Club" was the one delivered at the Somerville Club on 27th February 1895, and is reproduced in *The Humour of Homer and Other Essays* (1913) as "How to Make the Best of Life."

Hans arrived safely at Basel and proceeded to Singapore. We sent him a copy of the In Memoriam, and he was puzzled that Butler should use such expressions as "Guide you and guard you, Heaven," and "Take him into thy holy keeping, O Lord." Something must also have been said about publishing the poem anonymously, Butler having sent it to his literary agent who, however, did not find anyone to take it; it was not published till it appeared in *The Note-Books of Samuel Butler* (1912).

Butler to Hans Faesch.

15 *March* 1895—And now about my poem. I am not comfortable about publishing it, but of course all names will be carefully concealed. I wanted to set you and Jones and myself together, as it were, in a ring where we might stay and live together in the hearts of the kind of people we should have loved had we known them. Mrs. Bovill, Jones, Gogin, and myself are the only ones that know about it. No more will be told. I think the lines are so obviously true and so simple that the best people would like them and, finding Jones and Mrs. Bovill agree with me, I decided to let the thing go. I hope I have not done wrong.

You must not think that I am becoming more a believer in prayer and all that nonsense than I was. We think exactly the same, but I know no words that express a very deeply felt hope so well as those I have used, and the fact that others make money by prostituting them shall not stop me from using them when I am in the humour for doing so.

Butler to Hans Faesch.

1895 Aet. 59 22 *March* 1895—I liked all you told me about the priests and the rosary [Hans had met some priests at Marseilles]. When I flirted with priests, as I did sometimes (though I hate them just as you do), my friend Miss Savage used to tell me I was making myself friends of the Mammon of Righteousness. Well, it amuses one sometimes to humbug the Mammon of Righteousness, doesn't it?

And you know I have a dream that when you have been in Singapore about 18 months I shall take a return ticket and run out and have a look at you. I cannot, of course, be certain that I shall be able to work this, but I know no particular reason why I should not—and you bet I should like to.

Yesterday Alfred was teasing me when I was busy and I spoke a little sharply. Then, immediately remembering, I said:

"My dear Alfred, if I ever speak crossly like that please to say 'Hans' at once and it will stop me. Hans was never cross and that was why we were so fond of him."

Alfred said: "Well, Sir, I am sure Hans would not like it if he was to hear you speaking cross to me."

I answered: "Of course he would not, my dear Alfred, and that is why I want you to say 'Hans' at once."

You see it is just this: If the having known you makes me, as it ought to do, less irritable and more forbearing, then, no matter how far off you are, you are within me; I have got something of yourself and I shall know that it was not all humbug but that I really did understand and love you. Whereas if I am no less irritable than before, then I shall know that I never understood you or loved you truly. And this shall hardly be.

As we have seen, Butler had completed the life of his grandfather; his literary agent was now offering it to publishers. Being finished it had for him lost its absorbing interest and he was giving his time and his mind to his Odyssean theories. Extracts from his translations had appeared in *The Eagle*, and here is a letter in which he gave to Mr. Sikes, who was then editing the St. John's College magazine, his views about the limits of permissible archaism in translating the classics:

Butler to E. E. Sikes, Esq.

25 *Feb.* 1895—I quite understand the view taken by some— 1895
that a certain amount of archaism "is helpful in projecting the Aet. 59
mind back," etc. I have therefore given modern English a pretty wide range and taken it as far back as Defoe for the *Odyssey*, and Bunyan for the *Iliad*, beyond whom it cannot go without obvious affectation.

And then there is this. People who are at the trouble of translating the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* for love invariably flatter themselves that their translations will be referred to by a remote posterity, and they prefer to let time grow its own archaisms into their work—as a good sound wholesome wine will mellow with time, when one that has been mellowed artificially will not keep good for long. He who would write a translation like those of the Elizabethans must above all things else avoid Elizabethanisms.

I am very much indebted to you for the publicity you are giving to my extracts.

Many of Butler's Sicilian friends knew Greek and would discuss the *Odyssey* with him, but he found scarcely any one in England who took any intelligent interest in the subject, and the professional Greek scholars were silent or contemptuous. He used, therefore, to talk about the *Odyssey* to me, coming to my rooms evening after evening, inventing the objections which his opponents ought to have raised, considering them, adopting them tentatively, and finally embracing them with such ardour that he crushed them to pieces. In this way the evolution of his theory proceeded, and he assured himself that, when his book should be published, his critics (if any) would be able to bring forward only such objections as he had already considered and demolished. I, knowing he had been at work on the *Odyssey* all day, used to try to get him off it by introducing other subjects, telling him what I had been doing, or what I had heard from Rockstro about just intonation, or something I might have read in a paper, such as that Madame Blavatsky had had it revealed to her from Thibet that every one is accompanied through life by an Agatho-daemon and a Kakatho-daemon who suggest to him the doing of good deeds and of evil deeds; or I would tell him anything I thought likely to

1895 Aet. 59 amuse him and take him out of himself. It was of no use. As soon as I began to talk, he was silent, but he was not listening; he was miles away, helping Nausicaa to wash her clothes at the salt-works of S. Cusumano; or sitting with Eumaeus in his hut on the slopes of Monte Erice; or he would be going in and out of the house of Ulysses and seeing how like it was to the stabilimento at Selinunte, where he had had lunch, and how unlike a house in Gower Street; or he would be driving with Telemachus and Pisistratus in their chariot across "the Taygetus range over which there has never yet been a road for wheeled vehicles."[1] When I left off talking there would be a pause during which he would come back and wait in case I had not done; after which he would continue:

"And then, you know, she makes Circe"—do something which no one but a young unmarried woman would have thought possible—or whatever it might be that had been absorbing him.

This incessant dwelling upon one subject at last began to produce its effect, and he let out to me that, in going home from Staple Inn, he had sometimes felt giddy and was obliged to hold on to the railings to keep himself from falling. I talked this over with Dr. GreatRex, who was then attending him, and he recommended me to see him home, which I accordingly did whenever he would let me. I did not tell him why I came, because his line with me was that there was nothing serious the matter with him, and it was advisable not to let him suspect that I was alarmed. Fortunately circumstances permitted his taking his holiday in the spring instead of the autumn this year.

He had been in the habit of giving Alfred an outing on the continent at Whitsuntide, thinking it right that Alfred should know something of foreign countries. In 1888 they went to Boulogne; in 1889 to Dieppe and Rouen; in 1890 to Boulogne again. In 1891 a further attempt was made to continue Alfred's education by taking him to Ostend, Brussels, Waterloo, Dinant, and

[1] *The Odyssey rendered into English prose.* Note on p. 38.

Bruges. In 1892 they went to Paris with Cook's Whitsuntide excursion; in 1893 to the Channel Islands; and in May, 1894, to Brussels, Antwerp, Basel, Lucerne, Andermatt, and the Rigi. There are photographs of "Alfred on the Field of Waterloo," "Alfred on the Rigi," "Alfred on the S. Gottardo," and so on. 1895 Aet. 59

Then there came a break in Alfred's education because after his marriage it was difficult for him to leave, especially when children began to arrive; and, as the reader will have gathered, Alfred became a father with Shakespearean promptitude. Moreover, it presently appeared that these excursions resembled *Faust* at the Lyceum and were rather "a-draggin'" on Alfred. This part of his education was no more successful than the piano lessons had been. I am afraid Butler must be held to have failed with his pupil much as Miss Savage failed with Butler when she made him read *Middlemarch* and tried to make him read Balzac. Alfred gave me an account of his foreign experiences. The first night they were at Wassen it was very dark, and, while they were taking a turn in the village after dinner, Alfred heard some queer rumblings and inquired what caused them. He told me that Butler replied:

"Well, Alfred, I should think those are probably some little avalanches; they're always a-tumblin' down the mountains."

This did not reassure Alfred, who was afraid they might fall upon him and bury him. He did not stay in the valley long enough to grow accustomed to seeing the mountains towering above him, and, being unable to get the perspective right in his mind, thought they were overhanging and that it would be impossible for him to escape.

"And then," Alfred continued, "another day he takes me into a little chapel, all full of bones—beastly gloomy, you know, Sir. But the governor, he didn't mind. He went on a-pickin' up skulls and talking all the time. Oh! I was glad to get back again to Loo-sern and Mount Palatious, I can tell you."

Butler, with a shade of disappointment in his voice,

1895 Aet. 59 told me about an excursion with Alfred up the Rigi in the railway. When they were on the top, Butler, full of enthusiasm, pointed out the objects of interest:

"There is the Bernese Oberland, you see, Alfred, over there; and that is the Lake of Lucerne, just underneath, to the left."

"Yes, Sir," said Alfred.

"And that is a bit of the same lake to the right; you must not think it is a different lake, it is only divided by that shoulder of the Rigi."

"Yes, Sir," said Alfred.

"And there is Pilatus which I showed you from Lucerne, you remember. Don't you think it's very fine?"

"Yes, Sir," said Alfred.

"And then over here—you must look this way now—those are the Glärnisch Alps, and if you look that way you will be looking up the valley we go through on our way to Italy in the S. Gottardo Railway. Aren't you glad I brought you?"

"Yes, Sir," said Alfred, "and thank you for telling me about it. And now if you please, Sir, I should like to lie down on the grass here and have a read of *Tit-Bits*."

Which he accordingly did, having brought a copy with him from London.

On the whole, Alfred was glad to agree to a compromise whereby, instead of going for any more Whitsuntide outings, he received £10 each year, and took his family to the seaside in the autumn.

I read this passage about his foreign tours to Alfred, and he said:

"Yes, Sir, that's all quite true, and I think you've done it very nice."

Butler's work on the *Odyssey* had caused him to re-read the *Iliad*, and he wanted to ascertain for himself how far the descriptions of the localities in that poem agree with the actual Troad. He had dreaded going to Greece in the autumn because he thought it would prove hotter than Sicily; but this year, Alfred's Whit-

suntide holiday having been commuted, he left England for the Troad on 30th March. Before going he made arrangements with his bank that Hans Faesch might draw on him for £100 if he found that Singapore did not suit him and was unable to return to Europe for want of means. 1895 Aet. 59

First he went to Basel and saw the Faesch family; then to Casale to see the Avvocato Negri about Tabachetti; then to Florence, where he stayed at the hotel kept by Isabella of Arona. Here also he saw our friend, Miss Helen Zimmern, who was by this time settled in Florence and was editing *The Italian Gazette*, wherein she published this spring some articles by Butler about his *Odyssey* theories, the substance of which was incorporated in *The Authoress of the Odyssey*.

From Florence he went through Rome and Naples to Brindisi where he embarked on the evening of 13th April for Corfu. Here he saw the island which, by those who identify Corfu with Scheria, is supposed to be the ship of Ulysses, and found that it would not do at all. Indeed, he found no recognisable Odyssean feature in Corfu.

Butler to Hans Faesch.

ATHENS.

17 *April* 1895—I travelled from Patras to Athens with a young Turk, about 30 years old, and his dog—an English terrier. We were alone in the carriage the greater part of the time, and I suppose the poor dog was bored, at any rate after a while he made up to me; he licked me all over my face, and then began to pretend that my coat pocket had got a rat in it which he must catch. I was so flattered at being made up to by anyone or anything who seemed to tell me I was a nice person that I let him go on and hunt for rats all over me, till at last his master interfered in beautiful English and then we talked. He was a Secretary to the Turkish Legation and was very clever and very nice.

The coffee here is served up grounds and all; it is ground very fine; it drinks thick on the tongue; I rather like it. The oranges are splendid, so big, so heavy, so juicy, and so sweet; they are as good as peaches.

He wrote to me also about this young Turk:

1895 Aet. 59 He was very intelligent and nice, but a little inclined to say that nothing was much good or came to much in the long run, and this is as bad as saying that it does; so, though I liked him, I parted from him without much caring. But the dog was lovely and made great friends with me.

At the hotel in Athens he encountered Miss Jane Harrison who had been present in 1892 at his lecture on "The Humour of Homer."

MISS JANE HARRISON

I went up and recalled myself to her. She was still sore about the lecture and I apologised, reminding her that I had had to keep a room full of working-men in good humour.

"Besides," I added, "you chastised me quite severely enough at the time."

"Was I rude?"

"Yes," said I, laughing, "very rude."

So we made it up and smoked a couple of cigarettes. We dined together during the rest of my stay in Athens, and I tried to ingratiate myself with her, but it was rather up-hill work, and I shall never be genuinely forgiven. However, I did my very best. . . . We did not quarrel but we did not, I think, like one another. . . . She would not have it that I was anything but a "funny man" who had taken my present line as a kind of forced literary joke.

Similarly, I have met people who had read *Life and Habit*, and who, while professing to admire the book, were unable to see that it had or was intended to have any bearing upon evolution.

Miss Harrison declared to Butler that she had not written the *Spectator* review of "The Humour of Homer" (ante, p. 132).

Butler to H. F. Jones.

ATHENS.

20 *April* 1895—I have interested them at the British School of Archaeology here but, as at the British Museum, they will hear, but run dark themselves. I have also interested some native Greeks so far that they wanted to know all about it. The thing is certain to be accepted sooner or later.[1]

The antiquities here are soon seen, and I have pretty well

[1] The Sicilian origin and female authorship of the *Odyssey*.

done them. I should go on excursions did I not fear to stir before the letter comes from Mr. Calvert at the Dardanelles. About the oranges, it seems there is a fortnight during which they are at their prime of primes and I have dropped in for it, but they are to go off now immediately. 1895 Aet. 59

It is an enormous comfort to understand all about the Areopagus, the Pnyx, and all that rubbish. When a man dines at Corinth, gets coffee at Megara, and lights his last cigarette at Eleusis, he remembers where the places are; till then he no sooner learns them than he forgets them again.

Also here I do rather feel the want of a companion as well as the nuisance of not knowing the language. I wish you were here. I have done a little Homer [translating the *Iliad*] these few days. I have not felt the slightest ill consequences, and every hundred lines I get done is such a weight off my chest. I should only knock myself all down again if I have a big lot to settle down to on my return and, so long as I am out most of the day, a little does me no harm and keeps me in a good temper.

He went for an excursion to Mycenae, Argos, Tiryns, and Nauplia with the Rev. E. H. Burtt (afterwards English chaplain at Genoa). On the way, they met some German professors, and when Butler said the *Odyssey* was written by a woman they would not speak to him further. "I did it more to tease them than for any other reason, for I did not like them." He saw "the Treasury of Clytemnestra, the Gate of the Lions, the Tomb of Atreus, etc., of all of which I thought exactly as every one else must do." The ancient walls, of course, interested him specially, and his notes are full of his views as to whether the stones were worked with iron or not and the probable dates of the different buildings.

Butler to Hans Faesch.

ATHENS.

25*th April* 1895—Here I am struck with the fact that the old Greeks fail just as much with their Joves and Neptunes and swagger gods and goddesses as the mediaeval Italians did with theirs. They are utterly uninteresting and unreal. It is only when they do portraits of real, live, individual men and women that they really please me. I suspect that this is what makes the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* so fascinating to me—they are so human, and their gods and goddesses are just so many men and women, only they are able to do all sorts of things as fairies can.

1895 Aet. 59 There is a woman here [Miss Jane Harrison] who heard my lecture about the Humour of Homer and was very angry and rude to me about it afterwards. So I went up to her and determined to mash her. I don't know whether I succeeded or no, but I did my level best. She did not like it at first, but I deferred to her opinion on every subject and, after a time, I think I made her melt, at any rate a little. Of course I was only playing with her and laughing in my sleeve, but I mean to keep it up.

On the excursion [to Mycenae] I met five ladies—very nice, all of them—and we mashed each other in fine style. And then, near one temple, we found a mamma tortoise with a dear little baby tortoise, just like Alfred and his baby. Of course we left them alone as soon as we had admired them sufficiently; but a young Englishman then saw them and he took them away at once. He will do his best to be kind to them; but I am afraid they would rather be near their own temple than in an English garden.

This, you dear person, must do for the present as I have several letters to ["right" deleted] write and my head, though better, is not all that it should be. When I begin writing ["writing" repeated and deleted] "right" for "write," it is a sign that I had better stop; so bless you and all good luck be with you.

P.S.—I have had my dinner since I finished, and have been mashing the lady. I think she is melting and she smoked two cigarettes. Only think, on Sunday I shall be at Smyrna, in Asia, so we shall be on the same continent at any rate; thence I go on to Troy.

One of the five ladies on the excursion was Miss Annie Charlotte Catharine Aldrich. Transposing the letters of Aldrich she made Childar, and as Catharine Childar wrote *The Double Dutchman* (1884) and other novels. She was a friend of Charles Gogin and his wife from whom she had heard of Butler. She also knew Butler's other fellow-student at Heatherley's, Miss Ross, whose brother performed the ceremony of marriage between the man and the cook by reading a chapter of *Tristram Shandy* (ante, I. pp. 136-7). Through the Gogins Miss Aldrich, some years after Butler's death, sent me extracts from the diary she kept while in Greece and gave me permission to reproduce them.

Extracts from the Journal kept by Miss Aldrich while in Greece

1895.

Athens. Mond. 22 *April.*—Went to Cook's office to get tickets for the excursion to Mycenae. . . . 1895 Aet. 59

Tuesday 23*rd.*—Called at five, got away very uncomfortably, no breakfast, no comfort. Cook's man saw us off. We had 2nd class tickets, the carriage was very old-fashioned, no cushions, partitions of the compartments only reaching up to the back of the seats, like our 3rd class carriages of 30 years ago. We were at the end and could see all down the compartments. A young Englishman was there. He read *The Heavenly Twins* throughout the entire journey and looked at nothing but his book.[1] His tutor was with him and the old professor from our hotel and an oldish gentleman in a brown cap, like a tam-o'-shanter, and a nondescript Englishman. They were all in the furthest compartment. I heard Brown Cap say something very heterodox about the rock of Ulysses, and the old Professor, who I think was German, waxed wroth and then very scornful.

I whispered to Mrs. S., "I do believe that is Samuel Butler."

We found carriages in waiting, and Mrs. S. and I drove off together, our other three ladies together. . . . Finally the carriage stopped, and we got out to see a beehive treasure-house built of enormous stones. I only wish I had measured them, they were so huge. The guide lighted some brushwood in the inner room, which was the real tomb, and we noticed the build of the gate, a triangular space left open as in the gate of the citadel where are the celebrated lions.

When D. came to me to ask me to interpret for some gentlemen who had had no lunch and wanted some, I was much flattered, but, as there was nothing to be bought, we offered them the remains of our lunch, eggs, rolls, and half a bottle of wine. When they had finished I made bold to go up to Brown Cap and ask him if he was Mr. Butler. He *was* and I was quite excited. I spoke to him of Rossy [*i.e.* Miss Ross] and Viareggio, and he was enthusiastic and said how nice she was, and I mentioned the Gogins and he exclaimed:

"The nicest people in the world."

After that I talked to him whenever I could. His companion, the nondescript Englishman, was a Mr. Burtt, a tutor and a cleric. He came to me and begged me to tell him Mr. Butler's name and what books he had written and so on, but he was

[1] This was the young man who took the tortoises.

1895 Aet. 59 no wiser when I did. He had never heard of *Erewhon* nor any of the others. We saw the tomb of Electra. . . . We saw the grave of Agamemnon, where all the gold treasure that is now in the Athens museum was found, and the peribolos where the elders used to sit in council. In the entrance to the tomb Mr. Butler photographed all our party. Then on to the palace where were ruins of chambers and bases of columns and the place of the hearth. . . .

We then drove to Argos which was en fête, flags flying, etc. We got out of the carriage and took a cup of coffee each, in the open square, to the great amazement of the inhabitants. Then Mr. Butler and Mr. Burtt driving up joined us and we were quite gay. The Greeks are very stupid at understanding, so different from the Arabs. They asked Mr. Butler:

"How many cups of coffee?"

He said, "Τρεῖς" (Treis), pronouncing it as the English do "trice."

The waiter couldn't understand; so I said, "Treece," which is how they pronounce. I do not say "the modern pronunciation," for I believe it was the old as well, and that it is a great pity the English pronounce Greek as they do. Mr. Butler, who is a great Greek scholar, would have been understood everywhere if he had pronounced the vowels and accented the words as the Greeks do.

Then the other carriages came up and we drove to Tiryns, a weary cold drive, the N.E. wind bitter. Tiryns is older than Mycenae, Mr. Butler thought 2000 B.C., roughly speaking. He was delightfully simple and childlike. He upset Mr. Joyce dreadfully with his theories, but they got on better afterwards. We saw the men's apartments and the huge hearth. . . .

Hotel at Nauplia stuffy and curtained—excellent wine at dinner (resinous), execrable tea next morning at breakfast. I spoke to the maid and told her to bring fresh for Mr. Butler; his looked such wash. . . . Away by 9.40, changed at Corinth, our three ladies returning to Athens, and D. and I going on to Patras. Parnassus shewed up occasionally all the way, and, in the Morea, Taygetus and Kyllene were splendid. Mr. Butler pointed them out with joy. I told him I had read *Erewhon* and *Alps and Sanctuaries*; he recommended *Ex Voto* as "humane"—a delightful person. I was sorry to part. . . . Mrs. S. went back in the carriage with him to Athens. . . . D. and I came on to Patras.

After Miss Aldrich returned to England she told the Gogins about this meeting and Gogin wrote to Butler: "That is the lady to whom about thirteen years ago I

mentioned the fact of your having a literary larder," meaning, of course, his Note-Books. 1895 Aet. 59

Butler to H. F. Jones.

INEA (or however I ought to spell it), THE TROAD.
2nd May 1895.

I left the Piraeus on Saturday Ap. 27, reached the island of Chios in the night, went on about 7 A.M., reached Smyrna at noon, and spent the day about the town, all very oriental, lots of camels, bazaars, etc.; went from Smyrna on Monday evening at 5; reached the Dardanelles at about 10 A.M. Tuesday; called on Mr. Calvert, American vice-consul, who was extremely kind and took me to the English consul, Mr. Russell. They fixed me up with an interpreter and head-man, Yakoub, quite trustworthy and respectable, and I was also to have a mounted soldier, or zaptieh, and my head-man's under-man; all which I took as I was told.

We started from the Dardanelles about two P.M. Lots of camels on the riverbed lying down. Lots of storks—very tame and engaging. An hour or so after leaving the Dardanelles I saw on my right a flat-topped hill—evidently on an ancient site which I afterwards found to be Dardanus: strings of loaded camels all the time. The country a good deal like Winchelsea and Rye.

Found my saddle very uncomfortable, but was patient. I had to keep only the tips of my toes in the stirrups, and they had padded the back so that I had to be almost standing on the tips of my toes all the while. At last I got my feet home in the stirrups which did not mend matters much, and then I could not get back again, and two knobs chafed and bruised the inside of my thighs; and then presently the saddle, without a word of warning, turned round under the horse's belly. I could not extricate myself and lay among the horse's feet helpless. Had the horse been timid I should have been in a bad way, but he is very sensible and very good—a delightful person—he saw what it was at once and stood stock still till the men came and rescued me. I had fallen on a bank of soft sand and was not even shaken, and as soon as I got (or was got) up, I christened the horse Hans. The men were all very good to me.

I passed Renkoi, under the site of the ancient Ophrynium, looking down on Tenedos, Imbros, and Samothrace, with the higher parts of Lemnos just popping up above the sea. Country getting more hilly and very beautiful, weather perfect. After five hours' riding, the latter part in great discomfort, we reached Mr. Calvert's farm [at Thymbra] just at dark. A large family party—all very kind and hospitable and like a first-class New

1895 Aet. 59 Zealand sheep station. They farm 1000 acres about an hour from old Troy.

Next morning Mr. Calvert's nephew took me to Troy (Hissarlik) and explained all the latest excavations of 1893–1894, which unearthed what are, I should say beyond all question, the walls of the *Iliad*. What Schliemann found was an earlier lot. The first impression is one of disappointment. The walls cannot be earlier, one would say, than 1650 B.C. (the Mycenean age). They are not megalithic; they approach regular courses, without reaching them; they appear at first sight poorly put together. On seeing the parts that have been sheltered from exposure, either by aspect or fallen earth, one perceives how very beautifully built they really were; they are about 18 feet thick at top, and thicker at bottom, and must have been very high. The whole south wall, looking towards Sigaeum, is missing, but Strabo expressly tells us that Sigaeum was built of the walls of ancient Troy. Doubtless they took the wall nearest them. Helen could perfectly well distinguish swells down below on the plain as in *Iliad* iii. There are abundant traces of an earlier city which was burned (as per *Iliad*) and on the top of, and cutting through the old Homeric wall, are the Roman walls of Ilium Novum.

Then up comes the governor of the Dardanelles forts—coffee, cigarettes, compliments, etc. At last I get away and ride across the plains to the place where the Grecian fleet lay; get to understand how very substantially accurate it all is, bar occasional gross poetical licenses—Hector's running round the city is out of the question. The two springs, sources of the Scamander, one hot and one cold, are really forty miles off or more. I am on my way now, with two soldiers, to see them. . . . I reach the Dardanelles on Monday evening. Not a line of Homer doing now. Nothing but a week on horseback. My horse is worthy of his name; he is a little beauty. Tell dear Alfred as much of this as is good for him with my best love. I will continue my story later if I can.

Butler to H. F. Jones.

INEA.

3rd May 1895—I was interrupted by having to pay a visit to the Effendi of the place whom it was my duty to salute on my arrival. I now resume my story.

Shortly after reaching the two very large barrows which are called the tomb of Achilles and Patroclus and the tomb of Ajax, which they may or may not be, we were attacked firmly but civilly by a Turkish officer who wasted us a good deal of time and then gave it up. We rode some hours, I still in great

discomfort; passed another very imposing barrow and, about 1895
six o'clock, reached the rival site of Boun-ar-bashi, or however it Aet. 59
should be spelt, but it was too late to examine the site which is some twenty minutes outside the village. We therefore just passed through the village and, after crossing the Scamander, a stream about as big as the Severn at Shrewsbury, reached Mr. Calvert's at about 7.30. I not tired in the least, but sore and strained, and tortured through the infernal saddle.

Next morning I photoed two storks' nests in Mr. Calvert's farm buildings with the birds on them, and was then taken to an extremely old, very large and imposing barrow, where I saw a stratum about twelve feet thick of white stuff, pretty hard pressed and compact, which on analysis is found to be wood ashes. I also saw more tortoises. This mound is supposed to be older than anything now visible at Hissarlik. Then we went on through lovely, and often very English country, till we got to the site above Boun-ar-bashi which I could not visit last night. I looked, I saw nothing but two barrows, both opened, and a lovely view over the plains to the sea, and again into the gorge of the Scamander, but not a thing which should suggest the *Iliad* to any reasonable person. However, the site has collapsed, and I only visited it as in respect to the memory of a departed theory which was celebrated in its day.

Thence we descended on to the river bed flats of the Scamander, which reminded me a little of the valley of the Lesse near Dinant. Lots of lovely birds, almost as good as some of the bird-stuffers' windows we see in Oxford Street, my horse just as engaging as ever, and my saddle delightful—for Mr. Calvert, seeing how impossible my saddle had been, lent me his in which I could ride without fatigue for any distance. Lovely English scenery, with cattle standing up to their middles in the Scamander and swishing their tails, the flats on either side well grassed and studded with Vallonia oak trees, the grass growing right up to their trunks. Here under the trees we rested for an hour, and about noon lit a wood fire and lunched.

Then we left the Scamander and went over some high and beautiful open country, up hill and down dale by crooked ways and straight, till at about 4 we reached Inea where there was an inn, not good but better than I expected. All the place as pure Oriental as can be conceived. Shortly after my arrival I was told I ought to pay a visit to the Effendi. I did so. I was told I need not on this occasion take off my boots, but my interpreter did so. The Effendi shook hands with me, and then sat down cross-legged, like a tailor, on a sofa; we had a cup of coffee and a cigarette; he was very civil and I said all the pretty things I could invent. He then enquired at what hour it would be

1895 Aet. 59 convenient to me to receive his return visit, and this was arranged for 8 o'clock on the following morning.

As I left the Effendi I heard a loud crying in the air above me and, looking up, saw a flight of some thousands of a large goose-like bird flying perhaps 150 feet above the ground. These, doubtless, are "the Strymonian cranes that wrangle in the air" of the *Iliad*. I must find out what birds they exactly are—I believe wild geese and nothing else; Mr. Calvert at the Dardanelles will tell me all about them. Then I walked about the town, very squalid; visited the cemetery, evidently the site of an ancient city, and came home to get supper and then to bed.

Supper was a fair dish of stewed lamb and potatoes, boiled eggs, passable bread, good oranges and coffee—no knife provided; the washing apparatus, a tin straw-hat holding perhaps a pint. . . [other discomforts]. I therefore made my arrangements accordingly. Went to bed about nine and slept well. . . .

We started about 8.30 after the Effendi's visit. The inn's notion of café-au-lait was to boil some milk and throw some coffee grains on top of it. However, it did. We went on till 12 and then found a man under a plane tree, who kept an open-air camp coffee-stall out on the track, where a very friendly, shrewd-looking Turk was sitting with the coffee-vendor, cross-legged on a mat under the tree; also there was a large mob of camels and little camels resting, so I shot off several plates. Then it came on to rain (not very badly) so we pressed on to this place, the inn at which is such as none but a true pedant could contemplate with equanimity. To-morrow we are to see the two sources, one hot and the other cold, close together, which I have come all this way to see; we then return here for the night, and after that go back straight to the Dardanelles. So no more at present. Hans behaves beautifully.

P.S.—The table is so very uncomfortable that I cannot write at it. Give my best love to Alfred and tell him he must share this letter with you. He should have both the stamps; I will try and get some at the Dardanelles.

Butler to H. F. Jones.

SMYRNA.

8 *May* 1895—Bairemitch, or however it should be spelt, was not a nice place—a filthy earthen floor; cobwebs in every angle of the small square box I had to sleep in; a sour smelling sack or two of stale straw to lie on, covered, it is true, with a fair Turkish hearth-rug; nothing to wash in till I made them bring me an old tin petroleum box; neither table nor seat till Yakoub

and I improvised one—need I go on? It is like what Arbuthnot said to Pope about Handel's genius: "Imagine the utmost you can imagine and his powers will transcend all yours of imagination." There was a place where they went to discharge their natural functions but I would sooner marry Mrs. X. than go near it a second time; indeed it reminded me of Mrs. X. Again, need I say more? The food? Hard-boiled eggs, up-country bread, cheese, and a little lamb's liver—five pieces on a skewer like a cats'-meat skewer. 1895 Aet. 59

I visited the swell official of the place; it being Friday (their Sunday) there was a gathering of eight Turks sitting cross-legged on a long settee against the wall. The usual coffee and cigarettes and pretty speeches. All quite right but I must have another soldier, etc. So next morning at six we started—lovely weather, lovely country, with the snowy top of Ida continually getting nearer. After three hours we got among the defiles of the mountain itself, and the Scamander became a brawling torrent. Presently we came to thick beautiful virgin forest, and a government saw-mill with an official and twenty soldiers. The official Effendi [Ismail Gusbashi] was very kind. He knew the place I wanted—he would take me there. So up he comes with ten soldiers (I had now 13) and a dish of fresh trout and some carpets and, after an hour or so through lovely mountain forests always following up the Scamander, we reached a piece of level grass land under the trees carpeted with flowers and abounding with brilliant birds such as blue jays, and I saw some hoopoes.

Here we bivouacked, and a hundred yards or so higher up there was a strong spring gushing out from about 4 feet of rock into an artificial receptacle. The water from one corner was perceptibly warmer than that from the other, but the waters mix so soon and in such volume that one could not easily (if at all) get the warm water at its full warmth. Still there was a considerable difference of temperature, but I felt sure it was not the right place, which I have since found that it was not (yes, it was). The carpets were spread over the flowers under the trees; the Effendi sat cross-legged on one corner (you may be sure I had given Hans lots of bread already) the soldiers cooked the trout, frying them in egg, and they were very nice—hard-boiled eggs, cheese, and more cats' meat.

The Effendi was a delightful man, but he had now fallen in for the first time with Wisdom from the West and was resolved not to let the opportunity slip. He was not married; he was rather troubled in mind about this; he was now fifty; would I be good enough to tell him whether he had done right or wrong?

I said that it had evidently been the will of Allah that he

1895 Aet. 59 should not get married and that, until Allah signified his desire for a change in some unmistakeable way, I should conclude, if I were he, that I was best fulfilling the will of Allah by remaining single. This appeared to comfort him. He lifted his hands to heaven and said it was a true word that I had spoken. I said the same difficulty had presented itself to me. In my younger days I had been passionately in love with a very beautiful young lady but—and here my voice trembled, and I looked very sad—it had been the will of Allah that she should marry another gentleman, and this had broken my heart for many years, but I was now beginning to feel better.

[Here the letter breaks off, but the rest of the story can be given from "Homer's Hot and Cold Springs" in *The Note-Books of Samuel Butler*, 1912.]

"Besides," I continued, "suppose you marry a woman with whom you think you are in love and then find out, after you have been married to her for three months, that you do not like her. This would be a very painful situation."

"Ah! yes indeed! that is a true word."

"And if you had children who were good and dutiful, it would be delightful; but suppose they turned out disobedient and ungrateful—and I have known many such cases—could anything be more distressing to a parent in his declining years?"

"Ah! that is a true word that you have spoken."

"We have a great Imaum," I continued, "in England, who is called the Archbishop of Canterbury and who gives answers to people who are in any kind of doubt or difficulty. I knew one gentleman who asked his advice upon the very question that you have done me the honour of propounding to myself."

"Ah! and what was his answer?"

"He told him," said I, "that it was cheaper to buy the milk than to keep a cow."

"Ah! ah! that is a most true word."

Here I closed the conversation and we began packing up to make a start. When we were about to mount I said to him, hat in hand:

"Sir, it occurs to me with great sadness that though you will, no doubt, often revisit this lovely spot, yet it is most certain that I shall never do so. Promise me that when you come here you will sometimes think of the stupid old Englishman who has had the pleasure of lunching with you to-day, and I promise that I will often think of you when I am at home again in London."

He was much touched and we started. After we had gone about a mile I suddenly missed my knife. I knew I should want it badly many a time before we got to the Dardanelles,

and I knew perfectly well where I should find it; so I stopped the cavalcade and said I must ride back for it. I did so, found it immediately and returned. Then I said to Ismail: 1895 Aet. 59

"Sir, I understand now why I was led to leave my knife behind me. I had said it was certain I should never see that enchanting spot again, but I spoke presumptuously, forgetting that if Allah (and I raised my hand to Heaven) willed it I should assuredly do so. I am corrected and with great leniency."

Ismail was much affected. The good fellow immediately took off his watch-chain (happily of brass and of no intrinsic value) and gave it me assuring me that it was given him by a very dear friend, that he had worn it for many years and valued it greatly—would I keep it as a memorial of himself? Fortunately, I had with me a little silver match-box which Alfred had given me and which had my name engraved upon it. I gave it to him, but had some difficulty in making him accept it. Then we rode on till we came to the saw-mills. I ordered two lambs for the ten soldiers who had accompanied us, having understood from Yakoub that this would be an acceptable present. And so I parted from this most kind and friendly gentleman with every warm expression of cordiality on both sides.

I sent him his photograph which I had taken, and I sent the soldiers their groups also—one for each man—and in due course I received the following letter of thanks. Alas! I have never written in answer. I knew not how to do it. I knew, however, that I could not keep up a correspondence, even though I wrote once. But few unanswered letters more often rise up and smite me. How the Post Office people ever read "Bueter, Ciforzin St." into "Butler, Clifford's Inn," I cannot tell. What splendid emendators of a corrupt text they ought to make! But I could almost wish that they had failed, for it has pained me not a little that I have not replied.

Mr. Samuel Bueter,
No. 15 Ciforzin St., London, England.

DARDANELLES, *August* 4/95.

Mr. Samuel. England.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Many thanks for the phothograph you have send me. It was very kind of you to think of me to send me this token of your remembrance. I certainly appreciate it, and shall think of you whenever I look at it. Ah My Dear Brother, it is impossible for me to forget you. under favourable circumstance I confess I must prefer you. I have a grate desire to have the beautifull chance to meet you. Ah then with the tears of gladness to be the result of the great love of our friendness A my Sir what

1895 Aet. 59 pen can describe the meeting that shall be come with your second visit if it please God.

It is my pray to our Lord God to protect you and to keep you glad and happy for ever.

Though we are far from each other yet we can speak with letters.

Thank God to have your love of friendness with me and mine with your noble person.

Hopeing to hear from you
Yours truly,
ISMAYEL from
Byramich hizar memuerue iuse bashi.

Butler returned from the Troad to Athens, but was not allowed to land because quarantine had been established; so he changed his steamer and came on to Catania. There were two young Americans on board "as innocent as two green peas in May." They "read their Bible on the Sunday morning and were otherwise very fresh, ingenuous, and new-laid-eggy."

Butler to Hans Faesch.

ACI REALE.

13 *May* 1895—By the way, I am afraid I shall never venture to Singapore; the six days I had on board the ship between the Dardanelles and Catania made me feel as though I could hardly stand a month of it, especially in tropical seas. I had forgotten what voyages were. However, who knows but I may take heart after all, later on. You may be sure I should like to. The perpetual jarring of the screw is what I found most trying. And now I am just under Mount Etna, and this morning I saw it without a cloud and such a lot of snow on it. I thought of poor dear you passing this very town where I am now two months or so ago, and having the mountains all hidden in clouds.

He spent a couple of days at Aci Reale and then went to Palermo, Trapani, Calatafimi and back to Palermo, telling all his friends about his experiences in Greece and the Troad, and how what he had seen bore upon his Odyssean theories. From Palermo he went by boat to Naples and then to Rome.

He had seen in *The Times* a statement that Mr. Gladstone intended to make a Mediterranean cruise, and wrote to him from Rome trying to interest him in the

Sicilian origin of the *Odyssey*, begging him, if he touched at Trapani, to consider the question on the spot. Emanuele Biaggini, from Trapani, and Mario Puglisi, from Aci Reale, also wrote to Mr. Gladstone who replied to Mario. He thought that "Homer" got the idea of Trinacria from a Phoenician report of Sicily and that the voyages of Ulysses were confined to a part of the Mediterranean more towards the East. At least this is what I understood; and, if so, it is improbable that Gladstone touched at Trapani. Butler received two postcards from him, acknowledging receipt of his book or some pamphlets on the subject, or perhaps this letter from Rome—I have forgotten which. I remember, however, that he treated the postcards somewhat in the spirit in which we used to read that the North American Indians treated scalps, he had them framed and hung them up in his rooms. After his death they were given to his nephew, Harry Butler, and I have not got them to refer to. I also gave to Harry Butler Ismail's brass watch-chain. 1895 Aet. 59

From Rome Butler went to Casale, where the Avvocato Negri had unearthed the contract with the Varallo people for the making of Tabachetti's "Journey to Calvary" chapel, dated 27th April 1599:

> Therefore the chapel described in Caccia's guide, 1586, which appeared to correspond with it, must be some other now cancelled. It makes a great change in my ideas of things. I go to Varallo to-morrow for one night to see Arienta and talk to him about it.

From Varallo he returned to London, stopping at Basel to salute and photograph Madame Faesch and her family, and reached London early in June.

It may not seem much of a rest or change to be taken from the *Odyssey* to the *Iliad*; nevertheless the journey to Greece and the Troad was both to Butler. He found nothing to disagree with in the received opinions concerning the geography of the *Iliad*, consequently there was nothing to invent objections or to fight about, and he returned to London with his health restored to something like what it had been before the *Odyssey* began to trouble him.

CHAPTER XXXIV

1895—Part II.

PREPARING DR. BUTLER'S *LIFE*, THE *ODYSSEY* BOOK, AND *ULYSSES*

Butler to Hans Faesch.

14th June 1895.

1895 Aet. 59 My dear Hans—I took Alfred to Gadshill on Sunday. The public-house where the lady was about whose bowels I enquired has changed hands; the old landlord and his wife have retired into private life. I am sorry, for I liked the woman well enough. Everything just the same at Gadshill—the garden very gay and pretty and eggs abundant. Yesterday I took him to Harrow Weald, where Queen Elizabeth is, and we lay down and went to sleep for an hour on the common at the top of the high ground. These outings do both him and me so much good that now the summer is on I mean to take a lot of them. I have picked up a good deal this week but my head is still not all that it ought to be, and I have no doubt it will be some time yet before I undo all the mischief that has been done.

Alfred has never once had to say "Hans" to me since I came back, so I begin to think I am getting quite good-tempered. Jones and I, talking about the death of the Sultan of Johore last night, said: "Why do they not make Hans the new Sultan, and then we could go and stay with him in his Imperial Palace?" But the older I grow the greater fools I find everybody to be, except you and Jones and myself and Alfred and Gogin and about half a dozen more.

There! It is 9.30 a.m. and I hear Alfred fumbling away with his key in the key-hole. He will be inside in another second and then how much more do you think he is likely to let me write to you or to anyone else? So with a whole prayer-book full of the most beautiful good and kind wishes that a grandfather may send to a very dear grandson—I am yours,

S. Butler.

Butler's literary agent did not meet with success in offering the MS. of Dr. Butler's *Life* to publishers. One of the publishers maintained that 150,000 words was the limit for such a book, whereas the words in Butler's MS. appeared to amount to nearly a million. This was an exaggeration; nevertheless the work was too long. Butler, however, could guess neither how much nor what kind of reduction a publisher would be likely to require; and even if he could, the idea of shortening the book was not pleasing to him because, as he wrote to his agent (17th April 1895), he believed that, if less widely saleable, it would be more permanently useful as a book for reference on all questions connected with the history of education from 1790 to 1840 in the shape in which he had it than in any other. After anxious thought he at last made up his mind to cut out as much as he could bring himself to omit and to publish the book at his own expense, knowing that this was not giving it the best chance of selling, but despairing of finding any publisher willing to speculate in it. He returned to Mr. Murray, who had already declined to publish the MS. at his own risk, and arranged that he should publish it on commission after it had been shortened. The shortening and the seeing the book through the press provided him with a troublesome occupation for more than a year. 1895 Aet. 59

Butler to Hans Faesch.

10 *July* 1895—I am in the thick of getting my *Life of Dr. Butler* ready for the press and my head is still not what it should be; it is all right as long as I do not fatigue it, but with a very little extra exertion the mischief returns.

My Selection Book. I send a copy by this mail and am glad that there is someone there [in Singapore] whom you should wish to show it to. Hear my prophecy: Some day, when you least expect, some one will come to Singapore whose mere presence shall change the aspect of the whole place. Or a veil will drop off from some one who is there already, and the heat will become less hot thenceforward.

Zola. [Hans had been reading *Lourdes*, and wanted Butler to read it too.] Nothing can make me think worse of clerics

1895 Aet. 59 generally than I think now. When I have written all I want to write, then perhaps I may have a little time for reading, but the older I grow the less I read beyond what I am compelled in the course of my own studies.

Towards the end of June I saw Rockstro for the last time. He was in bed, ill in body, but with all his wits about him. He was correcting an exercise and said :

"I am not now looking out for fifths ; it's not worth while ; anybody can do that for you ; but you won't get anybody else to tell you the things I am telling you."

I was to go again for another lesson, but he was too ill to see me and died on the 2nd of July, aged 72.

The reader, knowing Butler's views about learning and doing, may have been wondering what can have happened during his counterpoint lessons. When they began I was nervous, as I have said in chapter xxviii. ; but I soon saw that there was no probability of their being discontinued. In the first place, Butler was very much interested in Rockstro and his obiter dicta, and, secondly, Rockstro was no less interested in Butler and in all he said. Every bar of every exercise became the prelude to a discussion on the philosophy of art. It was flogging dead horses and fighting battles o'er again for both of them, but their enjoyment was not thereby spoiled. They, no doubt, enunciated between them all, and more than all, that Butler and I had said during our drive from Varese to Angera in 1878 (ante, I. p. 282), when we passed the architectural mausoleum which provided the text for our conversation about ἀγάπη and γνῶσις. If Rockstro, as he probably did, said, as I had said, that an artist must master his technique before he can express what he wishes to say, Butler certainly objected, as he had done to me, that in devoting his energies to gaining this power, the artist will lose the desire to say anything, and then will come the temptation, which generally proves too strong, to glory in merely displaying the ability he has acquired. This naturally afforded opportunities for a repetition of the contents of the chapter, "Considerations on the Decline of Italian Art" in *Alps and Sanctuaries*, and of those chapters in the published *Note-Books*

which deal with kindred matters.[1] Fundamentally, perhaps, they were of the same opinion; but they could not say so openly—such an admission would have put an end to the discussions. Besides, Rockstro was present as teacher; he might have admitted that since art is an affair of this world, neither subject nor treatment can exist alone to any purpose, they are like spirit and body, each permeated with the other; but he was chiefly concerned in enlarging upon treatment and in explaining how to make the subject presentable. And Butler, the pupil who was there to learn what he could about technique, had in his time submitted to so much teaching that he listened with suspicion and was jealously watching lest he might be overtaken by the fate of "all the clever little children," in *Alps and Sanctuaries*, who get "browsed down by the academies."

1895 Aet. 59

So we kicked, but we did Rockstro's exercises. No doubt if we had kicked less we should have made more progress; we did not suspect, however, that we were wasting time, for we had no idea we were to lose him so soon. We looked upon him as a kind of treasure-house of learning to which we could always resort to refresh our fading memories of all that he had told us about the history of the delay in the recognition of the grave supertonic among the notes of the diatonic scale; about ornamenting your construction and not constructing your ornament; about the avoidance of the redundant limma; the use of the Fa fictum; the tritonus. Rockstro usually spoke of this last as "Diabolus"; but sometimes he would say: "Ah, yes! but there now! Yes; don't you see what you have done? Well, now there you've got That Thing." And he was never tired of impressing upon us the necessity for thinking in just intonation. He was writing a book about just intonation when he died, full of curious and valuable information. If he had lived to finish it I doubt whether it would

[1] Namely chapters vi. Mind and Matter; vii. On the Making of Music, Pictures, and Books; viii. Handel and Music; ix. A Painter's Views on Painting; x. The Position of a Homo Unius Libri; xi. Cash and Credit; xii. The Enfant Terrible of Literature.

1895 Aet. 59 have found a large market, so few being interested in these questions; for Rockstro they were real living interests of the first order, among which he passed much of his mental life.

He was probably the most learned contrapuntist of his day, and had what does not always accompany great learning, an intuitive sympathy with the mental attitude of the pupil. He knew, in some apparently supernatural way, all we had been through in preparing an exercise, what particular difficulties we had struggled with, what we had written first and why we had altered it. He was exceedingly kind, but he did not spare us. On the other hand, when he gave us a subject that was not to our taste we used to tell him about it. If one of us succeeded in doing an exercise which met with his approval, we could not resist pointing out to him that, however correct it might be, it was dismally dull to listen to, which he had to admit; the inference being that this was all the fault of his stupid subject. At last he made a concession. He said:

"I see how it is, you are like the tiger who disdains to eat meat that he has not himself killed. Very well then, I'll tell you what—you shall make your own subjects."

After this, instead of giving us any more subjects, he allowed us to bring him the songs and choruses we were writing for *Ulysses*, and he criticised. Then we saw what had happened, and that the old gentleman had known where he was going when he made his concession. He ruthlessly took advantage of the strong position into which he had escaped, and paid us out for grumbling at his subjects by stigmatising ours as "unsuitable"—he even used a harsher word, many harsher words, such as "refractory" and "intractable." His line was that so long as we were merely learning to cook we could not be blamed for defects in the material supplied to us; but that the moment we undertook, like the tiger, to do our own marketing as well, we had loaded ourselves with a double responsibility and must put up with the consequences. And, whereas we had never been able to tell

him what was the matter with his subjects, except vaguely that they did not please us, he always could show us quite clearly why ours deserved whatever epithet he chose to apply to them. 1895 Aet. 59

With the memory of Rockstro and these discussions in his head Butler went down to Shrewsbury to stay with his sisters, and wrote to me :

> 2*nd Aug.* 1895—I am all right, but have said that there was chicory in the coffee (I *should* have said, to be nearer the truth, that there was perhaps some coffee in the chicory) and the development [by Mrs. Bridges] of this ill-selected and unpleasant theme has left me stordito, if that is the word—which I doubt.

After Rockstro's death, feeling that we still wanted some experienced musician to preserve us from committing unpardonable errors in our music, we prevailed upon Mr. Sydney Pearce Waddington to steer us through to the end of *Ulysses*, which he did with great patience and skill.

For the scheme of our oratorio I had used, as I have said above, *The Adventures of Ulysses*, by Charles Lamb, who wrote to Manning 26th February 1808 :

> It is done out of the *Odyssey*, not from the Greek (I would not mislead you), nor yet from Pope's *Odyssey*, but from an older translation of one Chapman. The Shakespeare *Tales* suggested the doing of it.

The reader already knows that Butler's Odyssean studies grew out of the writing and composing of *Ulysses*, which grew out of *Narcissus*, which grew out of his passion for Handel as applied to his financial difficulties. Re-reading the *Odyssey* naturally suggested to him re-reading the *Iliad*, and these two great poems of antiquity equally naturally suggested to him re-reading the works of the greatest poet of modern times. He bought Shakespeare in the Temple edition, and kept the volumes in a light bookcase which he had put up over his bed. Before going to sleep he gradually read through the Plays and began puzzling over the Sonnets. Thus he was led from the *Odyssey* to the Sonnets as Lamb had been led from the Plays to the *Odyssey*. And the

1895 Aet. 59 puzzling over the Sonnets caused him to go to Stratford-on-Avon, just as his puzzling over the *Odyssey* and the *Iliad* had caused him to go to Trapani and Troy.

Butler to Hans Faesch.

9 *Aug.* 1895—I met Jones at Stratford, as arranged, and we called on Shakespeare, but he was not at home. His servants, however, for the modest sum of sixpence, let us go all over his house and, for another sixpence, we saw the Museum in which was his signet ring, "W. S.", which he used to seal with and there was a letter to him with his address on the outside from a gentleman who said he should be very much obliged if Mr. Shakespeare would be kind enough to lend him a little money. When he was born they just entered him as "Guglielmus Filius Joannis Shakespeare April 1564"—but I do not remember the date—and when he died they merely put in the register "April 23 Guglielmus (or William, I forget which) Shakespeare Gent." He was entered just like any common person; and so, of course, he should be; for as "God" to the man who is writing a dictionary is only the word that comes next to "Go-cart," so, to a registrar, a name, a date, and a birth, death or marriage are the limits within which his concern lies.

Then we saw the church with his monument and the stone under which he lies. I send you a little sixpenny book with pictures of the chief things. All the time Jones and I kept saying to one another, "Would not dear Hans like this?" at everything we saw. Then we sat on a bench in front of the river in the churchyard and smoked a cigarette. We asked ourselves whether we would rather bring Shakespeare back to us for an hour or have Hans back for an hour from Singapore; and we settled that, if it was to be only once, we ought to say Shakespeare, because, by waiting, we hope that Hans will come back of himself and, if we did not have Shakespeare then, we could not have him at all; but for the pleasure of the thing we would rather have Hans.

Butler to Mrs. Bovill.

12 *Aug.* 1895—Thank you for your card. I rejoice to hear that you are better. I am rubbing on, but better I am not nor shall be till poor old Dr. B. takes his hands from my throat.

Jones returns this evening and will give me your Sunninghill address.

I am having a learned (so pray don't look for it—it is full of

Greek) polemic in *The Academy* with a Prof. Ridgeway about a passage in the *Iliad*. This too is very bad for me—but I could not help it. 1895 Aet. 59

Writing in Homer

So much turns upon the correct interpretation of the words σήματα λυγρά (*Il.* vi. 168) referred to in Professor Ridgeway's interesting and valuable letter in *The Academy* of July 13, that his, as I believe, mistaken rendering "baleful pictographs" (adopted from Mr. A. J. Evans) should not be allowed to pass unchallenged. The σήματα λυγρά do not refer to the individual characters in which the letter of introduction, or testimonial, was written, but to the letter or testimonial as a whole; they are the σῆμα of l. 178. These σήματα or this σῆμα—plural being used much as we say "letters of introduction," without necessarily implying that there was more than one letter—was a πίναξ πτυκτός, on which were written θυμοφθόρα πολλά. The passage should be rendered: "He gave him treacherous letters of introduction, to which end he wrote much damaging matter on a folding tablet." There is nothing in the passage to indicate that the damaging matter was pictographic rather than alphabetic.

The evidence for a fairly free use of writing in Iliadic times and earlier is derived, not from the words σήματα λυγρά, but from the statement that these σήματα λυγρά consisted of a tablet so folded that none but the intended recipient should read what was written, and were covered with much writing. A better case for pictographic writing might be made from *Il.* vii. 175-189; but nothing very positive can be extracted from this passage.—Samuel Butler, 12 July, 1895.

The foregoing letter appeared in *The Academy* of 20th July 1895 and letters continued to appear week by week until the 31st of August, when Butler wrote giving a reference to Professor Jebb's *Introduction to Homer*, which showed that Jebb took "the common-sense view"; whereupon the correspondence ceased.

In considering the various details of practical life which are mentioned in the *Odyssey* Butler always tried to keep his mind in sympathy with the mind of the authoress, in the hope of discovering what sort of a person she could have been. In the fifth book, after Ulysses has been with Calypso for seven years, Mercury is sent to tell her to let him go home. So, in order that

1895 Aet. 59 he may build himself a raft, she lends him an axe, an adze, and some augers, shows him where the best trees grow, and leaves him to proceed with his work.

> He made the raft as broad as a skilled shipwright makes the beam of a large vessel, and he fixed a deck on top of the ribs and ran a gunwale all round it. He also made a mast with a yard-arm and a rudder to steer with.

This easy generalisation "as broad as a skilled shipwright makes the beam of a large vessel," coupled with the careful explanation that the rudder was to steer with, convinced Butler that the *Odyssey* was not the work of a shipwright; just as the details about the hoggets and the younger lambs of Polyphemus, and his getting milk from his ewes after their lambs had been with them in the day-time "all in due course" (*Odyssey*, ix.) show that it was not written by a shepherd; and just as the statement, in the discarded Introduction to Part II. of *Narcissus*, that the solicitor, who came post-haste to make the will of the aunt, brought with him "the usual necessary things," may be taken as showing that Butler was not a lawyer. The raft, however, got built and was seaworthy enough for Ulysses to make the voyage on it from Calypso's island (Pantellaria) and, notwithstanding Neptune's opposition, to reach Scheria (Trapani). We are told that he "steered towards the Great Bear, which is also called the Wain, keeping it on his left hand, for so Calypso had advised him," and this steering business threatened to give Butler trouble. He did not see how he could be sure of the precise direction taken by Ulysses unless he knew what the Great Bear was doing at that time, which appeared to involve entering into intimate relations with the Precession of the Equinoxes from which he modestly shrank. He was still of the same mind about the stars as he had been when I had referred to them at Varese in 1878, and quite recently had told Biaggini that he knew the sun and the moon but that there his astronomy ended. So he wrote to the authorities at Greenwich, stating his difficulty and asking for information and assistance. The Astronomer Royal,

although, as he said, the investigation of such literary questions was rather outside his province, nevertheless sent a polite reply from which it appeared that if Ulysses had started from Pantellaria about 3000 years ago and followed Calypso's sailing orders, he would have arrived at Trapani (*The Authoress*, p. 182). And this, as it was what Butler wanted for his theory, was entirely satisfactory. 1895 Aet. 59

Butler to Mrs. Bovill.

Aug. 1895—One line to thank you for your very kind letter received the day before yesterday. It is very kind of you to ask me to Sunninghill but I cannot possibly come. I leave home on Mond. Sep. 2 for three weeks and this time I am to take no Homer and no Dr. Butler with me. If that doesn't set me up I shall begin to patch up my old body for one place or the other, but I think it will set me right. I want something, for I do not cross the streets in confidence and I get instinctively as near palings and walls as I can. It's all Homer and Dr. Butler. The shortening the work [Dr. Butler] is going on and I am more than half-way through with it, but it has been a tiresome job. I do not want the Homer—or rather the *Odyssey*—and you can show it anyone you wish to show it to.

I am so glad to hear you say you shall trouble less about society for I know you will be a great deal happier and healthier. "'Ollow" is not a bad enough word for it; it is filled with mephitic gases as well as being "'ollow." I feel like Jesus Christ—when two or three are gathered together I do not mind being in the midst of them, but I do not want to be bothered with more, and those two or three must smoke.

Alfred's baby seems to be going on quite nicely now and I have every hope that it will pull through. Mrs. Cathie (I mean my old Mrs. Cathie, Alfred's aunt) gives it an excellent character for general goodness and amiability, and I can trust her to know and to tell me what she thinks. She is a good old thing. We are now in trouble about the vaccination question in which neither Alfred nor I believe, but I suppose we shall have to submit to it.

If you write while I am away Alfred will forward.

This passage about two or three being gathered together was borrowed from Miss Savage's letter (ante, I. p. 225), but Butler followed the recommendation he gave in his essay "On English Composition" in *The*

1895 Aet. 59 *Eagle* of 1858, and by adding the stipulation that they must smoke, "set out the borrowed capital to interest."

We went to Switzerland and spent three weeks on the S. Gottardo at Wassen, Hospenthal, and Bellinzona. At Wassen we stayed at the Hotel des Alpes, where they had specially good Chianti this year; I suppose we must have drunk it all—at all events it was never so good in the following years. We used to take a bottle with us up the side valley to Meien, where we sketched all day, meeting for luncheon at the fountain in the village. The old priest also came to the fountain to wash his shutters which had been taken down for the summer, and it was now time to bring them out again and replace them for the winter. He had gold rings in his ears, like those in one of the portraits of Shakespeare, and, as he struggled with his shutters and the water, his sottana became disarranged and, like John Pickard Owen and his brother, we discovered that the mass of petticoat which enveloped the holy man from the waist downwards was not all solid priest, but that he had legs as a Christian or an ordinary man has and wore trousers. Butler made a note about it, and we wondered at the time whether the Chianti could have had anything to do with its being such a particularly good note as we both thought it. I have often wanted to refresh my memory of it but, though I have repeatedly looked for it among his papers, I have not yet come across it. Perhaps he destroyed it, as I fear he must have destroyed another note which I remember his making and which also I cannot find. It had nothing to do with Chianti. It was a regret that Handel had nowhere put into music the wind whirling the autumn leaves into spiral eddies along the road.

In the next letter, to Hans Faesch, Butler alludes to the lies he had to tell to get new-laid eggs and the price he had to pay for them on our Sunday walks. Further particulars can be read in *The Note-Books of Samuel Butler* (1912) "New-Laid Eggs" (p. 249). Hans had been present at some of the bargaining and had been much impressed by the masterly way in which Butler introduced the pseudo wife, daughter, or baby for whose benefit the

eggs were said to be required. It was a standing difficulty through the winter and is referred to in other letters. But it did not continue to the end of his life, because about 1898 he lost the desire to eat any more eggs, no matter how fresh. The fatal facility of cooking them had led to his eating them too frequently. 1895 Aet. 59

Butler to Hans Faesch.

15 *Nov.* 1895—I took Alfred to Gadshill last Sunday and yesterday we went a walk to Harrow Weald and paid a visit to Queen Elizabeth. The lies I have to tell to get a new-laid egg now are something awful—and then I only get one or perhaps two and have to pay 2d. apiece for them.

13 *Dec.* 1895—As for the photo of your people which I sent you when I came back from Basel, you say I am not in it; but, you dear person, you are wrong and, as in those stupid puzzles that used to go about a year or two ago when we were told to find the—whatever it might be, so I have half a mind to puzzle you by saying "Find Mr. Butler in your print of your mother and brothers"; but as I hate to puzzle anybody—and especially you—let me say at once that I am underneath your family's laugh, I am inside the smile, for it was at me that they were laughing. They were all as grave as judges, so I made them laugh and thus got myself into the picture.

This photograph had been taken while we were on our way home from Switzerland. Soon after our return Butler received a visit from a Sicilian who was in London and who had been told to call upon him by one of his Trapanese friends. Butler enquired in what way he could help him. The Sicilian wanted to learn English, so Butler gave him half an hour every day. He wrote to another friend at Trapani that his pupil was a delightful person but very stupid and made the same mistakes time after time. When this had been going on for three months the Sicilian borrowed £2. Butler wrote to Trapani:

He will probably repay me the £2 and then a few days afterwards will want to borrow £4. If he repays me the £2 then I will get rid of him at once. If he does not pay me, then I will ask him to do so after a reasonable time and on this I shall probably see no more of him. If he wants to borrow more—that would be best of all, for I could then refuse and show him the door.

1895 Aet. 60 Of course he ought not to have given him the English lessons; but he felt bound to do so because he had received so much hospitality at Trapani and made so many friends there. I forget how it ended; probably the Sicilian did want to borrow more with the predicted result.

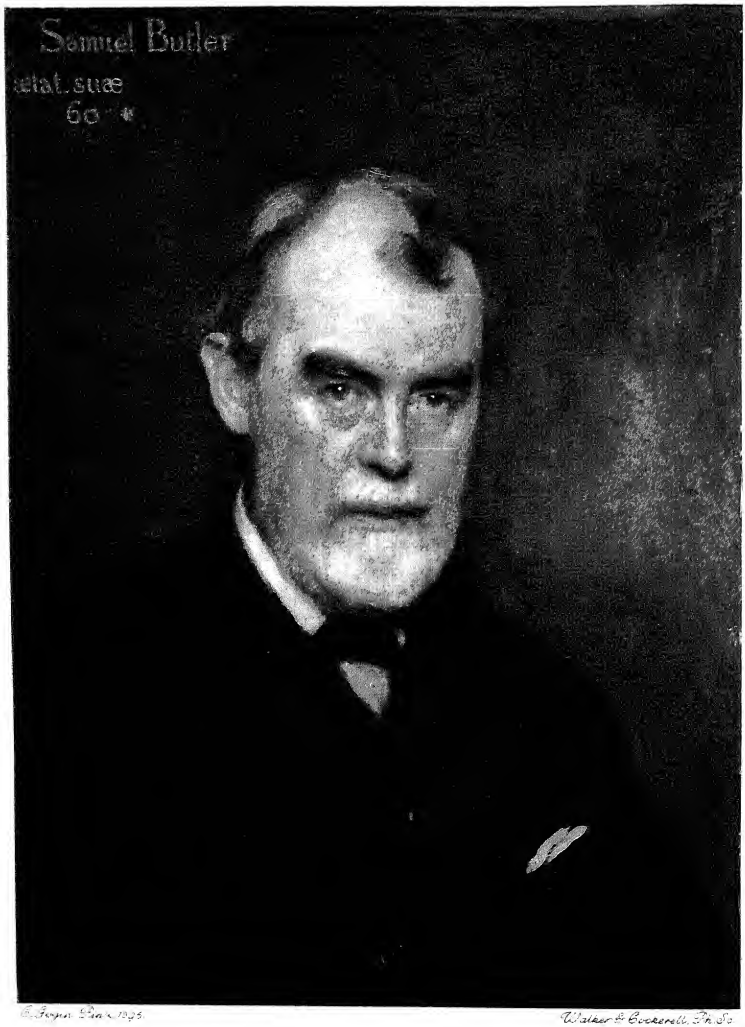
Butler had taken Rockstro's photograph and had given a print to Mr. J. A. Fuller Maitland who, as I have mentioned in a previous chapter, was musical critic for *The Times*, and who had introduced us to Rockstro. The photograph was an unusually successful one and at Fuller Maitland's request Butler lent him the negative so that he might have prints made to give to Rockstro's friends. This led to some correspondence from which I give two extracts:

J. A. Fuller Maitland to Butler.

6 *Dec.* 1895—I'm afraid it would not be any inducement if I offered to arrange, in return, for a performance of *Narcissus* on Handel Festival scale at the Crystal Palace next summer.

Butler to J. A. Fuller Maitland.

7 *Dec.* 1895—I have always been a little piqued with the Devil for never having thought me sufficiently worth catching to bait his hook with a performance of *Narcissus* on however small a scale. For surely he must know that he could in some sort catch me about *Narcissus*.



C. Goyen Pinx. 1895. Walker & Cockerell, Ph. Sc.

Yours S Butler

in the National Portrait Gallery

CHAPTER XXXV

1896

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF DR. SAMUEL BUTLER

1896
Aet. 60

THE improvement in Butler's general health after his journey to Greece and the Troad did not last, and his feet were now becoming painful. Dr. Dudgeon made various suggestions which were followed without success, and the advice of two of the recognised leaders of medical science led to no better result. They thought he might be suffering from gout or neuritis or—half a dozen different things; but his feet remained very painful and as the time drew near for him to go to Sicily in the spring it seemed to me that he ought not to go alone. Hitherto I had not accompanied him for two reasons; first, because he did not like the responsibility of taking me to a country where there might have been risk; and secondly, because there was so much travelling by sea, and I am a bad sailor. But, after he came to know the Sicilians, he saw that the first objection was absurd; and as it was possible to go in the railway down to Reggio, the sea journey need not be more than the 40 minutes' crossing from Reggio to Messina. I told him that I wanted to see all the places and be introduced to all the people I had heard about, knowing that he would enjoy showing them to me; and so it was settled that I was to go.

We left London early in April and went first to Basel, where we saluted the Faesch family with whom we exchanged the information we had received from Hans in his letters from the East, and they showed us the

1896 Aet. 60 photographs he had sent home. Butler had chosen the camera for Hans and when he sent it out wrote :

> What we want most are photos of yourself as big and as sharp as you can get them. The camera I sent you should take a face as big as a shilling—and if you can get it as big as eighteenpence, so much the better.

From Basel we went to Casale where Butler gave a dinner at the Albergo Rosa Rossa to the Avvocato Negri and several of our friends. Then we went to Florence, where we stayed at Isabella's hotel ; she dined with us one evening and Miss Helen Zimmern came to meet her. Another evening we dined with Miss Zimmern and a number of her friends came in. Butler took with him his manuscript translation of the *Odyssey*. He was showing it to Miss Zimmern and to one of the guests, who was a schoolmaster on his way to Rome for Easter, and explaining that he had tried to make it readable, so that it might compete with fairy stories and with tales of adventure, such as *Robinson Crusoe* and *Gulliver's Travels*, and thus find a market among boys. The schoolmaster, glancing at the manuscript, pointed out that schoolboys would never read a book in which there were so few paragraphs ; the page looked repellent. Butler had the habit of not breaking up the pages of his manuscript into paragraphs ; his view was, as he had explained to Rockstro, that it was an author's business to make his meaning clear, and the manner of its presentation, though not to be neglected, was of secondary consequence. But he profited by the schoolmaster's advice and made many more paragraphs when the book was being printed.

This was not the only lesson he received that evening. The other was on a subject more difficult than the attractive displaying of type on a page. It was on the art of understanding women. Most of the other guests were ladies, and the conversation turned upon Stockton's story "The Lady or the Tiger?" Butler had not read it, and they had to tell it to him shortly. The princess and a young man have fallen in love ; he is to be punished by being brought into the arena where he is to open one

of two doors; behind one door is a tiger, behind the other is a lady; if he opens the first, the tiger will come out and eat him; if he opens the second, the lady will come out and marry him; he does not know which is behind which, but the princess is in the secret and is sitting among the audience; he looks to her for a sign and she directs him to open—here the story breaks off, hanging on the query, Which door did she indicate? 1896 Aet. 62

The ladies at Miss Zimmern's all agreed that it was a foolish query because, of course, no woman could bear to see her lover torn to pieces by a tiger; true, no woman could bear to see her lover marry a rival, still it would be the lesser of two evils, and women being by nature tender-hearted she would certainly spare his life. We listened with interest, and felt that we were learning something.

The conversation then turned, as it often does among English people in Florence, upon the Brownings—and what a remarkable pair they were! and what an ideal marriage! One of the ladies remembered that she had once before discussed "The Lady or the Tiger?" in a company which included a lady who knew Mr. Browning slightly. At the request of the others this lady had written to the poet stating the problem and asking what, in his opinion, the princess would have done. Mr. Browning replied on a postcard that the princess would have let out the tiger, and so would any woman; he had no doubt about it. Whereupon the ladies at Miss Zimmern's all agreed that Mr. Browning was right. And they attributed the correctness of his solution of the problem to his consummate knowledge of women, acquired no doubt from that wonderful woman his wife. And so the conversation was left hanging on a query no less perplexing to us than the query of the story, and we were not sure that, after all, we had learnt anything.

From Florence we went through Orvieto to Cortona, where Butler showed me in the Museum the famous Etruscan lamp and also the painting of "La Musa Polinnia," which is reproduced as the frontispiece to *The Authoress*. From Cortona we went to Rome, where

1896 Aet. 60 he showed me the house in which he and his family had stayed in 1843. We saw many of the sights, and ascended the tower of the Capitol, as Dr. Butler had done in 1822.

I could not contemplate from this spot, which commands all the monuments of Antient Rome, without feeling very strong sensations; in short I could not refrain from an actual gush of tears. I stood on the Capitol; on my left was the site of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, etc., etc. (*The Life of Dr. Butler*, I. 227).

Butler intended the "etc., etc.," with which he breaks off the sentence, to cover a smile at the old schoolmaster's "very strong sensations." His own were less unruly; he had no difficulty in refraining from "an actual gush of tears."

Between Rome and Naples we stopped at Frosinone, drove to Alatri, and wondered at the polygonal masonry of the great bastion. All this was doing him good, and as we neared Naples it was delightful to observe the childlike pleasure he took in making me look out for Vesuvius on one side of the carriage while he looked out on the other, in case we might miss the first possible glimpse of it.

"There it is! Come over here. Do you see it? And it's smoking! Do you see the Observatory? I'm so glad it is smoking. I hope we shall see the glow after dark."

Vesuvius was far better than the view from the Capitol. And after dark we did see the glow. We went out into a piazza where there was a statue of Vittorio Emanuele and watched the red-hot lava, until presently, as we turned to go back to the hotel, he said:

"But it's nothing to Etna. It's a mere pocket volcano compared with Etna. Why, Etna is nearly 11,000 feet high and this trumpery little thing is only about 4000. You wait till we get to Reggio."

We had three or four days in Naples to see the usual sights and the house in which he had lodged in 1843, and left the city by driving to Pompeii. Here we went over the ruins, and the same day went, part of the way

by carriage and the rest of the way on horseback, up Vesuvius to a place near the Observatory where was the eruption of which we had seen the glow from Naples. The view over the sea with the islands in the sunset was magnificent and after dark we walked about near the red-hot lava, and brought away two bits of it into which pennies had been imbedded by the guide who carefully piloted Butler about, and addressed him as "Papà." We returned very tired and with our boots full of lava dust to Pompeii, where we slept. 1896 Aet. 60

Next day we went to Salerno and made an excursion to Paestum to see the Temple of Neptune. I was not told that there was anything finer than this; on the contrary, it seemed impossible that there could be anything more imposing; nor could we, by imaginary alterations in its lines or proportions, think of any change that would not spoil it. And we agreed that there was no force in the objection that it ought to have been built of marble, as the Greek temples were, instead of stone. This objection, we thought, touched it no more than an objection to a performance of the *Messiah* that the singers were not of royal descent would touch that work.

We went by train along the coast down to Reggio and saw Etna at last. It was as faultless as the Temple of Neptune. We crossed to Messina and went to Aci Reale, where he introduced me to Mario Puglisi Pico. Then we went to Siracusa and had an interesting conversation at the Museum with Dr. Paolo Orsi about the antiquities of the island (*The Authoress*, pp. 185-6). On our return to Catania we made an excursion for the day to Taormina and tried to find the remains of Naxos about which Orsi had told us; but on this occasion we failed to identify them. We saw Taormina, however, and understood why it is so much extolled.

We then went through the island to Palermo, and he introduced me to Peppino Pagoto who was studying at the University. From Palermo we went to Calatafimi, where Ingroja received us. He hired horses and with Cavaliere Adamo we went to Segesta, where we spent the

1896 Aet. 60 day, and Butler photographed us all, some of us on horseback, with a corner of the Temple as background.

We drove from Calatafimi to Trapani, arriving on the 5th of May. The news of his arrival spread all over the town at once; we had dinner in the midst of a crowd of friends, and afterwards held a kind of levée till bedtime. Next day we drove with Signor Pietro Sugameli to the salt-works of S. Cusumano, and saw the Grotta del Toro and the Grotta di Polifemo. We spent the next day on Mount Eryx, and picnicked on the site of the Temple of Venus.

Before leaving Trapani, Butler took me into the church of S. Maria di Gesù on purpose to show me the inscription and outline picture on the stone over the vault of the coachmen of Trapani. In 1903, when I went to Trapani to give the town the MS. of *The Authoress of the Odyssey*, I revisited the vault, and in my "Diary of a Journey through North Italy to Sicily" (1904), wrote about it:

There was the inscription on one of the stones of the floor:

AURIGAE DREPANENSES
DV̄ VITAE STADIV̄ CURRERĒT
MORTIS TELO CONFOSS . . .
. . . CURSUM COHIB . . .
EXTREMAE TUBAE CLĀGORĒ
EXPECTANTES
ANNO DÑI MDCCXVIII

Some letters are missing from the third and fourth lines; my friend Mr. Arthur Malden, of Salisbury, thinks that, with the contractions written at length, the words probably ran as follows:

Aurigae Drepanenses dum vitae stadium currerent mortis telo confossi hic cursum cohibuerunt extremae tubae clangorem expectantes. ANNO DOMINI MDCCXVIII.

The Trapanese charioteers, while they were running the race of life, struck by the dart of Death, stayed here their course, awaiting the sound of the last trump.

The inscription covers one half of the stone, and on the other half is an outline, pathetic in its incompetence, showing one of the tenants of the vault as he might have been seen in the costume of his period, driving his chariot and pair. . . . Butler, who never

could resist an epitaph, always intended to copy the inscription and the outline but always omitted to do so. 1896 Aet. 60

I was wrong in thinking that he made no copy of the inscription; I have recently found that he did, and he also made a note in which he speaks of

. . . the stone to the Cocchieri di Trapani in S. Maria di Gesù, with a lovely little Lord Mayor's coach and two mules driven by a little Cupid who had come straight down from the Temple of Venus on Mount Eryx.

The difference between his note and mine goes deeper than mere literary skill. On referring to a sketch I made of the outline in 1904, I now see that the driver's costume cannot accurately be said to belong to any period, for he is wearing nothing but a three-cornered hat. Butler recognised him for what, of course, he really is. And yet I might have identified him as well as Butler; for, now I come to think of it, I remember the making of this note and that it was modelled on that passage in *Ex Voto* (p. 35) where he describes our meeting a wild old man at Varallo who had actually seen a murderer beheaded, and we thought he "looked like an executioner broken loose from the Flagellation Chapel on the Sacro Monte."

We went from Trapani to Castelvetrano and Selinunte and saw the ruins, and the quarries at Cusa, where the stones for the temples at Selinunte were excavated. We returned to Palermo and went to Cefalù to see the megalithic walls down by the sea, and the building on the headland which is believed to belong to the Mycenaean period. These are important for Butler's theory because he identified Cefalù with Telepylus, the city of the Laestrygonians.

I may mention that when my friend Mr. H. F. Jones and myself were at Cefalù in the spring of 1896, we met a flock of goats coming into the town to be milked about five in the afternoon, and on our return from a walk we met another flock coming out after having just been milked. These two flocks must have met and the shepherds must have saluted one another as in [*Odyssey*] x. 82, 83, but unfortunately we did not happen to be at their point of meeting. (*The Authoress*, p. 186.)

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Odyssey x. 82–86.

(*From "The Odyssey Rendered into English Prose" by S. Butler*)

Telepylus the city of the Laestrygonians, where the shepherd who is driving in his sheep and goats [to be milked] salutes him who is driving out his flock [to feed after having been milked] and this last answers the salute. In that country a man who could do without sleep might earn double wages, one as a herdsman of cattle and another as a shepherd, for they work much the same by night as they do by day.

This is the prehistoric joke about the Laestrygonian man who could earn double wages if he could do without sleep, referred to by Butler in his letter to me of 30th August 1892 (ante, p. 146). We were told that the goats were driven into Cefalù to be milked from 6 till 8 in the morning and again from 5 till 7 in the evening; and this was the only town known to our informant where they were so driven and milked, and where fresh milk could be obtained twice a day, and therefore the only town where a sleepless man could earn double wages. In most Sicilian towns there was, in 1896, no evening supply; you had to take your milk when the goats passed in the morning or wait till to-morrow. No doubt, as Butler says in *The Authoress*, fresh milk could have been obtained in the evening in Palermo, Messina, or Catania, but it would not have been the usual thing. Even in Rome our landlord told us that it would be an exceptional thing for the goats to come to be milked in the evening.

We left Sicily by crossing in the boat from Messina to Reggio and then went by train to Salerno whence we made an excursion to Paestum and spent another "day with the Temple of Neptune." Then we went through Rome and Pisa to Genoa, where we separated, I going to Nice to see my mother, and Butler, after calling at Casale-Monferrato, going to Lucerne to meet Alfred. For, notwithstanding the commutation of Alfred's Whitsuntide outings, and notwithstanding the wife and children, it was felt that he ought to be able to say that he had been in Italy—or rather that Butler ought to be able to say it

for him. So Alfred travelled all by himself and with no adventures to Lucerne, where he met Butler, who took him through the S. Gottardo to Lugano, Porlezza, S. Salvatore, Luino, Locarno, back to Lucerne, up the Bürgenstock and home via Basel. 1896 Aet. 60

Butler to Hans Faesch.

30 *June* 1896—I have to start for Shrewsbury to the annual speech festivities and I know I shall have no chance of writing before Friday unless I do so now. Gogin is painting my portrait and is doing it very well. I went down to Shoreham and sat to him Saturday and Sunday and I shall have to go several times more. He is to paint Jones and he talks of painting himself. I have finished my *Life of Dr. Butler* and have corrected the index so that I have nothing whatever to do more. Now I have about three or four months' work at the [translations of the] *Iliad* and *Odyssey* and then these also will be ready for press, so now I am able to get to the music for *Ulysses* and am at work upon a chorus for it which I find very difficult. I wish I had not to go to Shrewsbury; I am always happier at home and at the British Museum than anywhere else. Here we are full of Dr. Jameson's trial, the wreck of the *Drummond Castle*, the all-night sitting of the House of Commons, and all the usual things.

Gogin's portrait of Butler is now in the National Portrait Gallery. A reproduction of it, made by our friend Mr. Emery Walker, is at the opening of this chapter. Years after the picture was painted Gogin wrote to me about it:

Charles Gogin to H. F. Jones.

19 *Feb.* 1910—How time flies! I can hardly believe it is nearly fourteen years since Butler's portrait was painted at Shoreham. How well I remember the hot summer and the weekly (and I am afraid also weakly) struggling in the morning with S. B. to get him to save up his complexion for the afternoon sitting. But no, he must take his walk, and for that he chose the beach! At all times his face was not pale; still it was very paintable. However, there he was, impossible to be copied, a flaming deep red; and there was nothing for it but to "cook" the colour to any extent.

Hans Faesch to Butler.

1896 Aet. 60 10 *July* 1896—I do about the same as we used to do in England, only it all goes by boat and with a gun; without, it would not do. I also have cucumbers and onions and we eat with Chinese sticks; this is very difficult in the beginning but very handy if anybody is used to it.

By this time Hans had moved from Singapore to Saigon. He called his boat the *Samuel Butler* and had a Swiss flag. There are, of course, many letters from him, but they contain little that bears upon Butler's life. The onions were pickled onions and we found them refreshing when getting our lunch on our Sunday walks. Butler used to recommend every one to take them when going on a picnic.

Butler to Hans Faesch.

31 *July* 1896—Never mind about De Galembert's being a Roman Catholic if he is a good fellow otherwise. It is a great thing that you should have anyone at all whom you can make a friend of. I hate all that rubbish, whether Catholic or Protestant, more and more the older I grow and, so far from becoming indifferent to it, the sense of the harm it does in a thousand ways and of its utter unworthiness impresses me more and more continually. I loathe it. But, at the same time, I think we oppose it more effectually by treating it with silent contempt than by arguing about it. In fact I am not sure that the best way of dealing with those who are on the other side is not to pretend to agree with them a little more than one really does rather than to argue with them. The more they see us anxious to get them to think as we do the more they will stick to their own opinion. It piques them far more and makes them far more uneasy if we make them see that we do not care one straw what they think. This makes them suppose that we must feel strongly enough not to want their support and the more they think this the more of their support will they give us. It is always a sign of weakness —Gracious heavens! how I am running on and telling you things you know already a hundred times better than I do. Forgive me and set it down to old age.

I forgot to say that at the Shrewsbury speeches Jebb, Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge, was there. He is supposed to be a great authority on Homer. I was at the high table, only

two places off him. The headmaster in his speech called attention to my presence and was highly complimentary about me, but Jebb never opened his lips and this was, I do not doubt, intended as a slight. I shall get over it. 1896 Aet. 60

Butler to R. H. Hobart Cust.

15 *Aug.* 1896—Your very kind letter of Aug. 6 from Milan only reached me yesterday, having gone from Trübner's to Longman's before it was sent to my address. I thank you for it, and for the encouragement which it affords me. I may, however, take this opportunity of putting you on your guard against some of the many mistakes which have been found in *Ex Voto*, and which I fear are never likely to be corrected in a second edition.

1. I had a fine fit of admiration of the statues in the vaulting of the Paradiso chapel [at Crea] and ascribed them (as they were then generally ascribed) to Tabachetti. It is certain that he never did one of them, but that all are by the painter Moncalvo.

This comes of going to such places in dull January foggy weather, alone, and under a preconceived idea; on looking at the figures later I was a good deal ashamed of myself.

2. Caccia's book, or rather pamphlet guide, published in 1586, of which there is a copy in the Biblioteca Ambrosiana, describes what I took to be Tabachetti's chapel as then finished. I think anyone seeing the description and the actual chapel would think that the one was intended for the other; other chapels are also described in Caccia which I did not doubt were those at present existing. Unfortunately last year the original contract with Tabachetti was discovered by my friend Cavaliere Negri at Casale and it is dated Ap. 1599, and this upsets my chronology very seriously.

Cavaliere Negri and I are now quite agreed that instead of going from Varallo to Crea, as has been hitherto believed, Tabachetti went first to Crea about 1590 (where his brother Nicola Tabachetti also worked) and went thence to Varallo doing all his work there between 1598 and the year of his death, which Cav. Negri has ascertained to be 1615. He probably died at Varallo.

Caccia did what I have since found done even to a greater extent in later guide-books: as soon as he knew that it was intended to make a chapel he described it as made. In some guide-books to the Sacro Monte of Varallo which may be seen in the Biblioteca Nazionale at the Brera, illustrations are given of chapels which are described as made, but which to this day have never been even begun.

All my pretty argument, therefore, about the Saas chapels falls to pieces, so far as the support I claimed from ascertainable

1896 Aet. 60 chronology is concerned. Still there is an influence of Tabachetti about those chapels which requires explaining. If you have not seen them you might care to do so. They are very rough, rude, and common in execution ; but, as I have said elsewhere, Tabachetti's work at Varallo seems to have been present to the mind of the designer, while no other work at Varallo is in evidence.

Did you ever see a work of a very different kind in the church of Sta. Anna at Gliss near Brieg ? A recumbent figure in wood, stained, with much accessory work dated 1517 or 1519 or thereabouts. If you have not, it will be worth your while to do so on the next opportunity that presents itself.

About six months later, early in 1897, Butler wrote another letter, similar to the foregoing, pointing out the mistakes in *Ex Voto* to the Rev. F. C. Fisher of Gainsborough who had written to borrow photographs of the statues on the Sacro Monte at Varallo which he wanted to illustrate a lecture he was proposing to give. In thanking Butler for his letter Mr. Fisher admired "the readiness (not common in authors) with which you not only acknowledge such errors as you could scarcely avoid making in your very interesting book, but even announce them gratuitously to strangers."

Butler had given a copy of *Narcissus* to Ingroja, who was to get some musical friends to go through it. Ingroja had studied English and wrote :

Cavaliere Biagio Ingroja to Butler.

13 *Sep.* 1896—The musical whole evening in your honour was solemnised at Palermo at house of my dear friend the Commendatore Professor Sirena. The *Narcissus* was plaied on violin and piano and the elect auditory did like it very much, and unanimously judged it a very pretty musical work in sweet pastoral style, suited to the subject, and overfull with wealthy and learned harmony.

We went to Wassen again this autumn and sketched there and up the Meien Valley. On our way home we stayed in Basel and saw the Faesch family, including Hans's younger brother, Remi (Remigius). Butler wrote to Hans about him saying how much we liked him ; the opening of the next letter is about Remi.

Butler to Hans Faesch.

22 *Sep.* 1896—We are delighted with him and feel sure that he will do well. No, I don't agree with you. I do not want him to have more of the teaching of adversity than can be helped. Of course adversity has *some* teaching, but it is a clumsy roundabout way of arriving at a result that can be got better by prosperity. However, as adversity is sure to come sooner or later, let us hope that it may do him an awful lot of good when it does come. Anyhow we are very much pleased with him and the sooner he comes to London the better we shall like it. 1896 Aet. 60

Then we went on to Amiens to see the cathedral there, but I did not much like it. There are some lovely painted sculptures round the choir. It seems S. Firmin (I think that was his name) came to convert the people of Amiens, and Faustinien, the pagan governor, comes to the gate of the town to receive him with great pomp, and the saint converts him. In the next group we see all Amiens taking off its clothes and coming to be baptised. Then the good Christian governor, Faustinien, seems to be replaced by a terribly wicked wretch who puts S. Firmin into prison, and finally they cut off his head. And so things seem to have jogged on for a good many years till a certain S. Salve discovers that Amiens can never become really good and happy till they have found the body of S. Firmin. He accordingly prays God to tell them where it is lying, for no one had put up any tombstone; and one day, as S. Salve was performing mass, God sent a star which conducted the saint to the place where the body lay. Then they dug it up, and it is quite fresh and has all its bishop's robes on as though it had just come from the wash—and it does heal such a lot of people.

Here we are all full of the dynamite conspiracy, Constantinople, and the Soudan. It will take wiser heads than ours to say how it is all going to end, but I never remember to have seen things look so threatening since the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny.

Among Butler's papers I find a note that Mr. Fisher Unwin called upon him at the beginning of October 1896 and, in the course of conversation, asked him what he was doing. "I said I had my book about the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* to do first, but that, when that was done, I had often thought of writing *Erewhon Revisited*." Nothing turns upon this interview and note, but it is interesting as being the first mention I have found of a definite intention to write a sequel to *Erewhon*.

1896 Aet. 60 On the 2nd October we received the first copy of *The Life and Letters of Dr. Samuel Butler, Head-Master of Shrewsbury School, 1798–1836, and afterwards Bishop of Lichfield, in so far as they illustrate the Scholastic, Religious, and Social Life of England, 1790–1840.*

The writing of Dr. Butler's *Life* involved much correspondence and many visits to Shrewsbury, Eton, Harrow, Rugby and many other places to see surviving pupils of Dr. Butler, old people of Shrewsbury who remembered the headmaster, and relatives of the family and of the families of pupils and friends. Butler took a pleasure in giving his grandfather's letters and papers to those who were interested in possessing them. He gave some to the Schools at Shrewsbury, some to St. John's College, Cambridge, some to Rugby School, some to the Vaughan Library at Harrow, some to friends who specially cared to have them, and all that were over to the British Museum. And in 1897 he gave the MS. of his book to the Shrewsbury Free Library.

The points that interested him particularly in the *Life* were the correspondence with Baron Merian, the letters of Tillbrook, Dr. Butler's *Aeschylus*, and the two extraordinary stories of The Fortunate Youth and The Mystery of Owen Parfitt. Beyond all these, however, he was interested in the character of Dr. Butler and the strained and, one would have thought, impossible relations that for thirty-seven years subsisted between him and his second master, Jeudwine, as to which something has already been said (ante, I. p. 9). Let me here quote from the *Life* (I. 42) a sentence referring to Jeudwine :

> Even though Dr. Butler had not changed the face of public school education from one end of England to the other ; though he had never created a great school and turned out a brilliant band of scholars, the foremost of whom, no doubt, in some respects surpassed himself ; even though he had done nothing but command his temper so admirably for so many years, I should still have thought no pains I could bestow upon his memory so great as that memory deserved.

The Rev. S. Tillbrook, whose letters are among the best in the book, married late, and his daughter was a posthumous

child. She married Thomas Frederic Inman, a solicitor of Bath. Mrs. Inman saw Butler's book and got into communication with him through Mr. Murray. Soon after this I was staying at Bath with my friend, Dr. King Martyn, and found that he knew Mr. and Mrs. Inman. Butler came down to Bath from Saturday to Monday while I was there, and Dr. Martyn took us to call on them. Although her father was a contemporary of Dr. Butler, Mrs. Inman was not many years older than Butler, and was much affected to see and speak with one who, if he had not and could not have known Mr. Tillbrook, was nevertheless familiar with his character from his letters. 1896 Aet. 60

After Mrs. Inman's death, her son, Mr. Arnold Inman, lent me two letters written by Dr. Butler to Mr. Tillbrook which are here reproduced. The reader should be reminded that both Dr. Butler and Mr. Tillbrook were devoted to fishing. The first has no postmark. Apparently it was sent by hand, Dr. Butler being at Lowood "in this neighbourhood."

I

[Address]

THE REV. S. TILLBROOK,
W. WORDSWORTH'S ESQ.,
RYDAL HEAD.

Come Bacchus
Thou Jack-ass[1]
Bring bottle and glass
We're on gallop
To Salop
Self, wife, lad and lass.

Trout-killer
Maw-filler
Old Isaac's old son
Mutton-eater
Escheator
Of stray Joke and pun—

Water-hater
Piscator
And poacher at times
Jack-catcher
And snatcher
Of comical rhymes—

Come sidle
From Rydal
At Lowood to stay
This night
We invite
Lest we go the next day.

S. B.

Tuesday 24 *July*, 1821.

[1] Used not as a term of reproach but endearment. Vide "P-t-r B-ll." Great poetical *indulgences* are allowed in this neighbourhood. [Note by Dr. Butler.]

II

1896 Aet. 60 [Postmark] SHREWSBURY. 7 Se 7. 1816. 1630.

[Address] THE REV. S. TILLBROOK,
RYDAL. AMBLESIDE. WESTMORELAND.

Poet, pike-fisher, farmer, lakist, quixote or by whatever polyonymia you be invoked, tell me only one thing; did you receive my answer to your letter?

If you are too proud, too lazy, too sulky, too busy
Like a poet with a fine phrensy rolling in his eye,
Like a pike-fisher with his rod, like a farmer with his plough,
Like a lakist in his boat, or like quixote I can't tell how;
If you're proud that you're a landholder and own Ivy cottage,
If you're lazy and in consequence are driv'ling into dotage,
If you're sulky because you're an old bachelor and fusty,
If you're busy and so my letter makes you crusty

Reply—reply—reply—reply—
Or I won't keep the vacancy.

The above, which, with the exception of one blot upon the word "makes," is, or rather at the time I made it was, an extempore dithyrambic is to *prove* to you that "anch' io son poeta."

Now I have told you enough for your ἀγχίνοια and so, lest I should be too agreeable, I here end my evocation and invocation.—Yours truly,

S. B.

SHREWSBURY, *Sept.* 7. 1816.

I think Butler would have given these two letters in the *Life* of his grandfather if he had known of their existence. In *Ex Voto* (p. 34) he gives some rhyming entries from the visitors' book of one of the inns at Varallo and adds:

It is a pity the art of writing such pleasing little poems should be now so generally neglected in favour of more ambitious compositions. Whatever brevity may be as regards wit, it is certainly the soul of all agreeable poetry.

This, of course, was written before he made his discoveries about the authoress of the *Odyssey*, a poem which cannot be called brief. Readers will remember that in *The Way of All Flesh* (chap. xliv.) there is a stanza which was composed by one of Ernest's schoolfellows:

The dogs of the monks of St. Bernard go 1896
To pick little children out of the snow, Aet. 60
And round their necks is the cordial gin
Tied with a little bit of bob-bin.

The last line has to be read with the stress on the "of"; Ernest did not quite like it and tried to mend it, but couldn't. Butler found among his grandfather's papers another stanza which wanted no mending:

The wicked, lurking robber, when
The harmless traveller passes his den,
Lays hold of him fast by the tail of his coat
And robs his money and cuts his throat.

We know that the stanza about the St. Bernard dogs was turned into Alcaics at Roughborough (ante, p. 156), otherwise it might have perished. It is possible that the other owed its preservation to its having also been the subject of translation. The ballad of "Wednesbury Cocking" would not have been dug up again if Garnett had not wanted to get hold of the poem in Greek hexameters (ante, I. 348). And thus we see how he who cultivates the classics may become vates sacer to him who throws off fugitive verses.

Butler received many letters about his book, all very flattering. He was best pleased with those that showed sympathy with Dr. Butler and made him feel that he had succeeded in rescuing his grandfather from oblivion, and in restoring him to something like his proper place in the history of public-school education. Among those who wrote were Dr. Mandell Creighton, Mr. Garnett, and Professor J. E. B. Mayor. Lord Grimthorpe not only wrote, he also made notes and sent them to Butler to be used in a second edition, and invited him to come to tea and talk them over. Butler went and they spent the afternoon together and often saw each other afterwards. They had met forty-five years before when Butler was a boy of fifteen and Lord Grimthorpe was on a visit to the vicar of Meole Brace, near Shrewsbury. Lord Grimthorpe was so particularly interested partly because he had himself in 1868 published the life of his father-in-law, John Lonsdale (1777-1867), who was consecrated Bishop of Lichfield in 1843.

Butler to Hans Faesch.

1896 Aet. 60 23 *Oct.* 1896—I think I may say that it [*The Life and Letters of Dr. Butler*] has been very well received in the quarters where I can alone expect people to be interested in the book at all. It is addressed chiefly to headmasters of public schools, fellows of colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, and the academic world in general. We are all very much gratified by the reception the book has met with.

This evening I shall finish my final revision of the *Iliad* which will then be ready for the press at any moment. Jones is reading it and seems to like it very much. I have still got twelve books of the *Odyssey* to revise, but this will not be a long job. Then will come the difficult part—I mean the getting a publisher to take the book.

Butler to Remi Faesch.

15 *Nov.* 1896—And now to answer your question as to how I spend my day. I get up about 7 and immediately, in my night-shirt, go into my sitting-room and light my fire. I put the kettle on and set some dry sticks under it so that it soon heats enough to give me warm water for my bath. At 8 I make my tea and cook my breakfast—eggs and bacon, sausages, a chop, a bit of fish or whatever it may be, and by 8.30 I have done my breakfast and cleared it all away.

Then I read the *Times* newspaper which takes me about 40-45 minutes. At 9.15 I do whatever little bit of work I can till Alfred comes at 9.30 and tells me all about the babies and whatever else interests him. We arrange what he is to do for the morning and I get away to the British Museum as quickly as I can; I am there always about 10.15-10.30, according as I have any marketing to do or no.

I work at the Museum till 1, still at my Homer which is done now, all but about eight days' work. Then I go out and dine either at home or at a restaurant, but I never have more than one plate of meat and vegetables and no soup or sweets. I find the less I eat the better for me. Alfred and I generally waste half an hour or so till about 2.30 or 3, settling this, that, or the other.

From 3 till 5 or 5.30 I write letters or work at home while Alfred typewrites for me, either my Homer or notes for my commonplace book or whatever it may be, and at 4 we always have a cup of tea together.

At 5.30 I have my real tea which consists generally of a bit

of fish and bread and butter and after that I may smoke. I may smoke after 4, if anyone comes or if I have to go calling anywhere, but never otherwise. 1896 Aet. 60

From 6–8 I am alone and quiet, and at present I still go on with my Homer, but in a little while I hope to be able to get to my music again and finish my very difficult chorus which I have long put on one side while completing my Homer. The words are:

"Now let your trumpets pointing heavenward blow
Till Jove the mighty music hears
And, laughing, bends his head to see
How that which was still is and still shall be,
How right triumphant in the end appears,
How Time's avenging hand
Descends at angry heaven's command,
And baffled might lies low."

This winds up the oratorio after Ulysses has killed the suitors.

Very well. At 8 I almost always go to Jones's, unless he comes to me; or we go out to a concert or theatre together, unless either of us has to go out to dinner. At 9.30 I leave him, come home, have some bread and milk, play two games of patience, smoke a cigarette and go to bed about 11. In bed I always read a scene or two of one of Shakespeare's plays till I find myself dropping off to sleep and then good-night.

There! that is my normal day; but on Sundays and Thursdays I go out for the day, and before I go I fill the coal-scuttle and fetch up water and trim and fill the lamp, etc., because my laundress, the good old woman who makes my bed and cooks for me when I am dining at home, will not have Alfred to help her. Jones goes out with me on Sundays and Alfred comes with me on Thursdays; on Sundays he [Alfred] does not come at all [to Clifford's Inn].

Then there are also exceptions when I have to go and waste my afternoon paying calls; but my normal day is pretty much the same always, and I assure you it is a very happy one. Alfred is to me half son, half nurse, always very dear friend and playmate rather than work-fellow—in fact he is and has been for the last ten years my right-hand; while in Jones I have a friend the like of whom I shall never see again if anything were to happen to him—which Heaven avert.

Now I think I have answered your question, you dear, good fellow so fully that you shall not be able to say that I am "ferm" any longer.

1896 Aet. 60 After Butler's death in 1902 I wrote a memoir of him which appeared in *The Eagle*, Dec. 1902, and was revised and prefixed to *The Humour of Homer* (1913). In that memoir as originally written is an account of a day in Butler's life which I composed in collaboration with Alfred. It differs in essentials only very slightly from the account written by Butler in this letter to Remi Faesch, of which I knew nothing at the time. Butler may have told me in 1896 that he had written it, but if he had shown me the letter I should not have forgotten it.

The marketing that he did on his way to the Museum was ordering his meat from a butcher in Fetter Lane. He used to laugh and say he must be of a very forgiving disposition to go on dealing with this butcher when there were plenty of others in the neighbourhood. The name painted over the shop was Darwin.

Sometimes he bought cooked meat, twopence-halfpennyworth of round, at the ham and beef shop in Fetter Lane kept by Mrs. French. He once got talking to Mrs. French about art. He told her that he was a painter, and when he said he had exhibited his work she rather sniffed and said she did not "hold with the pictures in the National Gallery."

On the three days of the week that he dined in Clifford's Inn, Pauli used to come over from his chambers in Lincoln's Inn and lunch with him; and that was why he had to order his meat and have his lunch at home, instead of in a restaurant. In New Zealand, and for some years after he had settled in London, he used to smoke a great deal, but, believing it to be bad for him, he took to cigarettes, instead of pipes, and gradually smoked less and less till he reduced the number to seven a day; he made it a rule not to begin before some particular hour which he gradually pushed later and later.

The chorus "Now let your trumpets" is the final chorus in *Ulysses*, and the words from "How right triumphant" to the end are set to music on a ground-bass. This gave a great deal of trouble and he used to say to Rockstro:

"In this ground-bass chorus I intend to put forth all my weakness." 1896 Aet. 61

When any one expostulated with him about cooking his own breakfast and fetching his own water, he replied that it was good for him to have a change of occupation; this was partly the fact, but the real reason, which he could not tell every one, was that he shrank from inconveniencing anybody; he always paid more than was necessary when anything was done for him and was not happy then unless he did some of the work himself.

Butler to Hans Faesch.

20 *Nov.* 1896—The reception of my *Life of Dr. Butler* continues most favourable, so far as the critics and reviews go; but I shall have to sell a good many more copies than I am likely to get rid of before I clear my expenses. That, however, is a matter of less importance; the great thing is that the book should be approved of.

I think I told you that the Queen has been graciously pleased to desire that her best thanks should be conveyed to me. The Master and Fellows of St. John's College, Cambridge, have also been pleased to pass a special vote of thanks to me for the copy I sent them. Mr. Gladstone sent me a postcard of which I enclose a copy; I do not want it again. The old gentleman evidently liked the book.

Mr. Gladstone's postcard (26th October 1896) refers to one of Dr. Butler's triumphs (*Life of Dr. Butler*, I. 252). In 1831 a boy in the sixth form at Shrewsbury, in jacket and turn-down collar, went up to Oxford and took the Ireland scholarship against the whole university. Mr. Gladstone wrote: "Mr. Brancker beat Dean Scott along with me. As solamina victis the University gave each of us two a handsome set of books." And as a consequence it was said that Oxford changed her regulations so as to protect her alumni from being beaten by schoolboys; but Butler did not verify this statement.

Butler to Hans Faesch.

17 *Dec.* 1896—I have had rather a disappointment in Murray (the publisher of *Dr. Butler*) refusing to publish my translations

1896 Aet. 61 of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* at his own risk. He says he has felt the pulse of the booksellers and they do not think the public would buy them; so, having got them ready for press, I have tied them up in a parcel and am just beginning a popular book about the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* generally. Murray thinks that if I do this I shall have a better chance with my translations.

To-day Alfred and I have been for a walk from Harrow to Wembley and Kingsbury. We always go out on a Thursday but it was very cold and foggy with a thick white frost hanging from the trees and all over the grass. The lies I have to tell now to get even three or four new-laid eggs are something awful and then I have to pay twopence apiece for them. I shall be so glad when the shortest day is over.

You will have seen all about the [Brighton] chain pier's tumbling down. Was it not spiteful of it to immediately go and attack the other pier and break it in two with the wreckage which it sent against it? And then they say that the inorganic world has no intelligence! You will also see in the papers all about the earthquake. We felt nothing of it in London, though it seems it was felt by some few. It seems to have been worst in the Midland counties.

Butler to S. H. Burbury, F.R.S.

Dec. 20th, 1896—I quite admit the force of your argument that a writer will not make his work flatly contradict the experience of his hearers, but I do not think the introduction of Cyclopes and Laestrygonians into Sicily does this.

According to my view, which I base entirely on Thuc. vi. 2 as the most reliable source I can get, there were, say about B.C. 1000, several races on the Lilybœan promontory, or rather on Mt. Eryx and its neighbourhood.

There were the Sicans, who had been there from time immemorial and who seem to have been at one time the main possessors of the island.

Before them, according to the same writer, the Cyclopes and the Laestrygonians were a still earlier race; but Thucydides says he can tell nothing about them and regards the Sicans, who he tells us came originally from Spain, as the earliest historic inhabitants.

Now, according to me, the Cyclopes and Laestrygonians are none other than the Sicans themselves to whom the writer of the *Odyssey* gave these names; and the reason why Thuc. could say nothing about them is because they never existed except in a work of fiction.

I imagine the writer of the *Odyssey* to have belonged to the

Asiatic colonists who migrated to this part of Sicily from the Troad and were joined by certain Phocaeans (*not* Phocians) see pp. 5, 6 of my second Italian pamphlet.[1] The writer of the *Odyssey* belonged to this Phocaean body, who, no doubt, brought the *Iliad* with them. She hates her own countrymen, the episode of Proteus being, I do not doubt, introduced solely to insult them: 1896 Aet. 61

Τεῖρε γὰρ αἰνῶς
φωκάων[2] ἁλιοτρεφέων ὀλοώτατος ὀδμή.
[φωκηων]
τίς γάρ κ' εἰναλίῳ παρὰ κήτεϊ κοιμηθείη;
Od. iv. 441-443.

This must be connected with *Od.* vi. 275, etc. where Nausicaa describes how her countrymen blamed her for turning up her nose at them and not marrying one of them.

This last may be too speculative—cut it out, then, and let me begin again. The writer according to me belonged to this Phocaean body, and she has peopled her own neighbourhood mainly with the ordinary men and women whom we meet with in Scheria and Ithaca; over and above these, however, there were the remnant of the old Sicans who had been routed in the time of Nausicaa's great-grandfather (*Od.* vii. 56, etc.) and who were called Giants on account of the gigantic stones with which their walls were built—stones which still remain in situ both at Eryx and at Cefalù: see illustration in my second Italian pamphlet.

The dislike between the two races, the Asiatic and Sican, was very great. It still exists. The people on the top of Mt. Eryx and the people of Trapani hate one another, hence the poetess introduces them as savage monsters.

Pray ask Mr. Powers to give me back my pamphlets unless he really wants them. If he wants them for serious study by all means let him keep them.

I am afraid I have not made myself very clear, but will endeavour to be clearer in the book which I am about writing.

Butler to S. H. Burbury, F.R.S.

Dec. 22, 1896.—If you were not confined to the house with a cold, which I am sorry to learn has not left you, I should hardly

[1] The Italian pamphlets referred to in these letters to Burbury are enumerated in the Bibliography printed at the beginning of this Memoir. The substance of them was incorporated in *The Authoress of the Odyssey*.

[2] Under *φωκάων*, which is the word in the text, Butler has written in square brackets *φωκηων*. Cf. *The Authoress*, pp. 219-220.

1896 Aet. 61 venture to trouble you further with my speculations; as it is, however, I will chance one more letter before I start for my Xmas outing to-morrow.

You say, "I do not see that any of the nautical prodigies . . . necessarily took place in or near Sicily except the Cattle of the Sun."

I will not argue this point, but should wish to place on record that I differ from you in toto. If I did not find myself inexorably driven to conclude: 1. that the *Odyssey* deals invariably with actual places; and 2. that those places are on the coast, or on islands adjacent to the coast of Sicily, I should never have ventured to say what I have said. Having turned the question over and over in my mind and attempted many a different answer to it, I have found myself easily beaten off from all others, while the answer that I have settled down to gives me satisfaction—rightly or wrongly—and quiets me. I say this in spite of the profound respect I have alike for your scholarship and acumen, but I should not venture to do so if I had not focussed my attention on the *Odyssey* for the last six years in a way that I question whether anyone else has had the leisure or inclination to do.

You say that "all the story from Circe's island onwards" seems to you to be "a yarn spun by some old salt to the writer of the *Odyssey*." I agree with you so far as this, that the writer got her information about everything beyond the island of Aeolus (which in clear weather is visible from Mt. Eryx) to the Cattle of the Sun from Trapanese sailors; and as regards the Wandering Rocks her information is obviously missing. Twice does she scuttle over them in a way that makes it clear that she does not know where to place them. Pantellaria, which I make the island of Calypso—guided thereto by the sailing instructions given by Calypso to Ulysses—is also sometimes, though rarely, visible from Mt. Eryx. But I differ from you inasmuch as I am convinced that the writer went to the sailors for definite information about certain points which she meant to introduce, instead of merely taking sailors' stories told to her at random. But I will not argue this point either.

That there was an element of burlesque about the inception of the poem I do not doubt, and have insisted on it somewhat fully in my [pamphlet on the] Trapanese Origin (preface p. 18) but this had dropped off by the end of Bk. viii. and in the voyages of Ulysses I think she is only piling it on.

I am sure you will not press πλωτῇ (*Od.* x. 3) to be a moveable island—any more than you would the θοῇσιν of xv. 299. Πλωτῇ only means an island that seems to float upon the waters. It does not move or appear to do so during the month Ulysses stayed there—nor yet during his voyage to Ithaca and back.

And now for your two questions. You ask me how I explain [x. 86] ἐγγὺς γὰρ νυκτός τε καὶ ἤματός εἰσι κέλευθοι (I got the accents out of the book)—I translate: "For the ways of the night and of the day are near to one another" and I take the passage to mean simply that the people in that place work much the same by night as they do by day—a piling-it-on way of saying "they are very hard-working people." 1896 Aet. 61

The ἀντολαὶ Ἠελίοιο [xii. 4] (accents from the book), I take to mean simply this: "We left the dark sunless land of the Cimmerians and the regions of the dead and returned to places where there is dawn and sunrise as in other places."

There! Liberavi animam meam. I am just beginning my book in which I deal fully with all these matters and your letters have been of great use to me as showing me the sort of objection that I shall have to meet.

All in my mind turns on the question whether both Scheria and Ithaca can be so identified with Trapani as to leave no reasonable doubt that the writer was drawing both places from Trapani and its immediate neighbourhood. If I fail here I fail altogether, but it seems to me that the amount of evidence I can adduce is conclusive.

CHAPTER XXXVI

1897—Part I

THE AUTHORESS OF THE ODYSSEY

1897 Aet. 61 The "popular book about the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* generally," referred to in Butler's letter to Hans Faesch of 17th December 1896, was Butler's chief occupation now, and appeared as *The Authoress of the Odyssey* later in the year. He wrote to Hans, 14th January 1897, that he had begun it and also that Queen Elizabeth at Harrow Weald was dead. "I got 9 new-laid eggs to-day without having to tell a single lie. The hens are beginning to lay again."

In March 1897, Butler received from Mr. W. E. Heitland of St. John's College, Cambridge, who had been at school at Shrewsbury and remembered Butler's aunt, Mrs. Lloyd at the Whitehall, two or three copies of *The Eagle* containing a review by him of *The Life and Letters of Dr. Samuel Butler.*

Butler to Mr. W. E. Heitland.

19 *March* 1897—I received your very kind present and letter last night and thank you very cordially for the review of my book, which I may say quite truly is the most gratifying that any book of mine has yet met with, if for no other reason yet for this, that it convinces me I have done that which it was my most earnest desire to do—*i.e.* show Dr. Butler in his true colours and attract my readers to him as he assuredly—and his friends—attracted me to himself.

Take old Lord Grimthorpe who is not a very easy man to please—he said to me the other day:

"What made you set about that book?" 1897

I answered that I had found the character fascinate me. To Aet. 61 which he replied:

"Well, to say the truth so it did me."

If such men as yourself, Professor Mayor, Lord Grimthorpe, John Murray, and others are as much attracted to the character as I cannot doubt they are, what more can I desire?

I found very few family letters. . . . But there are a few letters to his mother and to his uncle, Samuel Butler, which reflect the highest credit upon him. It was these last, written I think about 1806, which brought me to his feet in the first instance, for, until his correspondence fell into my hands, I had a decided prejudice, how or whence derived I know not, as though he had been a man of the Kennedy stamp, only that if Kennedy were whips Dr. Butler had been scorpions. I trust, however, that his shade will forgive me and consider my distrust of him atoned for. . . . My translations of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are long since completed, but I can get no publisher to take them. My book upon the *Odyssey* will, I hope, be finished in another three weeks or so and, come what may, I shall publish it. I really believe myself to have been duly cautious throughout my arguments. I wish poor old Dr. Butler were alive. He would have listened to what I have to say with some attention. However we must wait and see.

At this time Butler was corresponding with the Rev. J. Russell Jackson of Moulton Vicarage, Spalding, about an old scrap-book. They write of it as "Paget's book," and it was given to Mr. Jackson as a mark of friendship by Miss Paget. I gather that Jackson and Paget were both Shrewsbury boys, that Paget compiled the book, and that its contents related to the school. Jackson sent the book to Butler, who sent it to his friend Mr. Phillips, of Shrewsbury, who consulted with Dr. Calvert, one of the masters of the school, as to whether it should be given to the school or to the town or held back for the present.

Butler to the Rev. J. Russell Jackson.

1 *April* 1897—I have put two or three small notes, as that "S. B. Dec. 3, 1852" under one of the caricatures of Dr. K[ennedy] is the present writer. I have also briefly adnotated George's penal, out of which no one without explanation would be able to make anything at all, and the sketch of the bedroom

1897 Aet. 61 with "Measles" written under it. I thought it better to leave no doubt that this was what the school beds were like before the change of buildings.

I see in one of the steeplechases I bear the not very attractive name of "Backbiter." I have neither adnotated it nor yet felt the slightest inclination to suppress it. What can it matter! . . .

Pray remember me very kindly to your brother Fred when next you write to him. He was one of my boyish idols, and it seems to me that I showed more judgement in my choice than I have often shown since. However, we are all growing old, and for my own part I am happier in the days of my white beard than ever I was when I had a black one. Mutatis mutandis, I trust that you feel the same and may long continue to do so.

Butler to Mr. Phillips.

13 *April* 1897—I have both your letters of Ap. 10 and 11, and should have answered the second of them by this evening's post, but have been out for the day and returned too late to catch it.

I cannot understand Dr. Calvert's objections—he tells me you have seen his letter to me or I would send it—but it would seem possible to obviate them by deferring the exhibition of the book for, say, ten or fifteen years, a date which he has mentioned as possibly removing his objections.

When people make omelettes they must break eggs, and some one or other is sure to find something he would rather see omitted in any record of any period, but history cannot be written on any other terms; and, though serious matters that touch honour or character will be omitted, or handled as considerately as possible, by anyone of ordinary right feeling, reticence, like every other good quality, may be overdone, and I think in this case our good friend Dr. Calvert is inclined to overdo it.

I, for instance, was not altogether pleased that Mr. Apperly should have placed it on record that Dr. Butler was of mean appearance, churlish in manner, and voted a snob by his more wealthy schoolfellows; but though I did not like it, nor believe it, I did not think it well to exclude it. I am not pleased that Mr. Clodd, within the last month or two, should have called Dr. B. "a desiccated pedagogue"; but I have not said anything to him about it. I was much shocked that Munro should have written that Dr. B. left the school in a very poor state as regards Greek scholarship, and that Kennedy should have held his peace; but, after consultation with Mr. Moss, I passed it over, and I do

not believe anyone would gather from my book what my real opinion of Kennedy is. 1897 Aet. 61

Again, it is not particularly grateful to my feelings to be instrumental in the putting before the public a list in which I appear as "Backbiter"; but I should not dream of objecting to Paget's book being put before the world at large on that account. If I thought there was anything which, say, Mr. Murray would consider likely to give reasonable and unnecessary pain in Paget's book, I should be with Dr. Calvert in a moment; but I read it very carefully and the only doubt I had was whether it was worth any museum's while to keep, for, to speak plainly, the humour is of the thinnest.

However, the book shall not go into the School Library if I can help it, and, if you think it worth putting into the Free Library, I should say keep it till I can come down and see the things which Dr. Calvert objects to; we may hit on some compromise.

In the meantime I will write at once to Jackson, who is one of the very best men I know, or ever have known, and send him both your letters and Dr. Calvert's. He will, I daresay, write to you and perhaps take the matter into his own hands, which would be as well, for the book is his, not mine.

I was to have started to-morrow but am delayed by the untoward sharp but not serious illness of my friend Jones, who was to go with me.

I think I told you I have left my book about the *Odyssey* in Mr. Murray's hands. I wonder what his reader will think about it. What a long letter I have written all about a very small matter!

Butler to Dr. Calvert.

15 *April* 1897—I tried hard to answer your letter yesterday evening as well as our friend Mr. Phillips's, but was obliged to put it off, and now I have not got it by me, for I sent it to Jackson with Mr. Phillips's that he might know what you both think.

I must confess I saw nothing that struck me as likely to give pain, nor, we may be sure, did Jackson, a man with all his brother's sterling qualities and more ability as well as vivacity. We know Mr. Phillips saw nothing—still you may have noted something that we have passed over and none of us, any more than yourself, would wish to wound anyone's feelings. Perhaps it is because I have so often for so many years seen myself so savagely handled—for some of my reviews have been as fierce as any that I have ever seen, and rarely indeed have I had any

1897 Aet. 61 such friendly ones as several of my *Life of Dr. Butler*—perhaps it is for this reason that, having become thick-skinned myself, I suppose that other people are or should be so also. But, however this may be, I have asked Jackson to take the matter into his own hands and communicate directly with yourself and Mr. Phillips. Should you wish to write to him his address is

The Rev. J. R. Jackson, J.P.,
Moulton Vicarage, Spalding,
Lincolnshire.

He is rural dean of Offen (I think) and has been for many years chairman of the County Sessions for the district in which he lives, but I know nothing about such matters.

Mr. Paget was alive in the early part of 1862, for he wrote me about the death of the Prince Consort which occurred 14th December 1861, and this had happened at least a month, so far as I can remember, before he wrote to me.

He died before August 1864, for in that year I returned from New Zealand, and I have a strong impression that he was then no longer living. However I will hunt it up on my return from Sicily.

On 16th April Butler and I left London for Sicily. We stayed at the same places as the year before and also went to Girgenti. At Selinunte are the ruins of the temples of Selinus, a city that flourished between circa 628 and 409 B.C. Its name is supposed to have been derived from the Greek word for a kind of wild parsley, or wild celery, a leaf of which is figured on some of the coins of Selinus. The plant is believed to be identical with the Apium graveolens of botanists which now no longer grows actually at Selinunte, but Professor Sciascia, of Castelvetrano, procured some from a muddy little stream a few miles inland, and Butler established it from seed in the garden of Lincoln's Inn Fields where he used to watch it coming up as he passed on his way from his rooms in Clifford's Inn to the British Museum. See his letter, 13th July 1901, and letters from Sir George Birdwood and John Sargeant, 20th July 1901, in *The Athenaeum*. The two barristers at Ypres referred to in the first of the two following notes occur in *The Note-Books of Samuel Butler*, 1912.

THE FOUR FRENCHMEN AT CASTELVETRANO 1897 Aet. 61

Last spring, Jones and I were at Castelvetrano partly to pay another visit to Selinunte, and partly to receive from Prof. Sciascia some specimens of the wild celery from which Selinunte derives its name. I wanted these for Hill of the Coin Room, British Museum, who wished me to send him a plant of it—neither of us knowing that it is quite common in the South of England.

At the table d'hôte there were four Frenchmen, gentlemen and, seemingly, of the literary, professional, academic confraternity. One of these was at the head of the table, the three others were on one side, and Prof. Sciascia, Jones and myself on the opposite side. They would not deign to look at us. They were just like the two barristers whom Gogin and I met years ago at Ypres, whose looks towards us said: "If you so much as ask us to pass the mustard we shall shoot you."

Of course we did not ask them to pass the mustard nor did we make any advance to them; we talked among ourselves and they among themselves. But, later in the evening, there suddenly entered a little sunburnt boy, not four feet high, with a huge plant of celery, ever so much higher than he was. He came into the room, snorting with childish trepidation, and I at once rose towards him to give him some coppers and take the celery. Sciascia saw what I was intending, flew towards me to stop my paying anything, and a friendly fracas ensued while the little brown boy stood stock still, holding his great plant.

The Frenchmen could not make it out, and I thought it incumbent upon me to explain briefly what it was all about. They mollified at once at the name of the British Museum and entered into conversation. What did I think of Freeman's *Sicily*? I said, doubtless in bad French, but that did not matter, that I did not like the book, and fired off a remark which I concocted once about Cuvier:

"Monsieur Freeman est grand dans les petites choses et petit avec les grandes." I suppose they thought this was impromptu, but I could see that it impressed them. I added: "Besides if Mr. Freeman is right about the earliest history of Sicily, my own ideas concerning it are wrong."

They asked what my ideas were. I told them that I believed the *Odyssey* was written at Trapani, and added, laughingly, that I had a still worse heresy than this for I believed it to be written by a woman.

They asked why. I replied that it was too long a story to go into in detail, but gave a few of my reasons. They seemed puzzled but extremely interested.

"And the *Iliad*? Is that written by a woman?"

1897 Aet. 61 "Certainly not; the same reasons which convince me that the *Odyssey* cannot have been written by a man prevent me from thinking that the *Iliad* was written by a woman."

"You have studied the subject carefully and for some time?"

"Certainly."

"And what do English scholars say to your opinion?"

"They laugh at it, and will not look at it; j'ai tout le monde contre moi."

"Mais," at once replied the foremost of them, "mais c'est bien, c'est très bien," and the others assented.

Feeling that I could not close the discussion at a better point, I discovered that it was bed-time and the party broke up.

Next morning they were just like the barristers at Ypres of whom Gogin said that, repellent as they had been overnight, in the morning they perched on our fingers and pecked crumbs out of our hands. Neither of us made out their names and Jones, who watched the whole affair, greatly amused, said that I behaved quite properly all through. [1897.]

Collesano

Last spring, Jones and I, having left Palermo the night before, took a very early morning train from Termini to Campo Felice whence we went in the public conveyance up to Collesano, Dr. Paolo Orsi, of Siracusa, having told us that there were some prehistoric remains there which we ought to see [*The Authoress*, p. 184].

When the omnibus started from Campo Felice, we were outside on a seat that ran across the vehicle just behind the driver who was one of the handsomest young men that I ever saw, aged about 19, lithe and quick as a cat and, I should say, as unreliable and not so clean. It was a lovely morning about the end of May; the ride inland towards the mountains was through an enchanting country, innumerable goldfinches flitted about among the flowers by the road side, nothing could be more enjoyable, and the driver made friends with us at once and began to sing. He sang "La vita è un dolor se tu m' abbandona." He certainly said "abbandona"; he must have repeated the line two or three hundred times, always to the same wailing and semi-, or more than semi-barbarous melody. Every other minute, out it came at the top of his voice which, as Jones said, was choking with emotion and yesterday's garlic. He was like a half-tamed panther, an absolutely pagan creature but, as I have said, of the most extraordinary physical beauty which was nevertheless repellent, rather than attractive, by reason of its heartlessness. As for morals, I should not think he knew the meaning of the word.

After he had chanted his refrain about la vita very many times, 1897
I asked him if there was any second line. He said there was, but Aet. 61
that he had not yet had time to study it; he would do so and, if we came again, he would sing it to us; for the present we must be contented with the one line that he knew. Before long we began to unpack the provisions we had brought with us which, happily, were enough for three, for we had expected Peppino Pagoto who, however, had missed our train in which he ought to have come to Termini from Palermo. Our driver no sooner saw the provisions than he began to say that he must have some, and the moment he saw my horn drinking-cup he said that, if I chose, I was at liberty to make him a present of it. He had no more conscience or scruple than a magpie. Then he saw Jones's drinking-cup and said he would rather have that than mine and, it being plain that we should have no peace till we had given it to him, we let him have it; but I had some work to make him give me back mine. He did not thank us for the cup nor yet for the hearty meal with which we stuffed him. He liked both cup and meal, but they were things of course and to be taken accordingly.

The ride lasted between three and four hours and very lovely it was. About noon we reached Collesano which must be, I should think, some 1700 ft. above the sea. Here we found a lad who said he knew where the old walls were and, accordingly, took us to the mediaeval castle which was not at all what we wanted. We therefore turned back and, seeing some signori seated at a table outside a place that looked like the circolo of the village, we went up to them, presented our cards and stated our business. I was surprised and pleased to find that no sooner had I given my card than I was asked if I was the Mr. Butler who had written about the *Odyssey*; on admitting that this was so, we were treated with the greatest cordiality and our guide instructed where to take us.

We returned about a kilometre on the road back to Campo Felice and then began to climb, the path presently losing itself and the climbing becoming steep and by no means easy for an elderly gentleman. After about an hour we came upon the remains of buildings; all were of stone and apparently built without mortar; there were many of them, but little above the ground-plan was left standing though, in some cases, there was as much as a metre or a metre-and-a-half, so near as my recollection will serve. It was very unpleasant ground to walk over. We saw no trace of a city wall; all that remained were house walls. The highest building we saw was a Christian chapel in ruins—greatly later in date than the houses down below, built with mortar and showing the remains of a small apse at the East end. I cannot date these remains nor have any confidence in

1897 Aet. 61 saying to what people they belong, but they appeared to me to have been built before 1000 B.C. rather than since, to be probably Sican and, at any rate, not Phoenician.

When we got down to Collesano, the climb having taken us about three hours, Prof. Tamburello, one of the signori at the circolo, met us with a bottle of his best wine. We were honoured with a paragraph in the *Giornale di Sicilia* for May 27, 28, 1897, announcing our visit to Collesano. [1897.]

On our way back from Sicily we separated in North Italy, Butler going to Casale and afterwards to S. Pietro in the valley of Susa on the Mont Cenis route, where he sketched and occupied himself with the book which he had already begun to write upon Shakespeare's Sonnets. He returned via Bellinzona and Wassen, writing to me from one of these places that he had met an Englishman :

A 'vert to Rome, such a fool, but he did to amuse me ; a wretched creature he was, pining for an ideal life and utterly unable to find anything that really came up to his standard of how things ought to be, etc. But he said one thing which I shall crib. He said: "Brigands demand your money or your life, but women demand both." He must have cribbed it from some one, so I shall crib it from him.

When we separated I joined my mother and sisters at Geneva and went with them to Homburg. Before my return to London I received a letter from Alfred :

Alfred to H. F. Jones.

15 *June* 1897—Now how are you ? I hope quite well and strong enough to go through the terrible time of the Jubilee. We are in the midst of it now. Everybody and everything is Jubilee, in fact Jubilee mad. When do you come home ? Is there anything I can do for you ? If so, let me know. London seems to be very full of visitors. Foreigners, Colonials and country people. Bus-riding is very difficult. Everybody is having a ride round to see the preparations. The illuminations will be of a very magnificent and elaborate order. My family and self are all quite well. Did I tell you that the nipper [his son] got lost the other day in Leather Lane and was brought home by a policeman ? A little girl recognised him and told the policeman, otherwise he would, or rather was being taken to

King's Cross Police Station. It gave us a very great fright, as we thought he might have been stolen by the Saffron Hill organ grinders. 1897 Aet. 61

Mr. Garnett of the British Museum had told Butler that his grandfather's friend Tillbrook had corresponded with Southey, but the correspondence appeared to be lost; Professor Mayor had given Butler some information about it.

Butler to Professor J. E. B. Mayor.

27 *July* 1897—It is quite possible that some one who reads what I have written on p. 83 of Vol. II. of my *Life of Dr. Butler* [saying he would be grateful for more letters by Tillbrook] will write and tell me something. I have often found that I gain quite as much information by lying in wait as by hunting. I used to find this more particularly when I had lost my bullocks in New Zealand, and the lesson has stuck by me.

I am having much trouble with my new book *The Authoress of the Odyssey*—where she wrote, who she was, and as much more about her as we can now reasonably hope to discover. It is completed, preface and all, but neither Murray nor Bentley nor George Bell will publish it for me even at my expense. They like it, but are afraid of its not being taken seriously.

I need hardly say that I am very much in earnest about it myself, and believe it to be much the most important thing that I have done. I have been to Trapani again, taking with me the soberest friend I have, to verify all my statements on the ground itself. I am satisfied that I am right both as to the sex of the writer and the place where she lived and wrote; moreover in the six years or so since I first began to ventilate the subject, there has been no attempt to meet my arguments and I am convinced that something would have reached me, either from Sicily or from England, if there were anything serious to be said on the other side. At any rate, as I have said at the end of my book, whatever the ultimate verdict of scholars may be, I am satisfied that my case on both my main points is amply strong enough to justify me in stating it.

The book is about 300 pp. long and I have written to Metcalfe, the printer of *The Eagle*, asking him to print it for me. Almost two-thirds of it are sobriety itself; the remaining one-third is, I believe, strictly true, but it will cause great offence, which I regret, but cannot help.

Mr. Murray had declined *The Authoress* in April while we were on our way to Sicily, and Alfred, in forwarding his

1897 Aet. 61 letter, wrote: "I am pulverized with Murray's answer and cannot tell you how sorry I am. I did think he would have published it." Butler, though disappointed, was not "pulverized" because it appeared that Mr. Murray had submitted the MS. to "a well-known Homeric scholar." Messrs. G. Bell & Sons also declined the book.

Butler to Messrs. G. Bell & Sons.

23 *July* 1897—I understand your objections perfectly; they were all of them present to me when I wrote, but I considered that if I stated my case in the academic manner I should not move the academic people and I should lose the ordinary club and cultured women readers who in the long run force the academic people to follow them.

If my case is strong, as I believe you have felt it to be, other people will presently feel it so too and, in a matter of such importance and interest, the manner will go for nothing. People will see fast enough that I am serious though, no doubt, they will pretend at first that they believe I am trifling.

Mr. Prothero's advice to me before I began to write was: "Be as wicked as ever you possibly can." I believe the advice to have been perfectly sound and, if I could have made my book more wicked, I would have done so. Still two-thirds of it is sobriety even to dreariness.

As for my having "distorted the simplicity of the *Odyssey*," I do not think it. I believe I have revealed it, and should be deeply shocked if I thought I had taken any liberty with it whatever.

There! I have met frankness with frankness; I am very sorry you do not undertake the book, but again thank you very sincerely for the consideration you have given it.

"It is," as Butler wrote to Hans Faesch, "much easier to write a fairly good book than to find a publisher who will take it." The anxiety of hunting, the disappointment when the MS. came back, the delay and uncertainty, the impossibility of settling down to the next thing he wanted to do—all this was a tedious and worrying labour for which he was not suited; whereas the writing of a book was a happiness and a delight that engrossed him. The ordinary difficulties of finding a publisher are increased when the "fairly good book,"

though perfectly serious, is written in such a manner that experienced publishers like Murray, Bentley, and George Bell are afraid of its not being taken seriously. Butler knew that his theory was subversive and, remembering that "a little levity will often save many a good heavy thing from sinking," intentionally treated the subject in a way which he hoped would make it attractive. Just as people were misled by the humour of Yorick in *Tristram Shandy*, so they were misled by Butler's "levity," and could only believe he was serious by supposing that he took up the theory in jest and then argued himself into adopting it seriously. Some one, but I have forgotten who it was, told me that he had actually heard Butler admit, or go very near to admitting, that this was so. I never heard him say anything of the kind; it was always, from the beginning, serious conviction. Still, he did sometimes act on the advice he gave to Hans Faesch in his letter of 31st July 1896 (ante, p. 248), about the advantages of pretending to agree with those with whom we differ, hoping that the listener would thereby be induced to be patient, to think the matter over for himself, and eventually to see things in their true light. But the danger of following this advice is that, if you act on it at all thoroughly, and Butler was apt to do things very thoroughly, the listener may be deceived and may thereafter go about asserting that he had been personally assured of something which really was not intended to be taken seriously.

Russell Cooke (Butler's solicitor) had sent him an article on Maeterlinck written by Mrs. Crawford, the sister of Mrs. Russell Cooke, and Butler was to give his views on the article.

Butler to Russell Cooke.

19 *August* 1897—Of course I like the tone and spirit of the article and admire the lucidity and sympathy with which it is written. All this goes as a matter of course, and it would be waste of time to say more than that I appreciate and am in sympathy with the generous desire to admire that which is

1897 Aet. 61 admirable that pervades the whole of Mrs. Crawford's article but—to speak quite frankly—I believe, or strongly suspect, that she will not think as highly of Maeterlinck in ten years as she does now. He has sat at the feet of Plato, Marcus Aurelius, Carlyle, and Emerson—I say nothing about Plotinus and Novalis for I know no more about them than your clerk Jenkins does. The others I have tried and at no such feet can I sit. They have no message for me. Plato is the best, his *Apology* is *splendid*; his descriptions of scenery and his episodial (if there is such a word) chats with friends on a fresh summer morning are delightful; but, take him all round, my feeling towards him is much what I gather Aristophanes to have entertained, and he is not for me. Carlyle again is for me too much like Wagner, of whom Rossini said that he has des beaux moments mais des mauvais quarts d'heure—my French is not to be trusted. Ask Mrs. Crawford to read Marcus Aurelius, divesting herself of all knowledge that he was Marcus Aurelius, and see what she thinks of him. I have never read a line of his that leaves me wiser than I was before. These men are not the teachers towards whose pupils I instinctively turn; on the contrary I look on their devoted adherents with suspicion.

Again, Maeterlinck it seems is only 35 years old. I saw another enthusiastic article about him in one of the weeklies ten days or so ago. Now, true genius cannot so soon be recognized. If a man of 35 can get such admiration he is probably a very good man, but he is not one of those who will redeem Israel; and at my age I turn to these alone or, at any rate, to such as I believe to be these alone.

There—liberavi animam meam.

I have got the first slips of the proofs of my *Authoress of the Odyssey*, and the work is, I am happy to say, to be published by Longmans, but at my expense. To my surprise he made no difficulty about doing it. It is far better that it should come from him.

P.S.—And then there is Ibsen. He may be, and I daresay is, a very wonderful man, but what little I know of him repels me and, what is worse, bores me.

One reason why it was better that the book should come from Longmans, even though Butler had to pay all the expenses, was that they had published Dr. Butler's *Geography*, and Butler liked returning to the family publishers.

On 1st November 1897, we received the first copy of *The Authoress of the Odyssey, where and when she wrote*,

who she was, the use she made of the Iliad, and how the poem grew under her hands. The dedication runs thus: "Al Professore Cav. Biagio Ingroja, Prezioso Alleato, l' Autore riconoscente." 1897 Aet. 61

The book was to have been dedicated to Emanuele Biaggini, but he died shortly before it was issued; we had seen him on his death-bed in the spring at Trapani. Butler chose Ingroja as being the one who, after Biaggini, had helped him most.

Ingroja to Butler.

CALATAFIMI, 27 *October*, 1897.

MY DEAREST FRIEND—I have not any expression and want words suitables to signify my wonder in reading your most kind postcard on 21 instant. The undeserved hight of honour with which you regale me, inscribing your justly dearly book to my poor name and in such a manner joining it to your deserved renown, way so unexpected and much precious gift that I have been strongly struck and affected with it and wept for joy together with my wife. It is and will be for ever my better title of honour in which I will take pride only angry to not deserve it.

I thank you most heartily my dearest friend—no more friend but my true brother in love, if you please, for I have not neither could never meet or find another gentleman so good-hearted and so dear to my soul on the world.

My wife send you her kindest regards; likewise the family Adamo with Giulio; the family Mollica with all our friends. Give our salutations to Mr. Jones and you take an hug from truly always yours, B. INGROJA.

Butler, commenting on the conclusion of this letter, said to me: "It is something to take 'an hug' from one who was embraced by Garibaldi."

The Authoress of the Odyssey consists partly of matter already published in England and Italy, particulars being given in the preface to the book. It also contains the substance of various lectures he had delivered while the theory was growing, some of which are mentioned at their proper places in this Memoir, others not being mentioned because they were ephemeral. The book did not meet with general acceptance. The following notes give an

1897 Aet. 61 account of Dr. Garnett's attitude on the subject and of Butler's treatment of him.

Garnett and *The Authoress*

I

I gave him a copy of course but, though I have seen him several times since, he will not say a word about it. That it has disgusted him I do not doubt. The mere bringing of common sense to bear upon such a question at all shocks and angers him, just as it shocks me to think that people have gone on reading the *Odyssey* for so many centuries without bringing common sense to bear upon it. The *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, the Elizabethans en bloc and, indeed, all who have reputation as classics live and move, according to Garnett, in a region where the writs of common sense do not run. As for getting out of him, by way of criticism, anything that might be useful to me, or any correction or suggestion—I should be a greater fool than I am if I did not know that he will give me nothing. Annoyed I am, because I do not think he is treating me with common courtesy; but I shall let him alone, and I have no doubt I shall give him my next book just the same. [*November* 1897.]

II

I have been a little too hasty in my preceding note, for this morning Mr. Garnett came up to me and said that he had been reading my book.

"I must say," he added with much sibilation and much bowing of his head backwards and forwards more suo, "that so far I have found it more entertaining than convincing."

I said: "But do you not think I have made out a strong case for the view that the poem was written at Trapani?"

"Oh yes," with the same bowing of the head, "I think much of what you have said on that subject certainly does deserve attention. I am not myself in a position to form an opinion about it, but——"

Here I broke in peremptorily: "If the book has not put a man of ordinary capacity in a position to form an opinion one way or the other on that subject, it has not done what I believe it to have done."

I said this laughingly, but Garnett did not like it; he had not yet finished the volume, when he had done so he might be more fully informed.

I said: "As for its being written by a woman, do you not

find that at any rate I have more to say for myself than you thought I had?" 1897 Aet. 62

He was very grudging, but said: "Yes, I believe I may go so far as that," pausing almost between each word as though it was being dragged out of him. Thinking that this was for him a very great concession, I immediately changed the subject.

As for giving any reason why he did not find the argument convincing—not he. He did not catch hold of a single statement I had made and say why he thought it mistaken. I believe I have said all that he said. If I could remember more I should put it down. [*November* 1897.]

III

I have the greatest regard, esteem, and admiration for Mr. Garnett, but am piqued with him for never giving me a ghost of a reason why he is so very hostile to my Odyssean theories, both as regards the poem's having been written at Trapani, and the authoress having been a woman. I believe myself to be open to conviction, if anyone will show me that I have misstated facts, drawn unreasonable inferences from them, or overlooked other facts which outweigh those that I have alleged and point to a different conclusion; but till some one seriously attempts to do this I am immoveable; and I take it amiss that, if Garnett has any knowledge in his possession which I have not, he should keep it from me. I should consider what he said with all the attention I could command and he must know that as well as I do. My belief is that in his heart he knows perfectly well that I am right, and that he has not got a leg to stand on, but is not going to admit it. It is useless trying to draw him; he has a cor ferreum; he just won't be drawn and bolts.

The other Sunday, however, he was at Miss Bertha Thomas's when Jones and I were calling, and sat between Jones and me. Miss Thomas turned the conversation on to my book, perhaps a little wickedly, and said:

"Well, Mr. Butler, I can at any rate say this much, that I find myself unable to speak of the writer of the *Odyssey* except as 'she.'"

I answered: "That is exactly what other people have told me. Whether they like it or not they find the idea stick by them; they may kick at it and be as disagreeable about it as they please, but it will haunt them, and as soon as it has become familiar to them they will accept it."

I thought this was enough; I did not dare look at Garnett, but Jones said it was very amusing to watch him. [*April* 1898.]

IV

1897 Aet. 62 I was so piqued by the way he behaved to me about the book that I determined to take to calling him "Dr." Garnett—he being a D.C.L. or an LL.D. of some Scotch University—but I did not want him to see that I was doing so on purpose. I have always called him "Mr." Garnett so far. At last the opportunity came. I had forgotten the details, but Jones has shown me a letter of mine to him, from which I extract the following:

Dec. 7, 1897.

"Dr. Garnett met me this morning as I was coming out of the Museum and was surprisingly gracious. I think last Saturday's reviews had impressed him a good deal; he professed to think some of them not unfriendly (it is astonishing what very small mercies people expect me to be thankful for) and maintained that I had got quite as much support as I could expect considering the strangeness of the views I was putting forward. And Wilson, too, was very gracious and declared the review in *Literature* to be 'quite friendly.' (Surely the word 'quite' would not have been necessary if the review had been *quite* friendly.) Something has happened, I don't know what, for Dr. Garnett told me a long story of an editorial blunder of which he had just been convicted, and then capped it with a story of Scotch humour, and said we were like the two boys in the story confessing to one another.

"Then I said with my sweetest smile: 'I am sure *Dr.* Garnett all *your* sins will be of the most venial description,' and emphasized my words by holding up both hands like the old servant in 'Marriage à la mode,' and throwing my head back as much as to say, 'Yours will be venial enough, but think how wicked mine are.' I did it beautifully and got the 'Dr.' in; whether he noticed my doing so or no, I cannot say; what I should like best is that he should not know what to think, for that is always the most disagreeable.

"It seems Coleridge wrote a poem which Garnett said was founded on an earlier poem, but no one knew where the earlier poem was to be found, nor who it was by. Then some German said it was probably by one of the Minnesingers, an English editor followed him, and Dr. Garnett followed both; and now it turns out that the poem is by Ben Jonson. So, after all, the great difference between the Garnett genus and myself is that they do not read Ben Jonson and profess to do so, while I do not read him and do not profess to do so. Then followed the excruciatingly humourous Scotch story, and we parted friends.

"A few days afterwards Garnett 'did penance in a white sheet' (to use his own expression to me) in *The Athenaeum.*

Then came a letter from someone else to say that there was an error in the penance. Garnett may have replied to this, but if so his letter escaped me." [*June* 1898.] 1897 Aet. 62

But every one was not of the same opinion as Dr. Garnett. Here, for instance, is an extract from a letter to me written by Mr. Justice Wills, with whom, as I have mentioned above, I had some correspondence after Butler's death.

Mr. Justice Wills to H. F. Jones.

20 *February* 1903—I was always much interested in his writings and was one of the few people who took seriously his book about the *Odyssey*, which appears to me to be a very powerful piece of well-reasoned argument and to have deserved at all events a serious reply. His identification of the scene of the *Odyssey* and of the course of the wanderings of Ulysses is, I think, masterly.

CHAPTER XXXVII

1897—Part II. 1898

THE PROBLEM OF THE SONNETS AND *THE ILIAD RENDERED INTO ENGLISH PROSE*

1897 Aet. 62 During the autumn of 1897 I had been overworking and in December had gone for a rest and change to Nice, where I was staying with my mother and sisters.

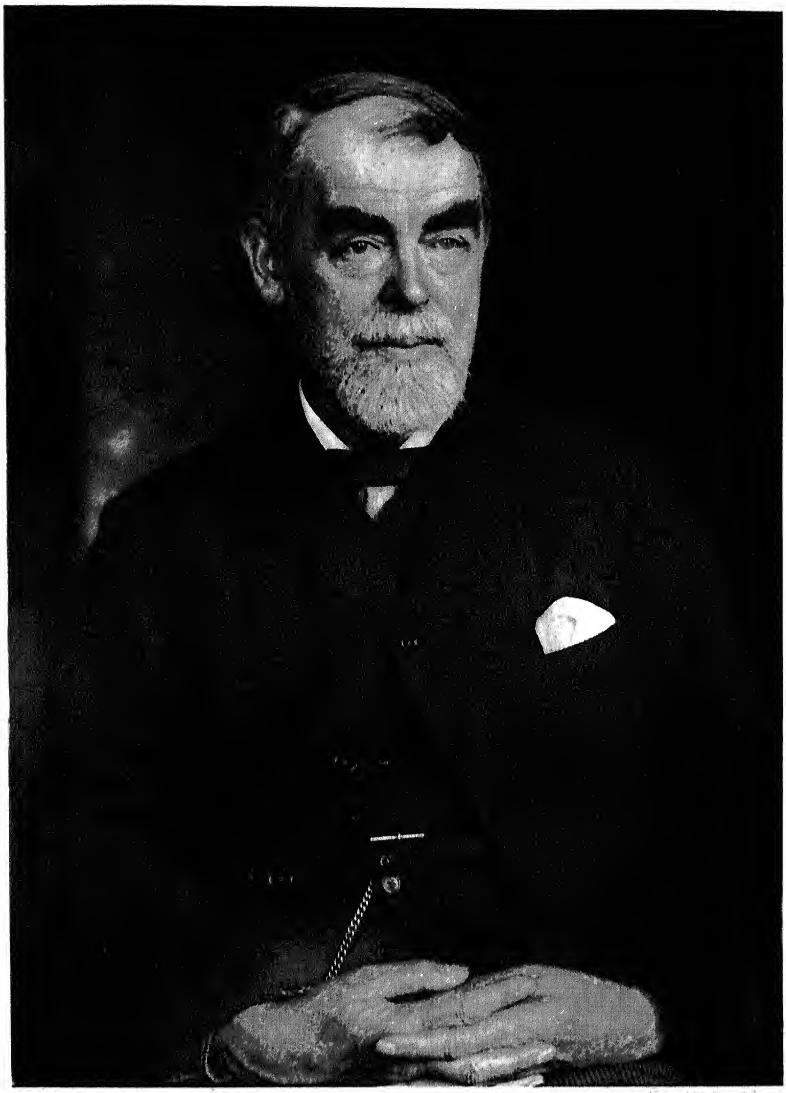
Butler to H. F. Jones.

4 *December* 1897—I am muddling along with my chorus. One thing that pleases me about the reviews [of *The Authoress*] and myself is that I have not felt the smallest temptation to reply to any one of them—very gross though the misrepresentation has often been. Tell me what reviews you have not come across at Nice and I will send them to you if you like; but perhaps I had better not for they will make you very angry—and perhaps retard your recovery!

I replied that I did not want to see the malicious and spiteful reviews, and he wrote that he would send "none but good ones—if there should prove to be one, which I do not expect."

Butler to H. F. Jones.

16 *December* 1897—A man came to call on me on Saturday whom I had not seen for a full 20 years, a *Times* war correspondent. He is a gentleman, but he bored me and frightened me. He had not heard of my *Odyssey* book, and, when I told him, he began to spout lines from Pope's *Odyssey*, and it alarmed me to hear him maundering on in that way, so silly, so senile, and so clever. He was a creature from another world and I felt inclined to bid him depart from me as from a sinful man, O



S. Butler

Lord! However he got an *Authoress* out of me; and on Monday he came up again with a young woman—an actress, a Miss Hodson. If he does so any more I shall have to play him my chorus on a ground-bass. 1897 Aet. 62

23 *December* 1897—I have been out with Alfred and Angelo to Harrow Weald. I had to kiss old Mrs. Foskett under the mistletoe and so had Alfred and Angelo.

Angelo was Angelo Coppo, from the Rosa Rossa at Casale, who had come to England to learn English as his brother Cesare had done; and Mrs. Foskett was one of the old ladies who, with Queen Elizabeth (since deceased), used to keep the public-house at Harrow Weald. Butler had not been well this autumn, and the publishers were worrying him and giving him a great deal more trouble than he liked, hence the slight petulance that may be perceived in the extract about the *Times* correspondent. On the other hand Pauli had been giving no trouble. Pauli was always sympathetic about the books and had been particularly so about *The Authoress*. He was more hurt by the tone of the reviews than Butler, having expected a more cordial reception. On 15th December he came to lunch in Clifford's Inn as usual, and, the following day, wrote that he had caught cold and should not come to lunch on the 17th. Butler was not uneasy because every winter was a struggle for Pauli and he was often prevented from coming to lunch. He wrote again saying how he was, and Butler replied to his chambers in Lincoln's Inn that he intended to go to Boulogne for Christmas, according to custom, and giving his address there so that, in case he might be wanted, he could be sent for. He also asked if Pauli would like him to send £25, the balance of the £50 due at Christmas, half of the quarterly payment of the allowance having been anticipated. Pauli replied promising to keep Butler posted and saying that the £25 could stand over, but his letter was written by a nurse. At Boulogne, Butler received one communication from the nurse and then, for three days, nothing. He returned to town and next day read in *The Times* that Pauli had died on the 29th December, exactly eleven years to the day after the death of Canon Butler.

Butler to H. F. Jones.

1897 Aet. 62 30*th Dec.* 1897—I have not been written to and have no idea in what surroundings his last illness was passed, and I rather think I had better not enquire nor put myself into communication with his friends. If he had wished the communication to be established he would have ensured its being so. All I should have wished to do would be to attend the funeral to do away with the supposition that there was any estrangement between us and as the only fitting termination of so close an intimacy; but I feel convinced I shall be communicated with (in which case I shall certainly attend) unless it was Pauli's distinct wish that I should not be present, in which case of course I am better away. It is all very sad and to me utterly unintelligible, so much so that I shrink from making any move till a move is made towards me.

Butler was communicated with by the undertaker and attended Pauli's funeral. He and the others who had been invited assembled in the Westminster Bridge Road and went by train to Brookwood. He recognised some of them, though he had not seen them for thirty years. In the course of conversation in the train he asked where Pauli had lived, for there could be no reason now why he should not know. He was told that he lived in Belgrave Mansions, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W. It seemed that the rooms were very cheap, only £120 a year, which was less than he had paid before, when living in Bruton Street. Butler was paying £28 rent for his own rooms in Clifford's Inn, or about £36 in all, including rates and taxes. Then he asked:

"Have you any idea how much Pauli made by his profession?"

One of his fellow-travellers replied: "I do not know how he has been doing of late years, but many years ago —perhaps twenty, but I cannot be certain—he told me he was earning about £700."

Butler remembered his father's letter in 1879 saying he had been told that Pauli was making £1000 a year, and how Pauli had indignantly denied that he was making more than his bare expenses.

Then Butler heard that during his last illness Pauli had been properly looked after, that he had well-to-do

friends who saw that he had every comfort, that he was conscious till about six hours before the end, and that he died without any pain or struggle. 1893 Aet. 62

Presently we reached Brookwood and went to the mortuary chapel, where the service was read with an unctuous affectation that I have seldom heard exceeded, and thence to the grave.

After the coffin had been duly lowered and the service ended, we were asked to a luncheon which had been brought down with us from London. Everything was done regardless of expense and I was wondering who in the world was paying for it—or rather I should have wondered if I had not heard about . . . [the well-to-do friends]—when I reflected, with a certain satisfaction, that for once in my life I was making a hearty meal at what was very nearly Pauli's expense. It was the nearest thing to a dinner from him that I had ever had.

[Then it appeared that Pauli had left his brother £1000] as though there were more than £1000 disposed of under Pauli's will. And here the reserve which I had maintained very sufficiently broke down. I had been shocked at learning the style in which Pauli evidently lived, and the amount he had been making at the Bar while doing his utmost to convince me that he was not clearing anything at all. I understood now why Pauli had preserved such an iron silence when I had implored him to deal with me somewhat after the fashion in which I had dealt with him. The iniquity of the whole thing, as it first struck me in full force, upset me.

He took one of the other mourners aside, told him shortly about the relations that had subsisted between Pauli and himself, and asked his advice as to whether he ought to say anything about them. Speaking about these things to another had the effect of calming him and of showing him that he had perhaps said too much; whereupon he regained control of himself and behaved quite genially on the way up to town—at least he writes that he "answered all their questions genially." I was not there and cannot say how the geniality struck them.

Soon afterwards, the solicitor who was winding up Pauli's estate sent to Butler an old will of his dated 1864 or 1865, almost wholly in favour of Pauli, who had preserved it although he was aware that it had been revoked and knew the contents of Butler's then existing will. The solicitor next wrote about the value of shares

1898 Aet. 62 in the Canada Tanning Extract Company, and said that he had several books and other mementoes of Pauli at his office, and that Butler could have one if he liked to call. Butler did not want any further memento of Pauli than he already had, and felt sure that the solicitor must have known that the shares were valueless; nevertheless, guessing that his correspondent wanted to see him, and thinking he might hear something interesting, he called.

He learnt that Pauli's greatest receipts from his practice in any one year were from £800 to £900, but that during the last few years he had done less, owing to his frequent illnesses, and had not taken more than about £500 or £600. The net value of his estate was about £9000. He heard also that he had been receiving money from other friends, and a great deal more which need not be repeated here.

I have taken the above, sometimes quoting, sometimes condensing, from the conclusion of the long and detailed account left by Butler of the relations between himself and Pauli. He wrote the account while abroad and speaks of it as being left in a rough state, by which he means that it was not rewritten. If this remarkable document is ever printed in full, most of it will be found to be what Canon M'Cormick would have called "very painful reading." This is the peroration, not condensed:

I can now bring this squalid, miserable story to an end. On thinking it all over my main feeling is one of thankfulness that I never suspected the facts, as I now know them, till after Pauli's death. The only decent end for such a white heat of devotion as mine was to him for so many years was the death of one or other of the parties concerned. If I had withdrawn from him and said I would do no more for him, I firmly believed that he would say nothing, leave me, and, probably, either blow his brains out or drown himself. I felt pretty sure I was doing a great deal too much, but I had rather have done a great deal too much than a little too little. Moreover, I knew him to be in wretched health, quite unfit to bear any great shock or change of habits. It was absolutely impossible for me to suspect that he had £9000 of solid money behind him. Knowing what I do now, I see that the withdrawal of my £200 a year would not have been the disaster

to him which I thought it would; but, even so, Pauli would never have stood my breaking with him. Not that he liked me —it is plain he never did so—but he respected me and feared me. He must have feared things coming round to me. He would never have known what I might not say about him. Physically he was as brave as morally he was the reverse; if he had found himself threatened with disgrace he would never have faced it. This is my belief, and the more I think of it the more thankful I am that I never knew the truth until it was too late for my knowledge to tempt me into departing from the line of conduct which I had long decided upon. 1898 Aet. 62

Besides, even though Pauli had not gone under in consequence of my breaking with him, if he had died, as he easily might in any of his winter colds years before the end actually came, I should have been haunted by the fear that I had been the cause of it to my dying day; whereas now my conscience is absolutely clear of all offence towards him save that of having made it so deplorably easy to do things which, if I had made them harder, he would have been less likely to do. The thing is over. I am thankful that it is so. I can laugh at the way in which Pauli hoodwinked me, and, as I said to the solicitor, though he left me nothing in his will he has, in effect, left me from £200 to £210 a year, clear of all outgoings—for the luncheons must be taken into the account. We both of us laughed somewhat heartily when I took in the luncheons.

How far I am right in leaving this record of the transaction, I am more uncertain. Jones thinks I should leave it. I can at all events destroy it later and, unless I had taken advantage of my foreign trip to write it at odd times now, while the later incidents are fresh in my mind, I should never have written it at all. I could never tear myself from the other work I have in hand while at home and able to get to the Museum. If ever it is read, however, it should be remembered that it is an ex parte statement and that Pauli's version of the matter can never be known. For I hardly think that he can have left any record concerning any part of it.

Lastly, I cannot refrain from remembering what a thorn Jeudwine was in my grandfather's side for thirty-six years. Mutatis mutandis, it is a very singular thing that for so nearly the same length of time I should have been so closely linked with one whose connection with me was, on the whole, I suppose I must admit, disastrous. If I have borne my crux with anything like Dr. Butler's self-command, surely that should be enough for me.

ROME, *Frid. May* 20th, 1898.

Begun about April 14th and left in this rough state.

1898 Aet. 62 Pauli's death had naturally depressed Butler and we looked forward to our Sicilian tour. We started on the 6th April and went through Basel to Casale-Monferrato, and he picked up in health and spirits at once. Having to wait two hours at Novara, we lunched at the station in the restaurant which was kept by a polite little old man in a black silk cap and a gold scarf-pin set with diamonds. He knew us, for we had often lunched there on our way to and from Varallo. He had been made a cavaliere, not, so we were told, because of "any damned merit" as those words are ordinarily used, but for the very sensible reason that he had a genius for attracting good wine to his famous cellars. He gave us a bottle of his best Ghemme. Towards the end of our luncheon, Butler called him and complained that we really could not drink his wine. He was much concerned, took up the bottle carefully and began to pour out some to taste it himself. When he saw we had only left a couple of drops he laughed, and his son laughed, and the gentleman at the next table laughed, and so did we, and Butler said it was like the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus's chin, and we really must give an extra tip to the waiter. But we had a little shock afterwards. Before our train left, the cavaliere sat down to his own lunch and we observed that he drank beer.

At Casale, Cesare Coppo took us for an excursion to Camino and the Avvocato Negri came too. It was a lovely day and we drove through a country "all made up of Bellini backgrounds." At Camino we walked up the hill towards the castle, carrying our basket of provisions, till we came to a shady bower by the roadside with a fountain of water at hand. Cesare displayed his luncheon and we began. We had often seen slices of ham cut thin but the slices which Cesare produced were thinner than all the other slices put together—so to speak; we asked how it was done. Cesare replied that it required practice and a sharp knife. But there were people, he said, born able to do it, and they could dispense with the practice. They always, however, required the sharp knife. This reminded me of something Hans Faesch

had told me about the boys of his native town. They have a festa at Basel in the spring, when all the men beat the drum without intermission for three days. This has been going on for so many generations that now every boy born of Bâlois parents is able to beat the drum as soon as he can hold it; he does not require to be taught. But he must have drum-sticks. 1898 Aet. 62

"Now let me make a note of that," said Butler; "it supports the theory of the inheritance of acquired characteristics."

While he was making his note, Cesare took one of the bottles of wine out of the fountain, where he had put them to cool, and filled our glasses.

"Ah! caro Cesare," said Butler, after tasting his wine, "il Padre Eterno fu certo di buon umore nel giorno in cui creò il famoso Grignolino."

Then he returned to the ham-cutting and constructed a story about a prince condemned by the local witch, who had not been invited to his christening, to suffer from mental depression until he should meet with a real princess. And in those days it was only real princesses who could cut ham thin. So the prince made all the young ladies he met cut ham, and in this way discovered a real princess. She cut the ham so thin that he was able to read his breviary even through the lean part of a slice, and thus he detected a misprint which had hitherto escaped him. Whereupon he married her, his health was restored, and they both lived happily ever afterwards.

After lunch we saw the castle and then went to the church of San Gottardo. The avvocato opened a little cupboard in the wall behind the altar and showed us that it contained two skulls, one broken by a nail six inches long that had been driven into it.

"It looks like a murder," said Butler.

"But who knows?" said the avvocato, "and who will know until the Last Great Day when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed?"

"Oh, that's all very well!" exclaimed Butler, "but when it comes to that there will be too much going on. What though there lurk a little skeleton within my

1898 Aet. 62 cupboard; what though he have a screw loose in every joint; let me but hush the rattling of his bones and keep him from blundering out and running downstairs to answer the front-door bell and tell the visitors all about it; let me but keep him quiet until such time as everybody else's cupboards are also giving up their contents and—but this is to anticipate."

So we left the church and called on the parroco who knew no more of the murder than the avvocato, but he gave us a glass of Marsala and we photographed him, and, by his particular desire, in his canonicals; he had never been photographed in them before.

Butler and I were always treated at the Albergo Rosa Rossa as though we were members of the family—so much so that for a long while we carried on what was nothing less than a family quarrel with the Signora Coppo and Cesare. It was all the fault of the signora: she took it into her head that Butler had been very kind to Cesare and his brother Angelo when they were in England. I do not say that he had been unkind to the boys—quite the contrary—but their mother took an extravagant view of her rights, as I am sure she would have been told had she consulted any unprejudiced observer—myself for instance. She presumed upon her position as landlady and refused to deliver a bill. When it was time to leave and we asked for one she made a practice of bundling us into her omnibus and hustling us off to the station, saying she would get the bill ready for next year. Even in Italy, where time is of little consequence, trains will not wait for passengers merely because they have not paid their bills, and so it happened that several times we had to leave in debt to the albergo. Butler gave the house a barometer as a slight acknowledgement, but this only made matters worse and led to innumerable compacts, our fundamental idea being that we must have a bill of some sort, theirs, that they must have no more barometers of any kind; but all the treaties were broken, and the relations became so strained that at last we threatened to stay at Vercelli and come over only for the day. It ended in an agreement that we might

pay the same as is paid by the Italian officers who frequent the hotel, which was a victory for us in form, but in fact for the Rosa Rossa, because the amount was ridiculously small and we were more trouble than many officers. 1898 Aet. 62

When we had settled with the signora, or been compelled to leave without settling, we went first to Florence, where we spent an evening with Miss Helen Zimmern ; then, after a day or two at Perugia, to Assisi, the birthplace of S. Francesco. We did not know much about S. Francesco and were interested to learn from the guide-book that he passed his youth in frivolity and was sobered by adversity. We saw the frescoes and specially noticed the one representing his nuptials with la Povertà. Butler said he should prefer to take for his bride la Competenza Modesta and that he would be as faithful to her as the frailty of his nature would permit. This was a reminiscence of what he used to say during the ten years before the death of his father—that he had taken vows of modest competency, but seemed to be in a fair way to break them.

We went through the Abruzzi, stopping at Aquila and Solmona, by the railway that had recently been opened, and on to Naples and Salerno. Here we found among our letters a German newspaper containing a review of *The Authoress*, and took it with us to read in the train on our way to Paestum, where we were going to spend the day. But Butler had no German dictionary and could not make much of it. Suddenly he said to me, indicating our fellow-travellers :

"Do you think those people look as though they understood German ?"

I considered them critically for a moment and replied in the affirmative; whereupon he stated his difficulty and showed them his review. They were Monsieur Hippolyte Schmitt and his two daughters, French people from Metz, and one of the young ladies satisfied him as to the contents of the review. They were going to Paestum also, and we spent a delightful day with them. They provided just what he wanted—some new, pleasant,

1898 Aet. 62 friendly, sympathetic companions to play with. The acquaintance thus begun continued to the end of Butler's life, and since his death I have remained on friendly terms with the Schmitts.

We went by train to Reggio, crossed to Messina, and proceeded to Taormina, where I was taken ill, probably the result of fatigue from travelling too continuously. After about a week Butler left me to recover while he went round the island and saw his friends.

Butler to H. F. Jones.

TRAPANI.

9 *May* 1898—I ordered my breakfast at 8. At 8 sharp, a knock at my door. "Breakfast" said I to myself; but it was Sugameli. At 8.15 a knock at my door. "B." s. I to m.; but it was Giacalone. At 8.25 a.k.a.m.d. "B." s. I to m.; but it was Tummarello. At 8.40 I could stand it no longer; I said they might go on talking, but I must get my breakfast. I got it at 9.

While Butler was away, I idled about in Taormina, or went for such walks as I could manage, or lay on the grass in the theatre in front of the great view, recuperating, and by the time he came back I was sufficiently recovered to return home with him. Before we left, we were in the theatre one day looking at the fragments of the stones that are strewn about in the orchestra, and he said they were like the fragments of My Duty towards My Neighbour that lay strewn about in his memory. It would take a lot of work to put them all back into their places and reconstruct the original.

We went to Messina and, as it was calm weather, took the steamer to Naples, whence we travelled by land to Rome, Genoa, Turin, Casale-Monferrato, and Basel. Here we saw Hans Faesch, who had come to Europe for a holiday and to make arrangements for a change in his life in the East.

*

Professor Joseph Galeoto to Butler.

TRAPANI, 23*rd May* 1898.

DEAR SIR—I am acquainted with Mr. Peter Sugameli, a bosom friend of yours. This makes me bold to ask you for some elucidations, as you are a literary man of repute. I am about to publish an Abridgement of English Literature for the use of Technical Institutes in Italy. I wish to know something about Alfred Austin, the present Poet Laureate; namely, the place and time of his birth, his studies, his masterpiece and minor works and his literary merits. Is Lewis Morris inferior to the above writer? May I affirm that the principal poets of the present time are: Swinburne, Morris, Austin and Mary Robinson? Awaiting your favour I thank you in advance and ever remain,—
Yours respectfully, Prof. JOSEPH GALEOTO.

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CORSO V. EMMANUELE,
N. 228 1° Piano.

Butler to Professor Galeoto.

3*rd June* 1898.

DEAR SIR—Alfred Austin was born at Headingley, May 30, 1835. He was educated at Stonyhurst College, 1849–1852, and took his degree as Bachelor of Arts at London University, 1853. He was called to the Bar, Nov. 17th 1857. His works, which are very numerous, range from 1853 to 1895. I cannot say which are the most important of them; there are over thirty in all and I have never either read or heard of a single one of them. A collected edition of his poems was published in 1892. He was appointed Poet Laureate on the death of Lord Tennyson in 1896.

I have taken the foregoing from *A Dictionary of English Authors*, by R. Farquharson Sharp, of the British Museum, published by George Redway, Hart Street, Bloomsbury, 1897; Price 7 shillings and sixpence net.

I think you should omit Miss Mary Robinson from your list of leading poets; but you should, I think, mention Rudyard Kipling, about whom you will find all necessary details in the work above referred to.

As for estimating the comparative merits of Alfred Austin and Lewis Morris, I could not attempt such a task without at any rate reading some of the works of one or both of these writers—a labour which I beg to assure you is far beyond my strength.—Believe me, Dear Sir, Yours faithfully,

S. BUTLER.

1898 Aet. 62 Butler was now immersed in Shakespeare's Sonnets. He learnt them by heart, beginning by learning the first line of each with its number, as one might learn a set of nonsense verses; then he learnt each Sonnet and thus he remembered their order. On 30th July he wrote to *The Athenaeum* with his reasons for dating them early in the life of the poet.

He was also correcting the proofs of his translation of the *Iliad*. I had gone abroad early in August and was staying with Hans Faesch in Switzerland. Butler went for an outing of four days to Flushing:

Butler to H. F. Jones.

FLUSHING.

24 *Aug.* 1898—They have been deluging me with proofs lately [of the translation of the *Iliad*]. There are only about eight pages more to come now, and then, of course, the preface. I have got one or two nice emendations for the Sonnets which no one has got, one of them especially good, I think, as explaining how Sonnet 99 comes to have 15 lines; but you can imagine what with proof and Flushing I have not done much work at the Sonnets, but I have no more to learn by heart. Also at Flushing I wrote one myself, a poor innocent thing but I was surprised to find how easily it came; if you like it I may write a few more.

The Sonnet was the one beginning: "Not on sad Stygian shore," given post, p. 361. Of course I liked it very much and he did "write a few more."

My sister Lilian had been trying her hand at short stories, and we had submitted one to Butler for his opinion and advice; it was called "Mrs. Waley's Sacrifice."

Butler to Miss L. I. Jones.

26 *Aug.* 1898—As for your writing—pray believe me you write quite "pleasantly," "lucidly," and without being either "stilted or careless" at present. Perfection in writing is an ignis fatuus; every one is at times both stilted and careless and more or less unpleasant. Homer is so, Shakespeare is so, and so long as we are men and women we must be contented to be as we are and our readers must be contented to take us for what we are. Look at Shakespeare's Sonnets (which I have committed to

memory that I might the better understand them)—they are written, I take it, hastily. They abound with slovenliness, crabbedness, and obscurity; he thought he would take more pains and polish up "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece" with extreme care—with what result? We can admire these last, but we do not want them; whereas we can read the Sonnets over and over and over and over again. I take it Shakespeare got to understand that he had made a mistake in finishing too highly, and we have it on authority that in his plays but few lines were blotted. The upshot of all this preaching is to urge you not to trouble about a style—not the least little bit— 1898 Aet. 62

> In art, books, music, there's no other plan
> To mend the style except to mend the man.

And the same applies to woman as much as to man—as I need hardly say—but there is no comfortable rhyme to "woman."

Practically what, if I may venture to say so, you want is to develop some of the motives you have already introduced; there is Mrs. Waley's wig, there are the brother's debts, there is the parrot, and surely poor James may in the end be revenged—might he not even sell the parrot, cage and all? However, I do not want to make suggestions.

But I may add this much. I have often at the beginning of a book found myself very uncertain what I would do, and appalled at the difficulty of knowing what to put where, and how to develop my incidents. I never have that feeling now because I have always found that there is some one point or other in which I can see my way. I immediately set to work at that point and before I have done and settled it I invariably find that there is another point which I can also see and settle, etc., etc.

At present some of your incidents—as, for example, the brother's debts and the quarrel between the lovers—suggest mechanical arrangement; the only reason for this I believe to be that they are introduced a little too suddenly. In lengthening your work, which I hope you will do, you will be sure to find some ways of letting things grow more gradually.

And now I have let my pen run on too glibly but, like Shakespeare and Homer, I will let the thing go without attempting to tinker it.

From Butler's Diary

Frid. Sep. 16–*Tuesd. Sep.* 27—To Amsterdam to the Rembrandt Exhibition returning via Haarlem (where I did not admire the Franz Hals) and the Hague. My feet very bad all the time.

1898 Aet. 62 Butler brought home with him the Catalogue of the Rembrandt Exhibition, and I have given it to the British Museum. It contains the pencil notes he made at the time, one to each of the 124 pictures. Sometimes he only says "very fine," "all very well," "admirable," "lovely," "I don't want it," and so on. Some of the pictures are marked X, which means that he would frequently look at them if he possessed them; others not so marked he admired in many cases very cordially but did not want them. When in doubt he put X? Those that he would rather not have he marked O. I give a few of the more detailed notes:

52. Het corporaalschap van Frans Banning Cocq, gezegd de "Nachtwacht"—If I knew what to say about this picture I would say something, but I do not know. All I know is that I find it too much for me in every way, and would not live with it in my house. But the mutilation of the picture in 1715 has made it impossible to judge it fairly. It is more full of vigorous life and motion, more able to take the beholder in as an actual solid scene, more convincingly characteristic of the time, place and circumstances, in a word, more effective than any picture that I can call to mind; but it overpowers me and, though I should be glad if we had it at the National Gallery, I don't want it in my own house.

65. Nicholas Berchem (the property of the Duke of Westminster, Grosvenor House, London)—There is nothing in the Exhibition much finer than this and 66 [*i.e.* the companion picture, the wife of Nicholas Berchem].

68. Jan Six aan het venster, studie voor die ets (Léon Bonnat, Paris)—An exquisite little gem; one of the most delightful in the whole exhibition.

75. Studie naar Rembrandts broeder met een helm op het hoofd. (Keizer Frederik Museums Vereeniging, Berlijn)—I never saw such painting of a helmet. One would swear it was real. I admit it and admire it but do not want it. On second thoughts I think I do.

94. Portret van een Poolsch ruiter in de dracht van het regiment van Lysowsky, in een landschap (the property of Graaf Tarnowski, Dzikow, Galicia)—A very curious subject for Rembrandt to have had to paint.

110. Portret van een heer (Prins Joesoepof St. Petersburg)—Wonderful. I am not sure that this and 111 are not finer than the Nicholas Berchem and his wife. They are among the very finest work he ever did.

111. Portret van een dame met een struisveder in de hand (Prins Joesoepof St. Petersburg)—Wonderful. I cannot make out which of the two I prefer, this or the preceding. It is impossible to believe that painting can do more. These two pictures kept growing upon me all the time I was here. 1898 Aet. 62

116. De Staalmeesters—If I had Jones and Gogin and Ballard with me, one after the other, and had plenty of time to think them all over I might know better what to think. The residuary impression produced upon me so far is "that the picture would have been better if the painter had taken more pains." I admit it and most respectfully admire it, but am vexed with myself for not finding it kindle all the enthusiasm that I should like it to do.

Perhaps it is that I find the arrangements of light, shade, colour and composition more carefully studied than the individualities of the drapers. Three of the heads are very characterless and none of them carry full conviction.

117. Homerus—Rubbish, but he does not seem to have made Homer blind.

123. Esther, Haman, and Ahasuerus (the property of Z. M. de Koning van Roemenie, Sinaïa)—Everything subordinated to splendid slogging of a yellow dress. Composition disregarded; arrangement of light and shade disregarded; figures without interest or individuality; nothing in the picture to attract, except the splendid slogging of a yellow dress and its cloak with ermine lining. In reality it is a magnificent piece of still-life painting, but as this it says the last word that can be said about the painting of yellow satin and a gold brocaded cloak.

Hans Faesch came from Switzerland to London about this time to complete his arrangements before returning to the East. He was accompanied by Peter Hauff, a Norwegian with whom he had gone into partnership, and they went to Vien-tiane in the Shan States with the intention of dealing in rubber. Before they started Butler gave them a farewell dinner at the Hotel d'Italie in Old Compton Street at which Gogin, Alfred and I were also present.

On 15th October 1898, we received the first copy of *The Iliad of Homer rendered into English prose for the use of those who cannot read the original.* The motto on the title-page is from a letter from Baron Merian to Dr. Butler: "I entirely agree with you after due rumination. Homer and Shakespeare are the only two poets in the wide world."

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Butler's notion of the lines on which a translation should be made are thus stated in the preface :

> The genius of the language into which a translation is being made is the first thing to be considered ; if the original was readable, the translation must be so also, or, however good it may be as a construe, it will not be a translation. It follows that a translation should depart hardly at all from the modes of speech current in the translator's own times, inasmuch as nothing is readable for long which affects any other diction than that of the age in which it was written. We know the charm of the Elizabethan translations, but he who would attempt one that shall vie with these must eschew all Elizabethanisms that are not good Victorianisms also.

And so he strove to make his translation readable for those who are accustomed to modern English, and avoided the affectation of larding it with archaisms which would have made it look like a sham ruin.

In November he was at Shrewsbury and wrote to me that at Cressage, where he had a farm, he had been told of this dialogue between a parson and one of his parishioners :

> *Parson* : Such habits of intemperance not only ruin your character here, but gravely endanger your chances of happiness in a world beyond the grave.
>
> *Parishioner* : Well, Sir, I know my character is not of the best, but as for heaven, I must stand the risk of that as other people do.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

1899. 1900—Part I

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS RECONSIDERED

Butler to H. F. Jones.

31*st Jan.* 1899—I have no particular news. Alfred went out yesterday, when I was at the Museum, and had three stumps of teeth out one after the other. He did not say a word to me for fear it should disturb my working at the Museum, but he brought all the three stumps to show me; they seem to have come out fairly easily. Sadler called in the afternoon and he showed them to Sadler. Then he took them home and showed them to the children. By this time I suppose he had got tired of them, so he put them with some salt into an envelope and burned them. I am glad he has had them out for they had been plaguing him for some time. 1899 Aet. 63

Butler to Miss Butler.

4 *Jan.* 1899—I have been deluged with Italian letters, two of them requiring long troublesome answers. An old Italian Member of Parliament keeps wanting all sorts of details about the London School Board, all of which I have to find out, and it worries me, for it is out of my beat. Then another wants all sorts of questions answered about the *Odyssey*, let alone the numerous New Year's letters that I have to answer.

But this does not nearly exhaust the number of things that were interfering with the writing of his book about the Sonnets of Shakespeare.

On 5th March 1899, Giacalone Patti wrote from Trapani that a friend of his had the flag of one of the steamers in which Garibaldi and his Thousand arrived at

1899 Aet. 63 Marsala in 1860. It was a large flag, white and blue stripes with the name of the steamer, *Lombardo*, across it. The *Lombardo* was the steamer commanded by Nino Bixio and was sunk in the harbour of Marsala; Garibaldi himself commanded the *Piemonte*. Butler was to find some rich Englishman, or some wealthy museum, to buy this historic object. He made inquiries without success, and replied that the flag was not more likely to find a purchaser in London than a flag of the Mahdi, taken in the Soudan, would be to find a purchaser in Sicily.

The flag was afterwards bought by Conte Agostino Sieri Pepoli, and is now in the museum in the convent of the Annunziata at Trapani, where the count also placed the large collection of valuable and curious objects which he gave to the town. He died in the spring of 1910, aged 62; the previous autumn I had had a long conversation with him one evening as we sat together outside the Grand Hotel at Trapani. He was staying in Trapani partly to be near his museum, the arrangement of which was the hobby of his declining days, and partly because, as he grew older, life on the Mountain was too full of discomfort. He told me a great deal about his museum; he had put *The Authoress of the Odyssey* and Butler's letter sending him the book into a special show-case with the autograph MS. of a Ballata by Scarlatti which he had bought at the Hôtel Drouot in Paris.

There were two Scarlatti—Alessandro, the father, and Domenico, his son. Domenico was a friend of Handel and so devoted to him and his genius that he always crossed himself whenever Handel's name was mentioned in his presence. I reminded the count of this, and said that Butler would have been proud if he could have known that his book and his letter were preserved in the same case with a Ballata by Domenico Scarlatti. He replied that this would not quite do; the Ballata is by Alessandro who was born at Trapani in 1658 or 1659. They sometimes tell one in Trapani that Alessandro was born not at Trapani, but at the village of Paceco, close by, and, if so, he would still pass for a Trapanese, because Paceco is in the Province of Trapani. Domenico was born in

Naples in 1685. There is nothing on the Ballata, as one sees it in the museum, to tell whether it is by the father or the son, only the word "Scarlatti" is visible because the MS. is framed and the Christian name, if there is one, is hidden; but the Count bought the Ballata believing it to be by Alessandro, the Trapanese, and it probably is so because he wrote much for the voice, whereas Domenico is better known as a writer for the harpsichord. I think Butler would still have felt proud to be in the same show-case with Alessandro Scarlatti. 1899 Aet. 63

The Reverend Canonico Romano, who helped the count to arrange his museum, took me there afterwards and we copied the words of the Ballata:

> Io piango, e tu non m'odi. E pur t'amo e t'adoro.
> Odimi almeno, e poi contento morrò. Ma con chi parlo?
> Ahi! lasso porgo al vento i sospiri.

On 13th March 1899, Mr. (now Sir) Sidney Lee wrote asking Butler to join the committee which was being formed to present Garnett with his portrait on his retirement from the British Museum. Butler, of course, accepted.

There was also much to attend to in connection with his small houses near London—for instance, the erection of a telephone pole at Ladywell; and a great deal to settle about his Shropshire property, the planting of trees at Harnage, the shooting in the woods, the cutting of timber, difficulties with the water, and so on. Presently his nephew, who was growing oranges and grape-fruit in Florida, wanted him to find out where to get lace paper and tinsel filigree so that he could pack his goods in fancy style to make them attractive.

All these interruptions worried him, I do not say more than they should have done, but more than they would have done before 1895, and more than interruptions of such a kind would ever have worried his grandfather. His feet were still painful, and I used still to accompany him to Clifford's Inn because of the giddiness; but, as I have said, he would not always let me come. He did not, however, go alone all the way,

1899 Aet. 63 though I did not find this out till after his death. Old Hatt, the night-watchman, who cultivated roses and whose watch-box was at the Southampton Buildings entrance of Staple Inn, had died and, in 1897, was succeeded by a younger man who had been a marine. Butler used to get the new watchman to accompany him as far as the corner of Chancery Lane; there he would say:

"Thank you and good-night, good Mr. Evans."

And the watchman would reply: "Good-night, Sir."

Butler would not let him come farther because he would not take him out of sight of his watch-box. After this had been going on for a considerable time, like a versicle and response in the Church service, there came an evening when Butler said as usual:

"Thank you and good-night, good Mr. Evans."

And the watchman replied; "Yes, Sir; good—for nothing."

He had been saying this to himself for weeks before he had the courage, on this particular evening, to say it out loud, and Butler was so pleased with him that he gave him five shillings on the spot and adopted another form of salute. After Butler's death, Evans told this to my friend R. W. K. Edwards, another tenant of the Inn, who told me. I had already heard part of it from Evans, but, just as old Tom at Barnard's Inn used to call the hours quietly in order that the gentlemen might not be disturbed, so Evans stopped short in his story before coming to the interesting part about the five shillings, no doubt wishing to avoid the appearance of suggesting that I might follow Butler's example.

At the end of March we started for our Italian tour which this year did not extend to Sicily. We went to Basel to salute Madame Faesch, and then to Lucerne, where we took the steamer to Fluelen. Dr. Mandell Creighton (Bishop of London) was on board with his family. The bishop took us away from the others into a corner of the deck and made Butler talk. This is what he always did. When Butler went to a party at Fulham, the bishop took him off alone and made him

talk. The bishop would listen and smoke cigarettes, but would never talk himself. 1899 Aet. 63

"I have spent many hours with the bishop," said Butler, "but I have no idea what he really thinks on any subject."

We went to Casale-Monferrato and from there Butler went to Varallo-Sesia, and I to Nice for a week to see my mother. We met again at Genoa and went to Pisa, Siena, Florence, Forlì, Ravenna. From Ravenna we went to Padua, to reconsider the Giotto frescoes, and then to Venice. Here we met our friend Joseph Benwell Clark who was staying with William Logsdail the painter. We also found in the hotel Charles Ricketts and Charles Shannon, with whom Butler exchanged views about old masters, discussing, of course, the Holbein water-colour at Basel and the Bellini heads in the Louvre. After leaving Venice we stayed at Verona, Bergamo, Milan, and Turin on our way to Sammichele, in the valley of Susa, where we spent a week, and returned by the end of May via the Mont Cenis and Paris.

After our return to London, the Rev. J. M. Wilson (now Canon of Worcester), whom Butler had not seen for forty years, wrote to him from Sammichele. It was an enthusiastic letter in praise of most of the places mentioned in *Alps and Sanctuaries* and also of Varallo.

Butler to the Rev. J. M. Wilson.

3 *July* 1899—I am gratified to hear that you have found *Alps and Sanctuaries* serviceable. Would that I had time to write a sequel to it for which I have many notes, but I have so many books in contemplation and on hand that I fear I shall never get to it.

My friend Jones and I visited Ravenna for the first time this year. . . . The old churches—particularly the two outside the town, S. Maria in Porto Fuori and S. Apollinare in Classe—are most impressive as also are several within the town. I think (but you know them already) that you would like them as well as Sammichele, but in a different way. The mosaics on the whole disappointed us after those at Monreale, Palermo, and Cefalù: it was, however, most interesting to find St. John the Baptist in two

1899 churches baptizing Christ with the assistance of the river-god of
Aet. 63 the Jordan.

Late in July 1899 Butler received two letters from Lord Grimthorpe, who had read *The Authoress*, and accepted the theory that it was written by a woman—Nausicaa and all. Lord Grimthorpe in one of his letters sent some ideas of his own upon the stringing up of the housemaids in the *Odyssey*.

Butler to Lord Grimthorpe.[1]

1st Aug. 1899—Finding that the writer when hanging the maids had not even tried to understand her own meaning, I rather shirked the passage. When, however, I publish my translation of the entire *Odyssey*, which I hope to do in about a year's time, I shall have an opportunity of returning to the matter and, unless you forbid me, will use your scholia, with due acknowledgement, to make it clearer to the reader how absurd the story is.

As you are taking so kindly an interest in my views about the *Odyssey*, I venture to add a little detail which unaccountably did not get printed. I mean that Nausicaa—whom I am glad to see your lordship speak of as the authoress which she certainly was—intended to imply that her father's habitual guests were scoundrels by saying that they habitually made their final drink offering for the night not to Neptune but to Mercury (ὦ πυμάτῳ, etc.).

I am sure Dean Burgon was right in saying that your sword is not so rusty as you declare it to be; not to pretend that mine is less rusty than it is I will confess that I copied my accents from the printed text.

P.S.—Having occasion on Monday to call on Charles Longman in connection with my next book, I flung your lordship's first letter triumphantly at his head and he was much impressed by it, knowing that Andrew Lang, who is his reader, had assured him that the whole theory was nonsense.

Lord Grimthorpe invited Butler to spend a day with him at St. Albans. He went and his host took him over the cathedral and showed him the alterations and restorations which he had designed and had had carried out. Lord Grimthorpe told Butler that when he had the honour of

[1] Butler only kept a draft of this letter and the extract here given may be incomplete, *e.g.* he may have written out the quotation in full, also the date may have been altered.

showing them to the Prince of Wales (King Edward VII.) the following conversation had taken place: 1899 Aet. 63

"And now tell me, Lord Grimthorpe," said the Prince, "who was your architect in carrying out these admirable restorations?"

"I employed, Sir, the only architect with whom I have never quarrelled."

Butler said to me that no doubt the Prince knew all about that, and only asked the question so as to give the old gentleman an opportunity of playing off his little joke.

Longmans had agreed to publish Butler's book about the Sonnets, but not at their own expense; accordingly he had it printed at Cambridge, and on 2nd September 1899 we went to Wassen, on the S. Gottardo, and stayed there sketching and correcting the proofs of the book and seeing it through the press. On the 28th October 1899, after our return to London, we received the first copy of *Shakespeare's Sonnets reconsidered and in part re-arranged with introductory chapters, notes, and a reprint of the original 1609 edition.* The motto on the title-page is from *Measure for Measure* (v. i. 444-446):

> They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
> And, for the most, become much more the better
> For being a little bad.

Early in November 1899 Butler received a letter from Monsieur Fernand Henry, who had just published a translation into French sonnets of the Sonnets of Shakespeare, and had seen the announcement that Butler's book was about to be published; he sent a copy of his translation and proposed an exchange. I omit the opening of Butler's reply; its purport was to thank Fernand Henry for his book and to say that he understood there had been no intention to make original research into the difficult questions which underlie the Sonnets; he also praised highly the introduction which gives an excellent résumé of the opinions expressed by the writers then most in favour with the public.

Butler to Fernand Henry.

1899 Aet. 63 17-20 *Nov.*—Your main object was to translate the Sonnets into French verse. I state the foregoing merely to show that I fully realise what you intended to do and to applaud the manner in which you have carried out your intention.

But—and here comes my difficulty: French poetry is based on principles so foreign to English that very few Englishmen (and I alas! am not among the number) can understand French poetry at all; we admire and understand your incomparable French prose—Buffon to me is simply the ne plus ultra of prose—but your poetry is a dead letter to me. I can see that you have caught and correctly rendered several of the most difficult sonnets; but there my power of entering into the spirit of your translation begins and ends. I greatly regret that this should be so, but so it is.

Let me confess further. When Messrs. Longman sent me your book, not being able to review it, I read your preface attentively and several of your translations and then, having very little room on my shelves, I took the volume to the British Museum, where I work most mornings, and asked them whether they would be likely to get it or be likely to have it given them. They said that if I would give it them, they would be very glad to have it; and I accordingly gave it to them. At that time I had not heard from you, and did not foresee that I should have the pleasure of doing so, but was simply anxious to put the book at once within reach of the many Shakespearean scholars who frequent the Museum.

As for helping to get the book reviewed in England, I have mentioned it to two friends of mine, employés in the British Museum, and have asked them (for they both review books) to call attention to it if they can; but I *never* review books myself and have no connection with, or interest with, any of our journals or magazines; indeed I am terribly out of favour with all of them. I never write on any subject unless I believe the opinion of those who have the ear of the public to be mistaken, and this involves, as a necessary consequence, that every book I write runs counter to the men who are in possession of the field; hence I am always in hot water, and I doubt whether any one of our English writers is in much worse odour with the reviewers than I am. I cannot help this; but the complete isolation, or worse than isolation, in which I stand robs me of all power to do a good turn to anyone else, however much I might wish to do so. I may mention as a proof of my total failure to attract the public that I am at present a loser by my books to the extent of over £900 (English pounds); this deficit

has extended over some 30 years, so that it has not been heavy in any one year and has occasioned me absolutely no inconvenience whatever; but it may serve to bear out my statement that I have no literary position in England. 1899 Aet. 64

As I never write reviews, so neither do I try to obtain them for myself. The only reviews I value are those that correct me in mistake, and these I welcome gladly.

If there are any others of my books (see advertisement at the end of my last book) which you would care to have, I shall have the utmost pleasure in sending them to you. Pray pardon the length to which this letter has extended itself.

Mr. Garnett had not been sympathetic about *The Authoress*, as we have seen, so Butler did not expect from him much sympathy for his book about the Sonnets; nevertheless he sent him a copy which Garnett acknowledged in a long letter.

Butler to Richard Garnett.

15 *Dec.* 1899.

My dear Mr. Garnett—I think it very kind of you to have entered so fully into detail as regards my book in your letter received this morning, for I am sure you have all one man's work on hand with literary undertakings. Your letter is valuable to me as showing how my book strikes one than whom I know none more able to form a sound opinion concerning it; nevertheless men's minds are as steelyards graduated so differently that on no two of them will the same considerations record the same weight, and your steelyard and mine have been graduated very differently indeed in some respects, though very similarly in so many others.

The consideration that no youth of 21 would have been likely to be able to write the Sonnets weighs so heavily with you that it makes those which I have urged in support of Shakespeare's extreme youth at the time he wrote them "kick the beam."

With me the consideration that no such man as I can alone conceive Shakespeare to have been could conceivably have written Sonnet 23 at the age of 30 (much less of 35) outweighs by ten, twenty, or a hundredfold any a priori difficulty about supposing that so exceptional a man should have written such exceptional poems at an exceptionally early age. Each supposition involves an impossibility in the mind of the one or other of us and there is no going beyond this.

1899 Aet. 64 You think the Sonnets much freer from juvenile faults than the "Venus" or the "Lucrece"; I think "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece" far more polished and mature works than the Sonnets; the Sonnets to my thinking abound in juvenile slovenliness; not so either "Venus and Adonis" or "Lucrece." And so on throughout your letter. It is a case of a profound difference in the values which we severally attach to the same considerations and, while I can fully understand that those which have weighed heaviest with you are indeed no light ones, there is not one of those you have urged—except the reading "foil" in the last line of Sonnet 89 (69 Q)[1]—which appears to me to outweigh those that induced me to take up the position that I have taken. I should think "foil" is right and in any (if any) second edition shall adopt it with acknowledgement.

So it was with the *Odyssey*; to me the evidence that it was written by a woman, and a very young one, is conclusive; but you found it utterly and absolutely worthless, or at any rate hopelessly insufficient. I know that you have most, and very capable, people with you; but I know also that I have many, and not less capable, upon my side, among them Lord Grimthorpe, who wrote to me on the subject in the summer and added considerations which I regret not to have insisted upon with greater fullness.

So it will be now with this book upon the Sonnets; both numbers and present weight are with you, but I know that I have enough both men and women who are cordially with me to prevent my feeling myself isolated.

The history of literature is the history of the reversing of many a deeply-rooted opinion. I have not the smallest fear that my book will be lost sight of and I confidently believe and hope that time will bring many to my opinion.

As regards Sonnet 148 (125 Q), I carefully considered the question whether the "thou" of line 13 could refer to any other "thou" than the "thou" of line 10 and, after much hesitation, gravitated to the conclusion that it could not, to which conclusion I adhere, though my friend Jones argued the point rather forcibly against me.

There! After all the trouble that you have very kindly taken I feel somewhat ungrateful in maintaining such an uncompromising attitude, but I can thank you very cordially all the same, and am, with kind regards, Yours very truly,

S. BUTLER.

There are several entries in Butler's Note-Books about

[1] 89 is the number in Butler's proposed re-arrangement of the order. 69 is the number in the Quarto which is followed in most modern editions.

Garnett and the Sonnets, and one in which he speaks of this letter. 1899 Aet. 64

My letter is, I know, insincere, but it is as sincere as I knew how to make it. Garnett and I have known each other for many years and I have a great admiration for him in not a few respects—especially I cannot forget that he wrote that wonderful book *The Twilight of the Gods*. I cannot therefore deal otherwise than very tenderly with him; but approve of him I certainly do not.

The Authoress of the Odyssey led to a correspondence between Butler and Mr. Robert Bridges. I only give from the letters of Mr. Bridges such short extracts as are necessary to understand Butler's replies.

Robert Bridges to Butler.

23 *Dec.* 1899—There can be no doubt that it is one of the most valuable of the books on the Homeric question. There is no reason why the *Odyssey* should not have been written by a woman, only the woman was not to be Mrs. Barrett Browning. It is of course difficult (in the absence of the works of those early poetesses) to imagine a woman having written the great καὶ τὰ φέρει of Bk. xviii. 135 in the speech of Odysseus to Amphinomus. That always seemed to me the biggest thing in the *Odyssey*—one of the biggest things in the whole of poetry—and it is so quietly said no one heeds it.

This is the speech which Butler quoted in his letter to Colonel Lean in 1893. I find no copy of Butler's reply to Mr. Bridges, but it appears that he must have spoken of the small success that his books had met with, and offered to send him copies of any he might not have.

Robert Bridges to Butler.

28*th Dec.* 1899—Your history of *The Fair Haven* astonishes me; so few copies sold! I have a copy—many thanks—and have almost all your books; the only gaps being due to the over-appreciation of borrowers. I always hold you up as one of our best stylists. You taught me a great deal.

Butler was no doubt led to tell Mr. Bridges how his books had been selling because he had been making for

1899 Aet. 64 his own use the statement of which the Table on p. 311 is a copy. It is given also in *The Note-Books of Samuel Butler* (1912).

To this must be added my book on the Sonnets in respect of which I have had no account as yet but am over a hundred pounds out of pocket by it so far—but little of which I fear is ever likely to come back.

It will be noted that my public appears to be a declining one. I attribute this to the long course of practical boycott to which I have been subjected for so many years—or, if not boycott, of sneer, snarl and misrepresentation. I cannot help it nor, if the truth were known, am I at any pains to do so.

Butler made no analysis of the sales of *A First Year in Canterbury Settlement* (1863) nor of his pamphlet on the Resurrection (1865). I do not know what he means by "A Book of Essays." It is possible that he incurred an outlay of £3 : 11 : 9 in connection with a projected republication of his *Universal Review* articles or of some of his Italian articles about the *Odyssey*.

Myself and Dr. Furnivall

My excellent friend Mr. Bickley, of the MS. department [British Museum], has for some days been bringing about a meeting between me and Dr. Furnivall who had borrowed my last book [about Shakespeare's Sonnets] from him, and who, though he did not agree with it, was "very much interested" in me and would like to make my acquaintance. So I was to come to the MS. Room last Wednesday at 4.30 and be introduced. I went, was introduced, and Dr. Furnivall and I then adjourned to the A.B.C. shop in Rathbone Place.

As we walked thither Dr. Furnivall—a most amiable, kindly old gentleman, absolutely free from "side" or affectation, and very sensible (as I presently found) on some matters in respect of which most men are idiots—well, Dr. Furnivall began to tackle me by saying that it seemed to him, and he heard others express a like opinion, that I had made up my mind to make Sonnet 107 [1] refer to the Spanish Armada, and twisted everything else so as to make it fit in with this preconception.

This interested me, for it showed me the line which the

[1] The references in this and later letters are to the Sonnets as numbered in the Quarto, and not in Butler's proposed re-arrangement.

Analysis of the Sales of my Books, 28th November 1899.

	Copies sold.	Cash Profit.	Cash Loss.	Total Profit.	Total Loss.	Value of Stock.
Erewhon . . .	3842	£62 10 10	...	£69 3 10	...	£6 13 0
The Fair Haven . .	442	...	£41 2 2	...	£27 18 2	13 4 0
Life and Habit . .	640	...	4 17 1½	7 19 1½	...	12 16 3
Evolution Old and New .	541	...	103 11 10	...	89 13 10	13 18 0
Unconscious Memory .	272	...	38 13 5	...	38 13 5	[Burnt]
Alps and Sanctuaries .	332	...	133 6 4	...	110 18 4	22 8 0
Selections from Previous Works	120	...	51 4 10½	...	48 10 10½	2 14 0
Luck or Cunning? . .	284	...	41 6 4	...	13 18 10	27 7 6
Ex Voto . . .	217	...	147 18 0	...	111 8 0	36 10 0
Life and Letters of Dr. Butler	201	...	216 18 0	...	193 18 0	23 0 0
The Authoress of the Odyssey	165	...	81 1 3	...	59 10 3	21 11 0
The Iliad in English Prose	157	...	89 4 8	...	77 6 8	11 18 0
A Holbein Card . .	6	...	8 1 9	...	8 1 9	...
A Book of Essays . .	0	...	3 11 9	...	...	3 11 9
		£62 10 10	£960 17 6	£77 2 11½	£779 18 1½	£195 11 6

1899 Aet. 64 reviewers of my book are pretty certain to take. If Dr. Furnivall, without accusing me of preconception, had shown why it was unlikely that Sonnet 107 should refer to the Spanish Armada, or had pointed to some other event, between, say, 1590 and 1600, to which the Sonnet could be held preferably to refer, I should have paid great attention to him, but he made no such attempt; moreover I knew both that there was no such event, and also that I had been driven on to the Armada by the conviction that Shakespeare must have been very young when the earlier Sonnets were written. Taking 21 as a hypothetical age for "very young," and once convinced, as I soon was, of Shakespeare's extreme youth, the Armada was inevitable for Sonnet 107. I confess that the ready accusation of preconception and of reasoning up to a foregone conclusion somewhat piqued me; but I hope and believe that no sign of pique escaped me.

Then, when we were in the bread shop, Dr. Furnivall demurred to my arguing from Sonnet 2, that Shakespeare was still very young. He thought it was much more like the writing of an older person. I said there was no arguing against impressions, that the same words not unfrequently leave diametrically opposite impressions on people who are both of them able and equitable; but that the impression left on me by a Sonnet which describes a man of 40 as one who is in an advanced state of decrepitude is that it can only have been written by one who had never known forty, or anything near it, and to whom forty still seemed very remote. From Sonnet 3 I collect this not less decidedly.

We left this point, therefore, each of us holding to his own opinion; but Dr. Furnivall urged that the Sonnets belonged to the Hamlet period in view of their introspective and deeply philosophical character. It was impossible that Shakespeare at the age of 21 should have either the mental grasp or the literary skill requisite for the production of the Sonnets.

To this I rejoined inwardly—for I do not think that I said all that I shall now say—firstly that there is not a line in the Sonnets that betrays any deeper thoughts about life and things than must have occurred long before he was 21 to any man who has been married against his will at 18 and who has been greatly distressed for money; it is one of the commonplace Shakespearean criticisms to appeal to the philosophical character of the Sonnets, and if to come from the heart of a great poet who has passed through a baptism of fire at an early age is to be philosophical, then the Sonnets are philosophical; but I find nothing in them to show that Shakespeare could see through a brick wall more clearly than other young men of warm heart and indisputable natural genius, who have also suffered very bitterly at an early age, can do.

As for its having been unlikely that Shakespeare should have had the literary power at 21 to write the Sonnets—Shakespeare proved to have such transcendent literary power that there is no arguing as to what he might or might not have been able to do when he was 21. The only question should be one of fact, as to whether the evidence leads us to suppose or no that he wrote the Sonnets at that age. We cannot argue in Shakespeare's case from what other young men are commonly able to do. If this kind of argument is permitted, may we not have some one presently maintaining that Pitt cannot have been born so late as 1759 because that would make him only 24 in 1783 when he became Prime Minister? 1899 Aet. 64

Again Dr. Furnivall argued that Shakespeare was probably gay and more or less roystering in his youth, and that the Sonnets are the work of one who has been sobered. My answer is that by far the greater number of the Sonnets belong to a period covered by not more than a twelvemonth, during which Shakespeare had passed through an ordeal that would take all the gaiety and sprightliness out of anyone whose nerves were not of brass or hammered steel. Besides, there is no evidence on which we can rely with any confidence as to whether Shakespeare was a gay, light-hearted youth or no. The impression I derive from his works is that he was liable to quick alternations between extremes of depression and elation. But an impression is not a demonstration.

Then it transpired that Dr. Furnivall had never really read my book at all. He had skimmed parts of it. I found it necessary to explain to him that my view of Shakespeare's offence is that it never went beyond intention, and was never repeated. I thought I had made these points so clear that no one could fail to catch them, but I had to explain my position. As for my chapters on the Ireland forgeries, he was unaware that I had mentioned the Ireland forgeries at all.

Dr. Furnivall denied that there was anything in the Sonnets to indicate that Shakespeare had been fonder of Mr. W. H. than he should have been. He said he really could not see that any such conclusion was warranted by Sonnet 20—the one on which the imputation was generally made to rest. I told him I agreed with him and had said this in my book; but I repeated Sonnet 23, of the drift of which he evidently had no idea. Then he admitted that he had never studied the Sonnets very closely—a fact which I had already discovered.

Then we conversed on other matters, and I found him kindly, genial, and sensible. I liked the old gentleman well enough, but I parted with him in some depression—for I saw more plainly even than before that no one in my life-time is likely to

1900 Aet. 64 read, mark, learn and inwardly digest either my book or the immortal poems of which it treats. The more universal writing becomes, the more do people seem to have utterly lost the art of reading. However, I shall go on writing just the same.—[8 Dec. 1899.]

Butler to Robert Bridges.

3 *Jan.* 1900.

My dear Bridges—I must not flood you with correspondence—a poor return for your valued frankness—but I cannot let yours of December 31st 1899 go without acknowledgement. I have had influenza since the note I wrote to you on Friday and, though able to sit to a table today, am still a very poor creature. It came on all of a moment on Saturday.

In your letter of December 28th you speak of gaps caused in your collection of my books by borrowers. Pray let me know what they are and I shall have great pleasure in supplying them; the only book of which I am parsimonious is *Unconscious Memory*, which is going to be a scarce book and of which only four or five copies in my possession remain unsold. Many sheets were destroyed some years ago at Ballantyne's. Still, if you want a copy some one has got to have the few that remain; only I like those that have copies now to know that the book is one that they will not easily replace if they lose it.

For the rest I will restrain my animadversational mind qua you, but qua myself I shall write some few pages following your letter point by point and seeing how my rejoinders contrast with your objections. Dr. Garnett, who is evidently very much upset by my book, wrote me a long twelve-page letter on the subject flinging at my head everything that I had weighed and been unable to accept. Evidently he did not much care what he said, but held that any stick would be good enough to beat me with. To such letters I return whatever reply may seem most likely to bring the correspondence to an end. Your letter evidently expresses what you bona fide think and is therefore very valuable to me as showing what will probably strike other highly capable readers as well as yourself. . . .

It is impossible that you should come to agree with me. You repeatedly speak of the Sonnets as "a poem," *i.e.* an organic whole. In this case no one sonnet can be without its influence on the others nor without being more or less covered by others. This view I cannot, and am sure that I never shall, accept; it is obvious therefore that, until it is settled which of us is right on this head, we might talk long enough infructuously.

[Robert Bridges had written: "My own key to the Sonnets

has been that Shakespeare saw that ideal love could be heightened by dissociation from sex and, feeling for W. H. something of this ideal love, he sought to give it poetic expression."] 1900 Aet. 64

Secondly [continued Butler] your key to the Sonnets is all very pretty for an elderly, or rather old, gentleman of 64 like myself, or for one who, like you, is still a good few years off 21. *We* can imagine that healthy, vigorous-minded young men of 21 can and do feel in this way, but I seem to hear "Venus laughing from the Skies" as I read that part of your letter.

[Robert Bridges had exclaimed: "Why did Shakespeare never edit his own works? Why did Socrates, Aristotle, and Christ show the same indifference?"]

You ask [continued Butler], Why did Shakespeare not edit his works? I thought there was much force in what Nisbet urged, a year or two ago,[1] that Shakespeare's retirement to Stratford was compulsory or, at any rate, on doctor's orders in consequence of paralysis or nervous breakdown which rendered further literary exertion irksome. As for Socrates and Christ, they neither of them wrote. I know nothing about Aristotle, but have we any reason to suppose that he did not leave his writings, or at any rate some of them, finished? I know nothing of Aristotelian literature. Magnis componere parvum, I have for some months been almost exclusively occupied in "editing my remains" and have several more months' work before I shall be satisfied that I have done the best I can for myself and my executors.

There! When you have told me which of my books I can supply you with, you shall have peace.—Yours very truly,

S. BUTLER.

Butler frequently did what he here threatens about his animadversational mind qua himself. He used to say he never could form an opinion on a subject until he had captured his volatile thoughts and caged them in a note. This enabled him to make up his mind, and he was then ready to write a letter, or perhaps a book, or else to leave the subject alone.

The Bishop of London (Dr. Creighton) to Butler.

FULHAM PALACE, S.W.
Jan 6, 1900.

DEAR BUTLER—I have read your Shakespeare's Sonnets with much interest. You have done all that can be done in the

[1] Cf. *The Insanity of Genius*, by J. F. Nisbet. 6th edition. London, 1912.

1900 Aet. 64 name of common sense; but people like literary problems and they refuse to admit that a poet is a man and records all his experiences. Nowadays we write for publicity and only give so much of ourselves as we choose. But in an earlier and less sophisticated time a man revelled in expressing what he felt and was more interested in the expression than in considering how he would look as regards the subject matter.

Aeneas Sylvius when he became Pope Pius II. neither attempted to suppress nor to apologise for early indiscretions in literature.—Yours very sincerely, M. LONDON:

Butler to Fernand Henry.

22 *Jan.* 1900—I am glad the reviews of my book have left a more or less favourable impression upon you—my friends are dissatisfied with them; I am neither satisfied nor dissatisfied, the only criticism I care two straws about is criticism which reveals to me a mistake; happily so far (except in the matter of the *Rev.* E. Malone) I have seen no objection brought forward which gives me any uneasiness.[1]

I am sorry your French critics have treated you in a superficial manner, but I have always observed that it is only the shallow books that are received with a chorus of applause. The critics can understand these at once; but as for being at any pains to study what requires sustained attention—is it to be expected of them? Besides—do you write reviews yourself? If you do, by all means let the fact be known in literary circles. The reviewers themselves sometimes write books and, if they know that you may be able to belaud them, they will belaud you; otherwise if you write on a subject of which they know nothing, if they deign to notice you at all, they will make it quite plain that they have not thought it worth while to read what you have said. The art of reading is being rapidly lost; there is nothing in journalism now but skim and a show of smartness.

I fear you must not look for much sympathy here in England. It is as though we should expect the French to receive warmly an English translation of Molière. You have Molière himself and indeed I envy you; it is only a very few who would occupy themselves with an English translation of his works. The *Athenaeum*, *Spectator*, *Blackwood*, *Saturday Review*, *Fortnightly Review*, *National Observer* and many other journals have had my book and so far have not paid the

[1] Butler headed chapter iii. of his book "The Rev. Edmond Malone," thus inadvertently usurping episcopal powers and ordaining the Shakespeare commentator.

smallest attention to it beyond putting it (some of them, but not all) in their list of "Books received." English papers *never* acknowledge a book which they do not review otherwise than by putting it in their list of books received—they are so flooded with books that they would have to keep a clerk for the purpose. I often think that it is more or less infra dig. on my part to send my books to one half of the papers, but my publishers say that they had better be sent, and I do as other people do; but I am not fond of our English journalism. 1900 Aet. 64

I do not wonder at the Sonnets remaining your great preoccupation. They are the most wonderful things, to me, in all literature. You ask, "Can we conclude from the general spirit of his Sonnets that Shakespeare has intended and proclaims the superiority of friendship over love?"

I do not for a moment believe that Shakespeare intended to proclaim anything whatever by the Sonnets taken as a whole. They are not a whole; they are a number of units or strings of units; they were dictated by the feelings of the moment and the circumstances of the moment, but there is no one idea running through them save what was running through every day of Shakespeare's life, *i.e.* his passion for Mr. W. H. and his gradual estrangement from him. I cannot think that Shakespeare had any arrière pensée when he wrote any single one of them; he meant just neither more nor less than what he said. Sometimes, no doubt, he was telling lies, but he meant to tell them and he has told them; generally, however, he is speaking naked truth, and the more his words are taken au pied de la lettre the better they will be understood.

Jan. 23—To repeat. In the letters which you are good enough to encourage me to inflict upon yourself there is such continuity as is dictated by continuity of time, qua both myself and you, and by consequent continuity of both subject and character, but there is no organised structure as of a scheme preconceived and its consequent execution. I hold this view so strongly that I immediately reject any conclusions that I perceive to be based on the view that Shakespeare's Sonnets had any backbone of purpose running through them other than the expression of his own feelings at the moment, or such desire to serve his friend's real or supposed interests as the circumstances of the time dictated. I believe half the mistakes that have been made about the Sonnets to be due to their having been regarded as an organised whole and not as a series of occasional letters.

My dear Sir, take Sonnet 23; now can it conceivably be taken as an attempt to show that friendship is superior to love? It says that Shakespeare wanted something which he is pleased to call "the perfect ceremony of love's rite," but which he cannot

1900 bring his tongue to utter in words, being afraid to trust his friend.
Aet. 64 This is what it says and what it means.

I disapprove, as we all must, but I am not going to hold up hands in holy horror; all depends upon age and upon the conduct of the person whom Shakespeare was addressing. If Shakespeare was very young and had been lured (as I make no question he had been) by a comely, heartless youth who was amusing himself at Shakespeare's expense, the sonnet is regrettable. I will not say that it would have been better if it had not been preserved, for I am by no means sure that we ought not to be very thankful that we have it in evidence; I admit, however, that it is regrettable. But if written by a very young man who was being lured, I, for my part, find it venial. If written by a man of 30, it is not venial. Hence the extreme importance of dating the Sonnets. All that we must think of Shakespeare must be tinctured by the conclusions we arrive at as to his age at the time he wrote the Sonnets and, though I trust that I have not allowed my passionate eagerness to defend Shakespeare to influence my judgement one way or the other, I am satisfied that I am right in regarding them as the first things that Shakespeare wrote and dating them 1585–1588.

Take again Sonnets 57, 58. How can they be tortured into an attempt to proclaim the superiority of friendship over love? They express bitter chagrin at his friend's not coming to see him, while Shakespeare was watching the clock, hour after hour, for his coming. This is what they appear to say, and I regard it as in a high degree perilous to try and make more out of them than what appears upon the face of them. And so with all the Sonnets.

As regards Gerald Massey, I cannot take him to be a man of any weight. If you merely sent your book to him, without a letter accompanying it, he would not acknowledge it. I should myself acknowledge it in such a case, but when I send copies of my book unaccompanied by a letter I *never* receive an acknowledgement. If you write along with the book you should receive an answer. The answers I commonly receive are to the effect that the writer has received my book and will read it with much interest. I *never* hear anything more, and make it a rule not to give copies to anyone except those who have sent me some work of their own, or to personal friends, or to some few who write and ask for it—which shows that they want it.

Still, I think I should write, if I were you, to Professor Dowden, Buona Vista, Killiney, Ireland, and send him a copy. He is better than most of them; but you will have already seen that I reject anything that has been done since Malone in 1794. He is the King of Shakespeare Commentators of the old school, but no

longer up-to-date—still he is a better man than any of us. I very often agree with Dowden on points of detail, but he talks a good deal of nonsense, too, and my dates are cataclysmic if it be once admitted that they are well founded. As I have already said, everything depends upon the question of the earlier or later date which is to be assigned to the Sonnets. Every page of your preface would require alteration if the earlier date is accepted—I advise you, therefore, not to accept it. 1900 Aet. 64

If, on the other hand, you accept it, really I cannot do better for you as regards the history of Sonnet-criticism than refer you to my own book in which I did the best of which I was capable. I omitted nothing that I thought deserved attention.

If you adhere to the later date, your introduction may be very well allowed to stand as a careful résumé of the most reputed authors. I do not see Malone mentioned, nor yet Howard Staunton, many of whose emendations I have adopted. He wrote no special work on the Sonnets but published Shakespeare's complete works in 1864. His emendations were communicated to *The Athenaeum*. I knew him slightly and thought very highly of him. I have plenty more to say but no more paper.

Robert Bridges to Butler.

25 *Jan.* 1900—I am very sorry indeed that you have been so clever as to make up so good (or bad) a story; but I willingly recognise that no one has brought the matter into so clear a light as you have done. You are always perspicuous and nothing but good can come of such conscientious work as yours. Still you must remember that you proved Darwin to be an arch-impostor; and there was no fault in your logic. It is not the logic which fails in this book.

Butler to Robert Bridges.

3 *Feb.* 1900.

My dear Bridges—It is never kind to answer letters at once (unless under necessity) when the sender has sickness in his house. "And therefore have I slept" in my reply to yours of Jan. 25th.

Neither will I reply now. After a full two years, during which I had the Sonnets in my mind almost night and day, I formed my conclusions concerning them and I verily believe that I have, to quote the Bishop of London's words to me in writing about my book, "done all that can be done in the name of common sense." I am sorry that you dislike my theory; I have made it quite clear that I do not like it myself, but I believe it to

1900 Aet. 64 be sound and I believe also that those whose moral support I alone look to will in the end feel that I have done a pious act in writing what I have written. There!

And now let me beg you to repair an omission—I don't think this is quite a correct way of stating the case, but let it pass—in your last letter. You were to tell me what lacunae in your collection of my precious works it may be my privilege to supply—There again! I do not believe one can supply a lacuna, can one? but let it pass. Anyhow, tell me which of my books I may send you and believe me with every good wish for the speedy return of your household to perfect health—Yours very truly, S. BUTLER.

Butler to Robert Bridges.

6 *Feb.* 1900—I cannot supply a copy of the first edition of *Erewhon*, but heard the other day of its having been seen on a second-hand bookstall marked "6d. very readable." If I see one myself at that figure I will purchase it and send it on.

As you very well know, I am a prose man and, except Homer and Shakespeare, I have read absolutely nothing of English poetry and *very little* of English prose. What with music (and I am much occupied with the orchestration of *Ulysses*) and reading what I must read for my own subjects, and writing, I have no time for general reading and am far more ignorant of your poetry—beyond a strong residuary impression that you stand at the top of the tree among living poets—than I can easily excuse myself for being. If, then, your books are your own, kindly send me enough to inform me more particularly, but if they are publishers' books, do not send me any: I pledge you my word I will get them out at the British Museum, where I go daily, and will read, mark, learn and inwardly digest them.

You say you have many books. I have, I verily believe, the smallest library of any man in London who is by way of being literary. I receive a goodish few books from Italy in the course of the year, and I always give them at once to the British Museum, which I consider my private library and where I alone do any reading at all except the papers which, in these days, cannot be studied under from an hour to an hour and a half a day.

By way of refinement I am going to the Grand Pantomime at Islington this evening and heartily hope that it may be amusing as well as vulgar.

A passage in the foregoing letter will make it clear why Mr. Higgs, in chapter i. of *Erewhon Revisited*, had

recently heard that *Erewhon* had "been seen on a second-hand bookstall marked '6d. very readable.'" 1900 Aet. 64

Butler and I went to Harwich from Saturday to Monday early in February 1900, taking with us some of the books which Mr. Bridges had sent.

Butler to Robert Bridges.

14 *Feb.* 1900.

My dear Bridges—Of course we were of a mind that they were written "in polished form of well refined pen" and we were especially impressed with the beauty and perfect workmanship of "Eros and Psyche" which carried both of us with it from beginning to end. The residuary impression, which I had already formed by having read extracts, was fully confirmed, and we had no question that we were reading poetry of a very high order; but as regards myself, you know as well as I do that I am not a poetically minded man, and I am afraid I must admit that the same holds good as regards Jones. I have never read and never, I am afraid, shall read a line of Keats or Shelley or Coleridge or Wordsworth except such extracts as I occasionally see in Royal Academy Catalogues. I have read *The Idylls of the King* and I do not like them. I have never read a word of Browning—save as above. The poets of the day are names to me and nothing more. I have read "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece" but neither of them kindles any warmth within me—admiration for marvellous workmanship, but nothing more. I do assure you that if I were told and satisfied that "Eros and Psyche" was a third poem by the same hand as "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece" I should have felt no incongruity, except as regards the far greater degree of classical knowledge. It abounds in "precious phrase by all the Muses filed"; but there is no concealing the fact that it is the business, practical side of literature and not the poetical and imaginative—I mean literature applied to the solving of some difficult problem which may be usefully solved—that alone fires me with hot desire to devour and imitate it. That, and the battering down of falsehood to the utmost of my poor ability.

How then can I criticise and appraise your poems as I am fully convinced they deserve to be appraised? Besides, who can appraise contemporary literature? It is most certain that neither you nor I can form even an approximate idea of what our respective literary positions will be fifty years after we are dead; for it would be mere affectation on the part of either of us to doubt that a position of some sort will be awarded to us—to you as a poet, to me as a prose writer. There lives not the

1900 Aet. 64 person who can tell either of us, and, for my part, did I know such a person, I would implore him not to tell me. Let us do what we can and be thankful for every year that we are allowed to work at all.

Your play I have not yet begun to read. It is my custom to read a play of Shakespeare's nightly before I go to bed for some twenty minutes, reading only those that I like—for some of them I dislike—over and over again. He shall stand aside for a time and *The Feast of Bacchus* shall take his place—but I tremble—still it shall be done.

I feel an awful beast for not being other than I am, but beast or no beast, I am always very truly yours, S. BUTLER.

The statement that he only read poetry in Royal Academy Catalogues is a reminiscence of what T. W. G. Butler used to say of himself (ante, I. p. 135). But Butler did occasionally exceed the limits of the Royal Academy Catalogue and even of *The Daily Telegraph*. For instance, he came home once from staying at Wilderhope, where he had found a volume of Wordsworth's poems selected by Matthew Arnold, and told me that it contained a great deal that he had admired. Garnett gave him a copy of *Select Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley* (1882) which he had edited, and Butler read not only all the Garnett and some of the letters, but was led to look at Shelley's poems, which he said were too little the "business, practical side of literature" and too much "the poetical and imaginative." Business here, of course, has nothing to do with commerce. He uses the word as he used it when saying, for instance, "It is an author's business to make his meaning clear. He must see to it that the manner does not obscure the matter." While Fernand Henry was translating FitzGerald's *Rubáiyát* I read Butler a few quatrains of the English, and he was very much pleased with them. He said they were sincere (which was perhaps the highest praise that could come from him), and far better than anything he remembered in Tennyson. He had read a great deal of Tennyson at Cambridge, and occasionally quoted from the poems. When it was rough at Boulogne at Christmas, or if we were in a gorge with a torrent in Switzerland or Italy, he was almost certain to say :

"I hear the roaring of the sea, Oriana. Do you hear the roaring of the sea, Oriana?" 1900 Aet. 64

Butler to Robert Bridges.

20 *Feb.* 1900—I finished *The Feast of Bacchus* last night and can now reply to yours of Feb. 16. I found *The Feast of Bacchus* very pleasant reading throughout, and was never tempted to desist, for the action does not drag anywhere and the dialogue is easy and natural. In fact I liked the play very much and I should think it would act well as well as read well. I should certainly say Send the other plays, but that I should really prefer to get them at the Museum. It is nothing to me to give away books. I always have many more printed than are likely to be wanted, and those that prove to be actually wanted are far fewer than those I imagined likely to be wanted, so thus I have abundance of copies actually doing nothing; but, as a compromise, let me ask you to send me two more and I will get the rest at the Museum.

I will not fail to read your Essay on Keats[1] which I can also see at the Museum.

I suppose I must have eaten something that has disagreed with me for I am out of sorts to-day, though not seriously; I will therefore only repeat my thanks for your goodness.

Butler to Robert Bridges.

3 *March* 1900.

My dear Bridges—Seldom have I had a more difficult task than that of replying to yours of Feb. 21 which accompanied your plays. Perhaps that is the reason why I have let some ten days go by without acknowledging their arrival and thanking you for them. There was also the better reason that I wished to have read at least a couple of them before I wrote; and I read little, as I have already explained, and that little slowly.

My trouble is this; that there is much that I cordially admire in the *Nero* Part II. and *The Return of Ulysses* (which last I have not yet finished) but that I must frankly confess (how I hate that word "frankly"! a man is always going to lie when he uses it) that I should never have read either of them if they had been written by anyone else. I should never write this if I were not certain that you would rather have me write exactly what I feel.

[1] In *Poems of John Keats* (*The Muses' Library*), 1896.

1900 Aet. 64 For instance, in the *Nero* the versification is beyond praise—easy, dignified, and in accordance with the best literary canons. Take the speech of Thrasea lines 50-75, it is admirable in conception and execution. The prose dialogue, too, is excellent in sc. ii. (except that I do not like "Niobby"), sc. iii. and sc. iv. Two speeches of Seneca, nothing could be better. I do not like "long-nosed cad" early in Act II., just as I did not like "the governour" and "all's serene" and "Pam" for Pamphilus in *The Feast of Bacchus*. But these are small blemishes.

I will not go through the play, but I assure you I found it abound with finely-thought and finely-worded passages. So I find *King Lear* and *Othello* abound with gems of the purest lustre, but I do not like either of these plays and never read them—for the horror and repulsiveness of the story. The fault of being unable to delight in these great masterpieces, or rather of being repelled by them, is in myself not in them. As my old and deplored friend Miss Savage used to tell me, I have a tête bornée (I think tête is feminine, is it not?) and unless I can take a warm, sympathetic interest in the main characters of any work, I do not like it.

So with *The Return of Ulysses*. Saturated as I am with the *Odyssey* I do not like having my conception of Eumaeus and Ulysses treated in such cataclysmic fashion. When you stick to the *Odyssey* (which I am sure you will not henceforth speak of as Homer's) I am thoroughly with you. Would that it had pleased heaven to make you translate the whole *Odyssey* as you have translated or closely followed it in your lines 1700 to 1800 (thereabouts). Believe me, I want nothing better. I should never have done the work into prose had such a translation existed or had I been gifted with that power of poetic expression which I know myself to lack.

There! I shall read all your plays from end to end and value them in spite of my conviction that I shall not probably be in full sympathy with any one of them. I shall also read the Introduction to Keats, but I have already told you that Keats is a name to me and nothing more; if he was ever going to be more, some magnet would have drawn us together before now; and I assure you I am beginning to feel that my period of active work is manifestly drawing to a close.

Thank you for pointing out the silly slip in contents of *Il.* Bk. viii. Brain fag can alone explain it. I am not surprised that you do not find the *Iliad* readable as a consecutive poem. I do, in spite of considerable tracts that would surprise me by their perfunctoriness if I had not fully persuaded myself that Homer wrote them perfunctorily on purpose and with an eye to an audience whom he had to flatter but whom he hated and

despised. He was, I am confident, as much bored by them (but for the amusement it gave him to hoodwink his audience) as we are.—Believe me, with repeated thanks, Yours very truly, 1900 Aet. 64

S. BUTLER.

In *The Athenaeum* of 24th March 1900 the following letter appeared as part of a correspondence which was then proceeding about the phrase "onlie begetter" used in the dedication of Shakespeare's Sonnets.

Butler to the Editor of The Athenaeum.

Canon Ainger in your issue of March 17 contends that the primary meaning of to beget is to bring about. It follows that the primary meaning of begetter should be bringer about.

Thorpe's dedicatory address begins: "To the onlie begetter of these insuing Sonnets Mr. W. H." Few will raise much objection to understanding these words as "To Mr. W. H. the only bringer about of these ensuing Sonnets."

Canon Ainger continues: "In Mr. Lee's interpretation of the famous phrase, W. H. is addressed as the man who 'brought about' the publication of the Sonnets; and it certainly seems to me that such explanation is perfectly legitimate."

Where is the legitimacy of smuggling in "the publication of"? To bring about the Sonnets is one thing, to bring about the publication of the Sonnets is another. S. BUTLER.

CHAPTER XXXIX

1900—Part II

THE ODYSSEY RENDERED INTO ENGLISH PROSE

1900 Aet. 64 Mr. Fuller Maitland had written a magazine article of which he sent the MS. to Butler for his advice as to how it could be improved, several editors having refused it; Butler recommended that it should be shortened.

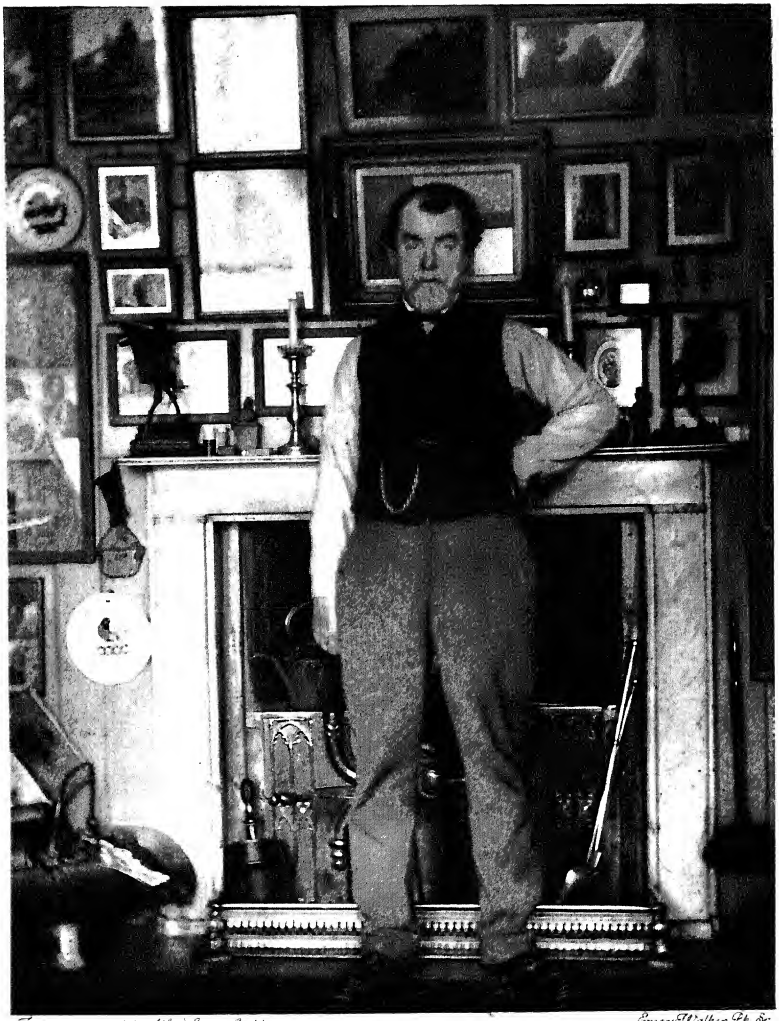
Butler to J. A. Fuller Maitland.

29 *March* 1900—I know how I kick when Waddington makes me cut out bars, but reflection always convinces me that he is right, and I have altogether jettisoned 22 bars out of 88 in the song on which I am now engaged [for *Ulysses*]. I believe in nine cases out of ten the pruning-knife is the most effective remedy whether in writing or music.

All the rest of the article seemed to me charming—I mean the poor man's verses about England and 75 per cent of the proverbs are racy and quite (to borrow a phrase I have seen in musical criticisms in *The Times*) "acceptable." I believe a little cutting down is all that is wanted.

The reader should perhaps be reminded that Mr. Fuller Maitland was himself the musical critic for *The Times*, and that the Waddington who made Butler cut out bars was the Mr. Sydney Pearce Waddington who, since Rockstro's death, had been helping us with *Ulysses* (ante, p. 231).

On 30th January 1900 my mother died at Nice. By her will she left me sufficiently provided for, and thereupon Butler stopped the allowance he had been making to me. I proposed to repay him the amount I had



From a photograph by Alfred Emery Cathie — Emery Walker Ph. Sc.

S. Butler at Home
15 Clifford's Inn

received from him during the thirteen years since his father's death, but he would not hear of it. Before his death, however, I executed a covenant that my executors should, after my death, repay the amount to him, or to his estate. 1900 Aet. 64

In March I went to Nice to stay with my sisters, who were making arrangements to give up my mother's apartment there. Monsieur Fernand Henry came over from his residence at Le Muy, not far from Nice, to lunch with us. He was considering what English poem he should translate into French to follow his translation of the Sonnets, and I gave him a copy of FitzGerald's *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyám for his consideration. He was so much pleased with it that he started at once to turn it into French verse, and his version was published in 1903.

On 13th April I left my sisters and went to Genoa, where I met Butler who had come by his usual route, stopping at Basel and Casale. We went together through Pisa to Rome where we saw Peppino Pagoto, who was there doing his military service. We met the Rev. E. H. Burtt, the English chaplain at Genoa, with whom Butler made the excursion to Mycenae (ante, p. 213). We went to Segni, Salerno, Paestum, and by train to Reggio, crossed to Messina and stayed at Taormina about a week. Mario Puglisi came up from Aci Reale to spend the day with us and to talk about the *Odyssey*.

On 2nd May we went to Siracusa and crossed to Malta. It was exceedingly rough and I was very ill; we arrived in Valletta harbour soon after midnight, and it was all I could do, even with Butler's help, to crawl out of the cabin and into the custom-house.

"Are you a British subject?" inquired the officer.

"Yes," I replied, "you wouldn't think it to look at me, but I am."

Whereupon Butler, who was not a bit ill, burst out laughing; but I saw nothing to laugh at.

We spent a week in Malta and saw Hagiar Kim, and the other early stone remains in the island and in Gozo. We returned to Siracusa and went through the island to

1900 Aet. 64 Palermo and thence to Calatafimi, where Ingroja met us and took us to the Albergo Centrale where we always stayed. One does not, of course, expect to find in a town so remote from the track of the tourist all the luxury and profusion of a modern caravanserai in Rome, Paris or London. Occasionally a commercial traveller puts up at the albergo; or the architect who comes to examine and report upon the condition of the temple or of the monument recording Garibaldi's victory; and every now and then some one may stay the night on his way to Segesta. Nevertheless we always found everything perfect. Moreover, supposing that the hotel had any drawbacks, we should have found more than sufficient compensation in making the acquaintance of Donna Maria and Don Paolo, two of the most charming old people imaginable. She must have been a beautiful woman in her youth, and when we told her so, as many did, she used to agree with a smile. It might not perhaps be so easy to come to any very general agreement as to precisely when she was at her prime. She told us she was three times twenty, plus eight, and Don Paolo four times twenty, minus three; but, according to some, she had been saying this for years, and must have repeated it at least as often as Garibaldi repeated "Roma o Morte!" People who can neither read nor write, and who give the result of their calculations on their fingers, are perhaps not the most accurate arithmeticians. Ingroja, however, assured us that she was really not far out.

She was a Mrs. Quickly alla Siciliana, with a good deal of La Martina of Civiasco about her. When we first knew her she still possessed a tooth—a long one in front; this year the tooth was gone; it had fallen out and she was doing as well as she could with none. By way of comforting her for her loss Butler, thinking of Mrs. Jupp in chapter lxi. of *The Way of All Flesh*, went so far as to say:

"Si puo suonare una bella melodia sul violino vecchio."

She acknowledged the compliment with a smile, but was disappointed that she could not persuade him to go farther.

It must have been this year that, as we were walking about the town with Ingroja, he called our attention to the inscription over the gateway of the Ospedale Lo Truglio, saying that the words would encourage the passer-by to visit the sick; whereupon Butler said: 1900 Aet. 64

"Well then, that won't do for me. Now, Jones, please to remember that when I am ill I am not to be brought here. Let's look at the words: 'Infirmus eram et visitasti me.' Oh! I don't mind that; that is not an invitation, it is a reproach; it does not mean 'Please come in,' it means, 'This must not occur again.'"

And he repeated the inscription, filling up the harmonies in a tone of such stern disapproval that it would have broken any one's heart to have deserved the rebuke.

We intended this year to drive to Trapani, but Ingroja would not allow it, although we had done so before. This year it was not considered safe. Once, at Girgenti, the landlord of the hotel would not let us drive to Sciacca; and once, when Butler went from Catania to Palermo through the island, soldiers were sent in the train, but that was because a deputato was travelling. In 1898, when we were at Taormina, there were strikes, and soldiers were sent to keep order; and the same year we crossed from Messina to Naples and there were prisoners in the steamer. With these exceptions, we never saw any indication that Sicily was a country particularly liable to disturbances, nor of its being a place in which one was more liable to be robbed of one's watch and chain than one is in London.

At Trapani we saluted all our friends, then returned to Palermo and went by sea to Naples. We were in Rome on the 20th of May and heard there of the Relief of Mafeking. We sketched for a week at Siena and for another week at Sammichele, in the valley of Susa, which was full of cuckoos crying to one another all day long, major thirds, minor thirds, fourths and even seconds. We then called at Casale-Monferrato and Basel and returned to London on 12th June.

1900 Aet. 64 In the Museum at Palermo there are two pictures representing King Ferdinand visiting the tunny fishery at Solunto, near Palermo. In one of them a boat is passing the King's barge and a gentleman in the boat is saluting His Majesty. This gentleman resembles Lord Nelson. We had seen the picture over and over again, and always spoke of the gentleman as Nelson. This year Butler determined to settle the question of whether it could be so. The costumes were about right, but the gentleman apparently had not lost an arm, still that might be poetical license; and then, at what date did Nelson lose his arm? and which arm? and what was the date of the picture? and how could he find out whether Nelson and Ferdinand were both in Palermo at the season of the tunny fishing? and if so, when? He had discovered portraits of Giovanni and Gentile Bellini, of Leonardo da Vinci, of Tabachetti; if he could add to his gallery a hitherto undiscovered portrait of Nelson it would be another feather in his cap.

We had had some conversation with Ingroja about the picture and, on our return to London, Butler wrote asking him to make investigations into questions that could not be settled by referring to easily accessible printed books in the British Museum. Ingroja threw himself into the affair with enthusiasm, went to Palermo, saw Commendatore Salinas at the Museum there, consulted authorities as to the dates, and wrote down his conclusions in long letters which we had the greatest difficulty in deciphering. After tabulating the information Butler reluctantly came to the conclusion that the facts were against him and that the likeness to Nelson must have been accidental. So he did not have to write a book about it.

Butler to the Dean of Bristol.

8 *Aug.* 1900.

Dear Sir—Some time ago my cousin, Mr. [Philip] Worsley, of Rodney Lodge, Clifton, told me that you had spoken, and also printed something about my book *Erewhon*. He said you had taken it seriously and he seemed surprised. I, on the other hand, was surprised (and, I may add, shocked) that anyone

could doubt my having been serious—very much so—in my own way. 1900 Aet. 64

My cousin promised to send me a copy of what you had written, but he has not been able to procure one, and in a letter which I received from him this morning he recommends me to apply to yourself, which I accordingly do.

I am the more anxious to read your criticism, be it adverse or the contrary, because I am almost immediately about to make a second journey to Erewhon in the person of my supposed son and to report sundry developments.

With much apology for troubling you, Believe me, dear Sir,
Yours faithfully, S. BUTLER.

Dean Pigou, thinking that Butler would be the best judge, sent him a copy of a paper he had read "On the Relation of Disease to Crime" in which he had referred to *Erewhon*. Butler's views on the analogy between crime and disease, as set forth in *Erewhon*, were still being treated, for the most part, as fantastic paradox; nevertheless there were some even then, and there are more every year, who understand and agree with him seriously.

Butler to Lord Grimthorpe.

13 *Aug.* 1900—I am putting my complete translation of the *Odyssey* through the press, and propose to adnotate the hanging of the maids by Telemachus as by the enclosed copy which you need not return.

I think you gave me permission to use your letter a twelve-month ago, but I prefer to send you exactly what I propose to say. If you wish anything altered, kindly let me know; if the thing may stand as it is, pray do not trouble to write; I shall understand.

Lord Grimthorpe had been ill, but was now better and writing to the papers about an "idiotic phantom deanery" and a new weathercock made of bell-metal with a piece of agate inside the cock. He gave his consent, and Butler inserted his remarks about the hanging of the maids on p. 298 of the translation of the *Odyssey*.

In August Hans Faesch was in Europe again, and I went to stay with him and his family on the Rigi-Scheidegg. Butler joined us there. One very rainy day

1900 Aet. 64 the guests, who were mostly Swiss and Germans, assembled in the salon and there was music. Many of the guests sang and played extremely well and none of the music was trivial. Presently a girl of about 14, accompanied quite sufficiently well by her aunt or governess, was set to play on the violin some arrangement of the "Preislied" from the *Meistersinger*. The piece was so far beyond her powers that the performance would have been painful if we had not felt that we were merely giving the child an opportunity of playing before some kind of audience.

"That is very beautiful music she is playing," said Butler to me; "what is it?"

So intent was his mind upon the essential meaning of the composer that he was able to neglect the unessential defects of the performance; just as Handel walked through the absurdity of the words that were given him and seized upon and set to music the sentiment which he recognised as underlying them. Butler had heard the "Preislied" sung by Edward Lloyd at a Richter Concert some time before, but he had forgotten the fact; nevertheless the music was, I suppose, not absolutely new to his unconscious self. He must have been the only person in the room who derived any pleasure from the child's performance. When I was compiling the *Note-Books* I remembered this incident as an illustration of

Conveyancing and the Arts

In conveyancing the ultimately potent thing is not the deed but the invisible intention and desire of the parties to the deed; the written document itself is only evidence of this intention and desire. So it is with music: the written notes are not the main thing, nor is even the heard performance; these are only evidences of an internal, invisible emotion that can be felt but never fully expressed. And so it is with the words of literature and with the forms and colours of painting.

Butler went to Wassen where he sketched while I visited various Swiss friends and made a short tour with Hans Faesch. We were both back in London by the end of September.

Fernand Henry had finished his translation of the *Rubáiyát* and proposed to dedicate it to me. He sent the draft of his dedication for Butler's opinion. 1900 Aet. 64

Butler to Fernand Henry.

1 *October* 1900.

MY DEAR M. HENRY . . . Nothing, it seems to me, could be better or more gracefully done than the dedication as it stands, and I have no suggestions to make.

As regards your queries, "Mon cher ami" is quite right.

Jones is plain "Henry Festing Jones, Esq.," and nothing more. The "Esq." is not de rigueur, but I see I have put it in in my dedications to other people.

"Si haute, si grave, si intensément psychologique" [applied to la poésie anglaise]. By "psychologique" I presume you mean "dealing with mental rather than with physical ideals." If so, the word may stand. Otherwise I am not sure that I apprehend the exact meaning you attach to it.

"Si nuancée et si fortement condensée" is quite right [applied to la pensée de FitzGerald].

The only word about which I am in doubt is "fresque" as applied to a poem which was written and rewritten more than even twice; whereas a fresco must be done without any pentimento, each day's task being finished once for all then and there; but this is a very small criticism and your nation has wisely taught us that "le mieux est l'ennemi du bien." I might add, in words with which you are indeed familiar,

> Were it not sinful, then, striving to mend,
> To mar the subject that before was well?
>
> (Sonnet 103.)

So let "fresque" stand.

Allow me, now, to congratulate you upon the completion of a task the arduous nature of which has been explained to me by Jones. Alas! I have never read FitzGerald's poem—it seems to me that I have hardly read anything at all—but, by Heaven, I will borrow it from Jones and read it. As for your translation, may it be crowned, as I have no doubt it will be, by that august body which did like honour to your earlier translation!

Jones tells me, to my great regret, that there is some doubt about your coming to London. I trust that your visit will not, at any rate, be very long delayed. As for me, I have just put my *Odyssey* through the press, and this, I very well know, will not be crowned with public approbation. "At mihi plaudo," as I am afraid I am only too apt to do.

1900 Aet. 64 "Searcher of souls" I am tempted to exclaim, in words which I will venture to quote in full as thinking it likely that you may not have seen them:

> Searcher of souls, you who in heaven abide,
> To whom the secrets of all hearts are open,
> Though I do lie to all the world beside,
> From me to you no falsehood shall be spoken.
> Cleanse me not, Lord, I say, from secret sin,
> But from those faults which he who runs may see;
> 'Tis these that torture me, O Lord begin
> With them and let the hidden vices be.
> If you must cleanse these too, at any rate
> Deal with the seen sins first, 'tis only reason,
> They being so gross, to let the others wait
> The leisure of some more convenient season.
> And cleanse not all, even then; leave me a few,
> I would not be, not quite, so pure as you.

One of my sins, which even the fastest runners have not failed to note, is a tendency to be inordinately well satisfied with my own work.

And so, my dear Sir, with much apology for having inflicted so long a letter upon you, pray believe me, Yours very truly,

S. BUTLER.

Butler was not familiar with the writings of Voltaire, so he probably did not know that among the *Contes en Vers* is one, "La Bégueule, Conte Moral," which begins:

> Dans ses écrits, un sage Italien
> Dit que le mieux est l'ennemi du bien,

And in the *Dictionnaire Philosophique* the article "Art Dramatique" ends with this quotation:

> Il meglio è l'inimico del bene.

I do not know whether we may conclude from this that the saying is of Italian origin, but if Butler had thought so he would have been even more apt to quote it than he was, and he quoted it very often.

There are a few unimportant variations in the sonnet as written in Butler's letter and as given in *The Note-Books*. Probably he wrote it in the letter from memory.

In October Butler received a letter from William Rolleston who was on a visit to England and proposed a

meeting. Rolleston was the "exceedingly humane and judicious bullock-driver" at the station where Butler put up for the night on one of his excursions when looking for country in New Zealand (ante, I. p. 78). I regret that I have not found anything showing for certain that they met and I do not remember, though my impression is that they did. If so, it must have been a meeting full of strange echoes recalling half-forgotten incidents of their youth. 1900 Aet. 64

On the 18th October 1900 we received the first copy of *The Odyssey rendered into English prose for the use of those who cannot read the original.* The motto on the title page is :

> From some points of view it is impossible to take the *Odyssey* seriously enough ; from others it is impossible to take it seriously at all ; but from whichever point of view it be regarded, its beauty is alike unsurpassable.
>
> (*Private letter to the author.*)

In his translation of the *Odyssey* he followed those principles which he laid down for himself in the preface to his translation of the *Iliad* (ante, p. 298).

In October Fernand Henry came to London for a few days. Butler took him to the British Museum and showed him, among other things, the first edition of FitzGerald's *Rubáiyát.* My sister Lilian had left Nice and established herself in a flat at Hampstead ; we got her to invite us and also Fernand Henry to dine with her there.

Signora Coppo, from the Rosa Rossa at Casale, was in London with her son Angelo, and we made use of the flat again to entertain them. Butler also had them to dine at the Holborn Restaurant, but a restaurant is less interesting than a private house for a foreigner who wants to see something of the life of the people.

In November Hans Faesch was in London, to make preparations for returning to Vien-tiane in the Shan States, and again we used the flat to entertain him. Early in December we saw him off from Waterloo Station for Havre en route for Vien-tiane ; and this was the last time we saw him.

Some years before this, at the house of the Fuller

1900 Aet. 64 Maitlands, we had met Miss Edith Sichel; we had been to her house and she and Mrs. Fuller Maitland had been to tea with Butler and also with me. Miss Edith Sichel knew Mr. Augustine Birrell and he desired to make Butler's acquaintance. After a few attempts a meeting was arranged at Miss Sichel's house for one afternoon in December. I was also invited and arrived first. Then came Mr. and Mrs. Birrell. He recognised me for we had been undergraduates together at Trinity Hall, Cambridge. He had also seen my name in some of Butler's books and had been told he was to meet me; but he had not realised that the Jones in the books was the Jones he remembered at Cambridge. When my identity had been settled Butler came. He was never at his best if he felt he was expected to show off, and on this occasion he was out of health and tired. Altogether I am afraid the meeting was not everything that Miss Sichel had hoped it would be. Butler scarcely spoke, and Birrell nobly sacrificed himself and, to avert a complete fiasco, took matters into his own hands. He gave us an account of how he had gone to Sheffield to lecture, and was entertained in the house of some wealthy people in the neighbourhood. After dinner they drove into the town and the young men of the house refused to come to the lecture—they preferred to go to a show where there were sea-lions—"And quite right of them, too," said Birrell. During this Butler sat silent and uninterested, but "genial" as he probably thought. When it was over and we were preparing to take our departure, something was said about Shakespeare, whereupon all his animation returned and, as Miss Sichel said to me afterwards, Birrell and Butler carried on a conversation which, though short, was as brilliant as any she had ever heard. I am afraid I had forgotten this conversation about Shakespeare till she reminded me of it. When I saw Butler so nervous and uncomfortable I was too anxious to get him away to pay much attention to anything else.

Alfred E. Cathie

CHAPTER XL

1901

EREWHON REVISITED

BUTLER was always ready to show his MS. to any one whose opinion he valued. He showed *Erewhon Revisited*, on which he had been busy for some time, to Mrs. Fuller Maitland, whose opinion he valued very highly. She took exception to a passage as being likely to cause offence and he altered it. 1901 Aet. 65

Butler to Mrs. J. A. Fuller Maitland.

6 *Feb.* 1901—Perhaps you know what the famous cook Uccetta did when the late King of Italy and his brother (then young) were dining at Fobello. Uccetta had exerted all his skill and had turned out a dinner which he fondly believed would do him credit. But alas! it was a Friday, and he had made the dinner grasso, whereas at the last moment it was discovered that the princes would only eat magro. In two hours he turned his grasso dinner into a magro one, and the princes never found out how much grasso was inevitably left in what they declared to be the most exquisite magro dinner that they had ever eaten.

This is what I have attempted to do with my book. It did not require many changes, and I am afraid some wicked grasso will still remain, but when you read the book in print you will be surprised to see how little change has effected how much.

The worst of it is that the book is far more dangerous in its present greatly less offensive form than it would have been had I failed to realize how much of what I had written would pain those whom to pain is a severe pain to myself.

Uccetta was a native of Fobello near Varallo-Sesia, and retired to his village to end his days there. Once

1901 Aet. 65 when we were at Fobello we went to see him and his wife and Butler photographed them. This story of him may perhaps recall that other story of the Sultan challenging his jester, Ebn Oaz, to invent an excuse that should be worse than the crime it was intended to excuse, referred to (ante, I. p. 175) apropos of the hiatus in Butler's letter to Miss Savage of 9th March 1873 about *The Fair Haven*.

Mrs. Fuller Maitland wrote approving of the alteration and Butler replied.

Butler to Mrs. J. A. Fuller Maitland.

10 *Feb.* 1901—Thank you—with the utmost pleasure I will come to lunch with you on Sunday next at 1.30.

I see from your very kind letter that there has been some misapprehension about my MS. Pray believe me I never meant any allusion whatever to the Founder of Christianity. I fear you must have thought I meant to suggest likeness to him in the Sunchild. I meant to show how myth, attended both by zealous good faith on the part of some and chicane on the part of others, would be very naturally developed in consequence of a supposed miracle, such as a balloon ascent would be to a people who knew nothing about such things; and I meant to suggest a parallelism not between the Sunchild and Christ (which never even entered my head) but between the circumstances that would almost inexorably follow such a supposed miracle as the escape of the Sunchild, and those which all who think as I do believe to have accreted round the supposed miracle, not of the Ascension, but of the Resurrection. And I did not mean to poke fun at Christianity. Anything but. However, I must not do anything that can be mistaken for this. I do not and never did wish to do so. I have given the amended MS. to Streatfeild and have urged him to call my attention to anything that is even bordering on "bad taste." Before I see you I shall have heard what he thinks and we can talk it over then. I thought calling the King "Cocksure" was very bad taste, and I changed him into "Wellbeloved" in the only place where it was necessary to give him a name and elsewhere simply call him the King.

This time, please, *no answer*. You shall talk to me on Sunday, and I will listen, mark, learn and inwardly digest.

We were to go to Sicily in the spring of 1901, but Butler wished first to finish and polish *Erewhon Revisited*

and, if possible, to conclude negotiations with Longmans for its publication, so I started first alone. 1901 Aet. 65

Butler to H. F. Jones.

23 *March* 1901—Longman declines to publish my book for fear of giving offence to his connection among the High Anglican party. . . . I replied, I did not gather that he thought the book would shock the general public; "short of this," I wrote, "not having any connection with the High Anglican party, nor any immediate intention of trying to form one, I must aim at the general public whom I really do wish to please rather than at a class whose power, to my thinking, has increased, is increasing and ought to be abated." I shall call on him next week and try and pump him; meanwhile on strong entreaty from Walker and Cockerell I have sent the MS. to Bernard Shaw and asked him to advise.

Butler to George Bernard Shaw.

22 *March* 1901—Longmans have had the MS. nearly a month and will not publish it even at my expense; they say it will give offence to their connection among the High Anglican party—which I should think not improbable, for it is far more wicked than *Erewhon*.

I want, if I can, to find a publisher who will take the book at his own risk—not because I cannot afford to take this myself, for I perfectly well can, but because I know it will fall flat unless it is a publisher's book, and if in the hands of a capable man it ought to do very well. If you can recommend me to a man in whom I can have reasonable confidence and who will have the like in me I shall hold myself much your debtor. At any rate, I will try him.

I should say that I leave town on April 4 for Italy and Sicily and shall not be back till about June 4. The concluding pages will be written before I go.

Again I ask your pardon for troubling you so seriously on so small an acquaintance.

Bernard Shaw replied on the 24th of March and, after giving his opinion of Longman for refusing the book, continued thus:

But I should think you could have any of the younger publishers for the asking, or without it, if they knew that you were open to an offer.

1901 Aet. 65 My own publisher is a young villain named Grant Richards who has no scruples of any kind. You had better let me show him to you on approval. If you will come to lunch with us at 1.30 say, on Wednesday or Thursday, I will invite Grant Richards, too. If you can persuade Walker or Cockerell or both to come along with you, do. We shall then feel at home and independent, as Richards will be in a hopeless minority. My wife is a good Erewhonian, and likes Handel; you won't find her in any way disagreeable. And 10 Adelphi Terrace is within easy reach.

I shall, of course, say nothing to Richards except that he will meet an eminent author, so that he will come as a palpitating fisherman. Publishing a sequel to *Erewhon* is an absolutely safe financial operation, as a sale sufficient to cover expenditure is certain. And as a young publisher would be glad to take you on at a loss for the sake of getting you on his list of authors, I shall be extremely surprised if you find the slightest difficulty so long as you avoid your own contemporaries, who are naturally all Buononcinists, so to speak.

Let me have a line to Adelphi Terrace to say which day you'll come, so that I may write to Richards.

I have started reading your MS. instead of doing my work. So far I am surprised to find that so confounded a rascal as your original hero did not become a pious millionaire; otherwise he is as interesting as ever. More of this when I finish him.

Naturally I wanted to include Bernard Shaw's letter in my book, but it seemed to me that his description of Mr. Grant Richards ought to undergo a little judicious editing before it appeared. I sent him a copy of the letter and asked what I should do. He appreciated my point and suggested an alteration; he also made an alternative proposal:

On the other hand he [Mr. Grant Richards] might like to have his connection with Butler recorded. Therefore I think the best course is to send him a copy of the letter and say that I could not consent to its publication without his approval. If he refuses, you can cook the letter as I have suggested in red ink.

I followed the alternative proposal and received this reply from Mr. Grant Richards:

8 St. Martin's Street,
Leicester Square, W.C., *May 27th*, 1915.

Dear Mr. Festing Jones—I have not the slightest objection to the Bernard Shaw letter appearing exactly as it was written.

Mr. Shaw does me an injustice in thinking I should prefer it to be edited. Indeed I very well remember meeting Samuel Butler. I believe I am right in saying that I was the first publisher to take any financial risk in the publication of any of his books. 1901 Aet. 65

I have a photograph here in my office inscribed "To Grant Richards, Esquire, with S. B.'s very kind regards," and he gave me the Press copy with his autograph corrections of *Erewhon Revisited*. He lunched with me on several occasions.

Shaw did tell me that I was going to meet Butler. I am under the impression that he told me why I was to meet him, but he also told me that I should find him "a shy old bird."—Sincerely yours, GRANT RICHARDS.

I considered myself unfortunate in being out of England, so that I could not accompany Butler to lunch with Bernard Shaw; true, I was not invited, but that initial difficulty need not have been prohibitive. It must have been an amusing party, and Butler told me nothing about it except the business result, which was that Grant Richards agreed to publish the book; but he wanted it to be finished at once and printed in England so that he could take the sheets with him to America, starting about the middle of May. He also agreed to publish a new edition of *Erewhon*, for which Butler was to supply enough new matter to give it a fresh copyright, and the two books were to be published simultaneously. Consequently Butler could not join me so soon as we had intended and I stayed at Pisa waiting for him. He finished *Erewhon Revisited* at Harwich, where he went for a week-end, and the proofs began to come.

Butler to H. F. Jones.

27 *April* 1901—I have 16 pages of proof. I think the page ugly but Walker and Cockerell pass it, so I expect it will be all right, and after all it does not matter. Streatfeild is reading it for me—and Alfred, who found three slips which both Streatfeild and I had overlooked. Streatfeild is a very engaging person and he is quite eager about it.

What is your practice as regards the meat which has made a soup? I have rather taken to making myself a nightly soup, boiling the meat some two and a half hours in the morning, letting it cool, taking the fat off in the evening and boiling again

1901 Aet. 65 with vegetables for an hour and a half. Is the meat then good for anything or no? I eat some but find it rather uninteresting, though the soup is excellent. The wood-pigeons have hatched two young ones in the middle of our square.

When the printing was finished Butler started, and travelling by Basel, to see the Faesch family, and by Casale-Monferrato, to see the Avvocato Negri and the Coppo family, joined me at Pisa in the middle of May.

We went down through Rome to Naples whence we crossed by sea to Palermo, arriving to find the city in a cold, drizzly Scotch mist. Our friends Miss Bertha Thomas and Miss Helen Zimmern were in the hotel and Ingroja had come down from Calatafimi to meet us. We went to Trapani and up the Mountain, saluting all our friends; then through Castelvetrano back to Palermo and on through Catania to Taormina where we found William Logsdail, the painter, with his family. We went to Aci Reale for a day and saw Mario Puglisi, then to Messina and returned by sea to Naples. All the time Butler was fairly well, but on arriving at Naples he complained of feeling ill; he could not, however, make up his mind to alter his plans, and we went straight on through Rome and Ancona to Pesaro, where we saw the picture by Giovanni Bellini which for years he had talked of showing me.

After dinner at Pesaro, Butler, still feeling unwell, said to me:

"Do you see the lady and gentleman at that table—those English people who were looking at the Bellini this morning—do you think either of them is a doctor?"

I considered them and, saying I would inquire, went and sat down at their table:

"Please excuse my interrupting you; my friend, Mr. Butler, is not at all well, and we thought if one of you happened to be a doctor you might be able to——"

By this time Butler had joined us and we spent a most agreeable evening together. They knew all about his books, and did him more good with their conversation than any doctor could have done with his prescriptions.

Next morning we exchanged cards; they were Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Strong. 1901 Aet. 65

The improvement in Butler's health was only momentary; it did not last into the next day, and as we continued our journey through Rimini to Bologna he became worse and worse, and could hardly do more than be put into the train to travel by day and be put into the hotel to sleep by night. But he would not alter his plans; he even insisted on making the excursion to S. Marino by carriage. He had meant to go to these places and see them, and go to them he did; though it can hardly be said that he saw them. At Bologna he collapsed on a seat in the picture gallery and insisted on my going round alone to see the pictures.

After Bologna we struggled on through Parma and Piacenza to Casale-Monferrato, where we stayed several days. Here he succumbed and agreed to see Dr. Giorcelli, who could not make out what was the matter with him. He picked up, however, in a remarkable way—possibly the cooler air was beneficial—and was almost himself again during the journey back to London where we arrived on 24th June.

Butler to the Avvocato Negri.

July 15th, 1901.

My dear Cavaliere—I got your kind letter of July 9 on Friday last, and am extremely sorry to hear of the difficulties that have arisen in connection with the publication of your work on Tabachetti. I do not wonder that after so many years of research you should be "seccato di tante contrarietà"—any man must be, and I assure you of my cordial sympathy.

The great thing I fear is that you may be tempted to lay your MS. on one side through being tired out with so much disappointment, and I need not say how great a loss this would be, not to me only, nor to M. Oger, nor to the shade of that great genius to whom we are both of us so devoted, but to the history of medieval art; for no one can do so much for Tabachetti's fame as you can, and no one, I am sure, would do that much so well.

What do you think of sending me the MS. that I may see how long it is, and try to get some of our illustrated monthly papers to publish it *as a translation by me of a work by you?*

1901 Aet. 65 Murray, with whom I am on very good terms (he published my *Life of Dr. Butler* for me), publishes a monthly review which always contains one long, profusely illustrated paper on some artistic subject. Again there is *The Portfolio*; I do not know the editor, but I think it would be worth trying.

I am anxious to do the work before I set about anything else, for if I begin on something different, I shall get engrossed with it and just at present, having finished the book that is to come out in October, I am free. Besides, I am getting older, and likely enough shall never do the thing at all unless I do it now. What do you think of this?

I am quite well again now, and none the worse for my little attack of malarial fever. Pray let me hear from you soon, and believe me with kindest regards to Signora Negri and your sons, Always most truly yours,

S. BUTLER.

The following letter relates to the development of the Whitehall property at Shrewsbury.

Butler to Messrs. Henry Wade & Son.

24th July, 1901.

DEAR SIRS,

Whitehall Building Estate.

I am sorry to be unable to comply with your wishes in either of the two matters mentioned in your letter.

In the first place, I cannot interfere when I have put a matter in my agent's hands—all I can do is to tell him of your wish, which I will do at once, and leave him to act according to his own judgment.

As regards the second point, I named Bishop Street as an allusion to Dr. Butler; Canon Street as one to my father; Clifford Street because I live in Clifford's Inn; and Alfred Street after my clerk, who has been my faithful servant for a great many years, and whom I should not like to disappoint. Nevertheless, I went to Messrs. Russell Cooke this morning and asked them whether they objected to the change of name, and I found they decidedly did object, seeing how long the street has been named Alfred Street in their office.

I am afraid, therefore, that it must remain Alfred Street. Let us suppose that it was named after Alfred the Great and thus, in a way, is King Street after all.—Believe me, Yours very truly,

S. BUTLER.

ALFRED

Alfred was, almost from the very day he came to me, at once servant and friend. I began to feel, almost immediately, that I was like a basket that had been entrusted to a dog. I had Alfred and myself in view when I used this simile in *Erewhon Revisited*, p. 217. He liked to have some one who appreciated him and whom he could run and keep straight. I was so much older that to him I was a poor old thing, with one foot in the grave, who but for his watchful eye and sustaining hand might tumble into it at any moment. 1901 Aet. 65

A bill sent by some East End firm of bill collectors reached me making out that I owed 4s. 10d. for groceries to some shopkeeper in Wapping. It was absurd and Alfred said:

"Do you think, Sir, that I should have been with you all these years and allowed you to owe four and tenpence for groceries?"

Did I want a new hat? Alfred knew very well that I should rub on with the old one unless I was kept up to getting a new one.

"Here, Sir, is a reminder for you; you must keep it in your waistcoat pocket and keep on repeating it to yourself." And the reminder was slipped by him into my waistcoat pocket. It ran: "I am to buy a new hat, and a new pair of boots."

On another like occasion I received the following:

"This is the last notice from Alfred to the effect that Samuel Butler, Esqr. is to buy himself a new Hat on Wednesday morning the 8th of November 1893. Failing to do so there will be an awful scene on his return to Clifford's Inn.—ALFRED."

Here are others:—

"You are to work here to-morrow (Tuesday) until 12 o'clock. Then you are to go to Peele's or Wilkinson's and get your dinner. Then reach Drury Lane by 5 to 1 (not later). Pit early door, 2/6. When you are inside, and cannot get a seat in the middle, go to the left-hand side and you will see better. Feb. 8. 1892."

"*March* 15, 1893. I have taken a great fancy to the plant we bought at Peckham on Tuesday and should be very pleased and gratified if you gave it to me and got yourself a geranium when next we go down there.—ALFRED."

"*Dec.* 20, 1894. Please, you are to change your flannels and socks to-morrow morning.—ALFRED."

In 1895 I spent several mornings in the MS. Room of the British Museum, rubbing out pencil marks that I had made on many of Dr. Butler's letters while I was writing my *Life of Dr. Butler*. Before giving the letters to the Museum I wanted these

1901 Aet. 65 marks rubbed out and, the letters being already in the keeping of the Museum, though not yet their property, it was arranged that Alfred and I should have a quiet corner in the MS. Room and rub out marks till we had cleaned up the letters. Alfred and I sat side by side and presently I found the following scrap thrust under my notice:

"You cannot rub out half so nice as Alfred can."

"*Friday* 3.15 P.M.—DEAR SIR—Do not forget to give Mr. Gogin the things I have put in the arm chair; if you do there is no excuse for you. The brown paper is to wrap up what he wants of them.—ALFRED."

"*Nov.* 13, 1901" (to quote the latest)—"MY DEAR SIR—You are requested by Alfred to leave off your music composing at 8 o'clock sharp, and to go for a walk on the embankment (weather permitting). Please don't forget for there will be no excuse for you."

Here is one to Jones. "*Nov.* 28/92—DEAR SIR—When you are booking seats at the theatre for yourself and Mr. Rockstro, kindly book one for the Governor as I consider it necessary that he should see *In Town* as it would then give him an idea of what kind of music the public have a taste for. Am sorry you have to leave Barnard's Inn; I will keep a look out for chambers for you.—With love from yours very truly, ALFRED."

I am prouder of having received and treasured these scraps of Alfred's than I am of all my books put together.

Almost immediately after he had been well established as my clerk (hours from 9.30 to 12.45 and from 2 to 5.30) he wanted to be married. I was then only giving him 25/- a week and he had nothing behind him, so I said that if he married now, he had better stay with me till some better place turned up and then take it. The lady, finding that Alfred could not marry at once, married some one else, and I am not sure that Alfred was altogether displeased. We immediately began putting by a fund at the Savings Bank and by the time he was 30 he and I between us had got it up to £150. He then broached the subject of marriage again and, there being no reason why he should not marry, I raised no objection. He has three very engaging children the eldest of whom is now about 8 years old.

He has been with me just 15 years; his savings—I believe I may say chiefly my doing, except that if I give him the money he saves it—are about £230. He has from me (including £10 for a holiday of 4 weeks at the seaside for himself and family) about £150 a year, but I know that this will have to be increased as the children get bigger. I do not believe that two men were ever thrown together more suited to one another. My place is exactly the one for which he is most adapted, and he is absolutely

the sort of man I like to have about me. There is in fact "a semblable coherence between his spirits and mine," than which I can imagine nothing more enviable or more likely to be enduring. 1901 Aet. 65

Returning for a moment to Alfred—readers of *Erewhon Revisited* will find him described with his name in full as solicitor to the Higgs family. This was done in answer to a complaint from Alfred that I had never put him into any of my books:

"You know, Sir, you have put Mr. Pauli in and Mr. Jones and Mr. Gogin, and I think you ought to put me in too."

So I put him in and I believe he is now quite contented.

Here is another of Alfred's letters to Butler, who gave it to Miss Edith Sichel, who gave me a copy of it in 1911.

Saturday Nov. 30th 1901.

Please do not forget to trim your Beard this afternoon, so as to look nice and prim at Miss Sichel's to-morrow.

Also don't rub out your accounts, as I can't make the Totals agree. We will settle it on Monday (D.V.).—Yours ALFRED.

About the middle of August I went to Sicily alone to see the procession of the Personaggi on Monte San Giuliano. Butler had apparently quite recovered from his illness in the spring during our return from the south; but, having seen the Personaggi in 1894, he did not care to undertake the long journey; he went instead to Wassen where he stayed quietly sketching and "editing his remains"—that is arranging and adnotating old letters and notes. As we were separated there was some correspondence, and I give extracts from his letters and postcards from London and Wassen. I had been reading *Guy Mannering*.

Butler to H. F. Jones.

LONDON, 22 *Aug.*—I read *Guy Mannering* many times as a boy and young man, and always liked it, I think, the best of all of Scott's. I also liked *Rob Roy* next best, but not many years ago tried *Ivanhoe* and could not get on with it.

LONDON, 29 *Aug.* 1901—I am compelled to write a letter because I want to send you a word of Alfred's coinage which cannot be written on a postcard. It is this. His youngest child (3½ years old), it seems, is of a most affectionate disposition.

"Even though I have slapped her for something, she will

1901 Aet. 65 come to me directly, fling her arms round my neck and fawnicate upon me."

I have explained to him that the word is too like another word which he vowed he had never heard of and I was obliged to show it to him in the dictionary before he would be convinced. On seeing it, he agreed with me that he must amplify the word "fawn" in future with greater care.

WASSEN, 2 *Sept.* 1901—At Basel met a lady and gentleman with whom I talked very amicably for an hour but who proved to be brother and sister to Ray Lankester. I laughed and said I was very sorry but could have no truck with their brother. They told me that Mrs. Arthur Strong, whom we met at Pesaro, was Miss Eugénie Sellers whose name we have heard. I got Vol. III. of Tennyson's *Life*[1] at Calais. Quite as delightful as the preceding vols. Throws even *Guy Mannering* into the shade. . . . I gather that you were not disappointed with the Personaggi. I hope not. As for Demodocus, he is indeed wonderful—quite independently of his being Demodocus. I hope you heard him sing the lovely 4 verses which I have preserved.[2]

WASSEN, 6 *Sept.* 1901—The hotel was quite full on Sunday but all have gone except an Italian novelist, Verga, and a countess who requires explanation, but would be a very nice person if she did not sing and was not a goose.

WASSEN, 15 *Sept.* 1901—There have been two Aunt-Alice-Harrie-and-May old ladies here, one of them said to me that she supposed Signor Verga and the countess were husband and wife. I said:

"Oh yes, certainly—I mean husband and somebody else's wife."

I said it with so much propriety as to escape giving offence, but it was touch and go.

If you see Avvocato Negri tell him that I am afraid I have bored him about his work on Tabachetti. Give my best love to dear Cesare and all sorts of kind things to all the others.

By this time I was at Casale on my way back from Sicily. The story about the husband and wife illustrates something I have often noticed in the writing both of Butler and of Miss Savage, whether one caught it from the other or not I cannot say. It is something in the treatment, not in the subject. Had any one else treated the story he might have ended it with the word "offence,"

[1] In the Tauchnitz edition.

[2] This was the blind singer on Mount Eryx, whom he heard in 1893 (ante, pp. 159, 160) and whom I had told him I heard there.

if not with "somebody else's wife," and it might have passed as just worth telling. By adding the six last words, "But it was touch and go," Butler impresses his own personality upon it; he throws back over it a light that re-animates an expiring joke. We see him with the idea coming into his head; he wonders whether he can possibly put it like that to the two old ladies; he battles with the temptation, as Mrs. Wadman battled with the temptation to lay her finger upon the very place where Captain Shandy was wounded:

"I cannot say it. What would they think of me if I said it? I wish I could say it. There can be no harm in saying it. I will say it."

And then he makes the plunge and succeeds in giving no offence—at least he says he succeeded, but we have only his word for it; one would like to hear the old ladies' account, just as he wanted to hear what the gazelles had to say about the young lady's statement in Moore's poem that when they came to know her well they loved her.

Butler to H. F. Jones.

WASSEN, 18 *Sept.* 1901—I have brought on my drawings considerably by snatches but have had no comfortable steady light at all, and it is quite cold. I have got on with Miss Savage's and my correspondence—being now just half way through. I am shocked to see how badly I treated her, always thinking and writing about myself and never about her. If I have been as selfish and egoistic to you as I was to her, it will explain a good deal. I must endeavour, late as it is, to mend my ways.

If Miss Savage had lived to write Butler's life—and how I wish she had!—she could not have passed this without a protest. Nor can I. To me he was the dearest, kindest, most considerate friend that any man ever had. He was never selfish or egoistic, nor was there ever anything that required explanation. If any one was selfish just at this time it was I for going off to Sicily to satisfy my curiosity about the procession on Mount Eryx and leaving him alone at Wassen to make stepping-stones of his dead selves and "jump upon them to some tune"—a kind

1901 Aet. 65 of self-torture in which he was only too apt to indulge. It was while he was at Wassen, editing and destroying old letters, brooding over the past, alone, depressed and out of health, that he made on his correspondence some of those notes reproaching himself for his ill-treatment of Miss Savage which are reproduced at their proper places. He also tried to express his remorse in these sonnets.

I

She was too kind, wooed too persistently,
Wrote moving letters to me day by day;
The more she wrote, the more unmoved was I,
The more she gave, the less could I repay.
Therefore I grieve not that I was not loved
But that, being loved, I could not love again.
I liked; but like and love are far removed;
Hard though I tried to love I tried in vain.
For she was plain and lame and fat and short,
Forty and over-kind. Hence it befell
That, though I loved her in a certain sort,
Yet did I love too wisely but not well.
Ah! had she been more beauteous or less kind
She might have found me of another mind.

II

And now, though twenty years are come and gone,
That little lame lady's face is with me still;
Never a day but what, on every one,
She dwells with me as dwell she ever will.
She said she wished I knew not wrong from right;
It was not that; I knew, and would have chosen
Wrong if I could, but, in my own despite,
Power to choose wrong in my chilled veins was frozen.
'Tis said that if a woman woo, no man
Should leave her till she have prevailed; and, true,
A man will yield for pity if he can,
But if the flesh rebels what can he do?
I could not; hence I grieve my whole life long
The wrong I did in that I did no wrong.

I do not remember now whether the first of these sonnets was actually written at Wassen, but it was a by-product of the melancholy occupation which he called "editing his remains." It appeared in *The New Quarterly* of June 1908, among "Extracts from the Note-Books of

Samuel Butler." I was at once sorry I had published it and did not publish the second, nor did I say anything about either of them in *The Note-Books of Samuel Butler* (1912), because it seemed to me a mistake to make them public without giving more information about Miss Savage than could be given either in the review or in the *Note-Books*. 1901 Aet. 65

The second of the sonnets was certainly written at Wassen. He sent it to me from there in a letter, 13th September 1901, and after his death I found in a sketch-book he had with him there another copy of it opening thus:

> And now, though twenty years are come and gone
> Since I beheld her, I behold her still.

In the first of these sonnets Butler speaks of Miss Savage as being 40, and in the second he quotes her as saying she wished he knew not wrong from right. Miss Savage was 40 when, in the letter to Butler dated "About 7 April 1876," she wrote: "I wish you did not know right from wrong." In commenting upon this (ante, I. p. 237), I said I supposed her to be alluding to his scrupulousness in matters of business. I suppose so still, and I think that Butler was mistaken in the construction which, in the sonnet, he appears to put upon her words. Unfortunately he destroyed the rest of her letter and only kept a copy of extracts, so that to us, who do not know what the context was, her words may appear ambiguous; but if the context supported his construction, it was unlike any passage in all her undestroyed correspondence.

In a note, quoted ante, I. p. 443, after declaring that he never was and never pretended to be in love with her, he wrote: "I valued her, but she perfectly understood that I could do no more. I can never think of her without pain." From this we may conclude that he did not seriously believe she intended the words in the sense he appears to give them. He had just shown, in *Erewhon Revisited*, that although the ascent of Mr. Higgs was not miraculous, nevertheless the assumption that it was gave it strength to support a religion; so here, with the poet's ability to see a thing in two senses at once, he assumed a

1901 Aet. 65 meaning for her words in which he did not believe, and thus gave them strength to support a poem. I suppose that he was taking advantage of their ambiguity to develop in verse this passionate cry of penitence: "If she really intended that, my God, what a brute I was!"

In the sketch-book where I found the second sonnet I found also a third, incomplete, and several fragments intended either for a fourth sonnet or to be used in altering and completing the third. These verses are toc unfinished for publication. It was in this sketch-book that I also found the beautiful line already quoted:

Death bound me to her when he set me free.

Butler was back in Clifford's Inn by the end of September and I followed, bringing Remi Faesch, who came from Basel to London to learn English, as his brother had done.

Butler to Cesare Coppo.

Oct. 5 1901.

My dear good kind Cesare—Thank you very much for your nice letter of Oct. 1 from which I am glad to learn that you are all well. Oh yes! Jones came back on the evening of the 1st and told me he had enjoyed his visit to Casale very much, and that he had had a delightful day with you at Crea—but I feel sure that he had drunk more of your good wine than was good for him! *Four bottles* to take to Crea! But as you know I am a poor hand at wine. Only yours is so *very good* that when one begins one cannot stop.

I am extremely sorry to hear that, in spite of the "cannoni," the hail did so much damage. At any rate I should think that you will hear no more of that absurdity.

Here the weather is broken and to-day it is quite cold and a fire is very pleasant. My new book is to come out on Wednesday, and I am very anxious to see how it is received. As regards my health, I am very fairly well, but I doubt whether I have ever quite shaken off the attack I got in the spring. When I was at Wassen I had a return of it, and at one time, was in half a mind to run over to Casale and show myself to Cavaliere Giorcelli, but I got better again—though I am still not quite as I should be.

Angelo has sent postcards to both Alfred and myself, but there is no address on them. Please when you write thank him both for me and Alfred and send him our kindest regards. I am very glad to hear that he is in a good situation.

Both Alfred's little girls are in the fever hospital, but they are going on well. With all kindest good wishes to your dear mother, father, Angiolina, and best love to yourself—Believe me always very affectionately yours, S. BUTLER. 1901 Aet. 65

The "cannoni" were cannon which they fired into the sky in the hope that the explosion would disperse the gathering hail-storms. Cavaliere Giorcelli was the doctor whom we used to meet at the Avvocato Negri's house; he brought both Cesare and Angelo into the world. I do not think that Butler's illness, which returned at Wassen, was really malaria; he speaks of it so because one of the doctors had called it malaria. It is more likely he was already suffering from the pernicious anaemia which, according to the certificate, was one of the causes of his death in the following year.

On 11th October 1901 we received the first copy of *Erewhon Revisited twenty years later, both by the original discoverer of the country and by his son*, and also the first copy of the new edition of *Erewhon*. Into the latter he introduced about fifty additional pages, enough to start a fresh copyright in the book as revised.

The motto on the half-title of *Erewhon Revisited* is a passage in Greek from the *Iliad*, ix. 312, 313, with this translation—

> Him do I hate even as I hate Hell fire
> Who says one thing, and hides another in his heart.

He wrote this book more easily than any other of his books, possibly because the idea had been in his mind for so many years; some of his notes for it are given in the *Note-Books*, but I cannot tell at what date he first contemplated it because he sometimes added the titles to his notes when copying them out at a date later than that of their composition. But he did not look through his Note-Books for material; he wrote the book straight off.

EREWHON REVISITED

Jones says I am to make a note of the fact that many things, such as the clothes having been put upon a dummy; the two buttons given to Yram; the fact that the hero had announced

1901 Aet. 65 himself as about to interview the air god; and many other like incidents seem almost to have been put into *Erewhon* as preparation for its successor. It was not so. I had no intention of writing a successor to *Erewhon* for many a year after it had been published. Nor did I read *Erewhon* through in order to see what I could make use of; I took whatever suggested itself at the moment as giving me an opportunity for helping the new book to catch on to the old one.

Another curious thing about the growth of *Erewhon Revisited* is that all the time he was writing it he intended the visit of Mr. Higgs to Erewhon to be prologue, and the book was to be the visit of his son John. This appears from his letter to Dean Pigou (ante, pp. 330-1). As it turned out, the visit of the father is the book and John's visit is epilogue.

In writing *Erewhon Revisited* Butler remembered that he was "an unimaginative person," and, as with *The Way of all Flesh*, preferred to take incidents from real life instead of inventing new ones.

Hanky's Sermon

I forget whether I have said that all the part of Hanky's sermon dealing with the Sunchild evidences is taken almost word for word from a letter in *The Times* that appeared Dec. 8, 1892 and was written by Sir G. Gabriel Stokes and Lord Halsbury, asking for money on behalf of the Christian Evidence Society.

We have seen from his letter to Mr. Robert Bridges, of 6th February 1900, that a friend actually saw *Erewhon* on a second-hand book-stall labelled "6d., very readable." This friend was Thomas Greg, who occupied rooms under Butler at 15 Clifford's Inn. He bought the book and showed it to Butler, label and all. The idea of making Mr. Higgs a pavement artist was derived from the tenant of one of his small houses at Peckham, who followed that profession, and had the unusual name of Stocquelar. He had often looked at the work of these people and compared it in his mind with the votive pictures in Italian churches; in the days of his poverty he had wondered, in an Anch'io sono pittore frame of mind, whether, as he could make nothing out of his expensive University educa-

tion, he might be able to make a living in this way. It interested him to know that one of his own tenants actually was finding the money for his rent out of the proceeds of these pavement pictures. 1901 Aet. 65

I never saw Stocquelar, but after Butler's death Mr. Tanner, who used to collect his rents, told me about him. He wore long hair and a Scotch cap, and had had some artistic training—enough for him to turn one of the rooms in his house into a studio where he had pictures painted by himself, landscapes of Dulwich and the neighbourhood, and portraits, including a portrait of his wife. He and his wife, having no children, advertised that they wished to adopt a boy, and, after some preliminaries, a boy was sent and was brought up by them. From the fact that the child arrived in a brougham the neighbours assumed that he must be of noble birth. Stocquelar died suddenly on his pitch in Rye Lane.

In chapter vii. of *Erewhon Revisited* Mr. Higgs sees outside a tailor's shop, in the main street of Sunch'ston, "a flaring advertisement which can only be translated, 'Try our Dedication trousers, price ten shillings and sixpence.'" This was because in 1872, at the time of the Thanksgiving Service in St. Paul's for the recovery of the Prince of Wales, Butler had seen, outside a tailor's shop on Ludgate Hill, an advertisement identical in every respect except that the word "Thanksgiving" appeared instead of "Dedication."

Three pages further on he writes of Mr. Higgs, "the giddiness which had for some seconds compelled him to lay hold of the first thing he could catch at in order to avoid falling"—this is a reminiscence of his own giddiness which compelled him to lay hold of the railings and to get the Staple Inn watchman to accompany him as he went down from my rooms to his own, in 1895.

Butler to Mr. H. Heathcote Statham.

14 *Oct.* 1901—It is very kind of you to have written as you have done, and I am much gratified that you appear to be satisfied with *Erewhon Revisited.* As for the Hanky's and Panky's, the

1901 Aet. 65 more dissatisfied they are, and the more they show their dissatisfaction, the better I shall be pleased, for I think that they will understand the satire.

I believe it to be high time that some such book was written, and that the present moment is, to use the slang of the day, a "psychological" one (why not simply "opportune"?) for its appearance. I am especially glad that you like page 280; this, and the similar pp. 289, 290, are the conclusion of the whole matter so far as I am concerned. I also like President Gurgoyle's pamphlet in chapter xi.

If *The Guardian* notices the book, for it has a habit of passing me over in silence, and never reviewed either my *Life of Dr. Butler* of Shrewsbury, afterwards Bishop of Lichfield, or my *Authoress of the Odyssey*, I will send you the review and you will, as you say, return it; in the meantime I rather gather that you have not seen the reviews of *Erewhon Revisited* in *The Times* and *Daily Chronicle*, so I send them and will ask you to return them. They both appeared on the day the book was published. *The Times* is the best.

As for *Narcissus*, we dare not go to the great expense of getting it performed. Our best chance lies in my becoming better known as a writer. I have since completed my half of a serious secular oratorio, *Ulysses*, in which—except in the choruses which are as Handelian as it was in my power to make them, one of them being on a ground bass—I have recognised the existence, under protest, of Mozart and Beethoven, though keeping mainly to Handelian modes of expression and mental attitude. Both my friend Jones and I should regard any poking fun at Handel as a mauvaise plaisanterie of the most odious kind. We adore him.

The reviews of *Erewhon Revisited* were in the main favourable; among them was one by Mr. (now Sir) Arthur Quiller-Couch in *The Daily News*, about which Butler wrote to the editor.

31 *October* 1901—After the very handsome way in which you have treated me, I am ashamed of appearing to express any kind of dissatisfaction, but shall nevertheless be glad if you will allow me to make the following explanation:

Speaking of *Erewhon Revisited*, Mr. Quiller-Couch says:

"But when it comes to inventing for an Erewhonian woman named Yram (which is 'Mary' reversed) and her husband a situation which at once calls up, and scandalously, the nuptials of Christ's Mother with Joseph, then I must submit that he is either offensive by inadvertence almost incredible or—" etc.

If I have been offensive in the manner above alleged, it is assuredly by inadvertence, for the idea of parallelism between the nuptials of Mr. Strong and Yram, and those of the Mother of Christ and Joseph never crossed my mind. I do not see the parallelism even now, for to make it at all close Higgs ought to be the son of Yram; nor has any one of the other fifteen reviewers who so far have reviewed *Erewhon Revisited* shewn any signs of detecting either advertence or inadvertence in this connection. I am none the less shocked that a single reviewer should have done so. 1901 Aet. 65

The name Yram was fixed, quite guilelessly, some thirty years ago, and could not be changed. That she should have had a son by Higgs was an after-thought not contemplated till I began to write *Erewhon Revisited* and saw how useful an ally a son would be to him. Moreover, this after-thought gave occasion for the second leading idea of the book, which so far no reviewer has noticed. I mean the story of a father trying to win the love of a hitherto unknown son, by risking his life in order to show himself worthy of it—and succeeding. The marriage of Strong and Yram was dictated by my inability to see any other way of saving Yram and of putting her son in a position to help his father.

Mr. Quiller-Couch replied privately to Butler apologising for the injustice he had done him, and offering to own the mistake in *The Daily News*, but Butler begged him to dismiss the subject from his mind.

A few days later Butler wrote to Mrs. Fuller Maitland: "I send by to-morrow's post a copy of my wicked book," and added a postscript calling her attention to the second leading idea, in words almost identical with those in the foregoing letter.

Coffee at Wilderhope

I am in disgrace at Wilderhope just now. I went there on the 8th of last month, and in the evening unfortunately took up the *Life of Archbishop Benson*, with which I was immediately fascinated, much as I had been with the present Lord Tennyson's *Life of Tennyson*. . . . However let this be. I was devouring the *Life of Archbishop Benson*, and made no secret of the amusement it afforded me. This gave great offence.

"But I assure you, Sam, the book has been *very* highly spoken of. Quite a number of people, really good people who know when a book is good as well as anybody, have enjoyed it extremely."

1901 Aet. 65 "I assure you, my dear Harrie, they cannot have enjoyed it more heartily than I am doing."

On this there was a severely abrupt change in the conversation. Next morning at breakfast there was no tea. It was a year since I had stayed with them, and I concluded they had forgotten that I always took tea, not coffee, when staying with them. But this was not so.

May said, "Oh, Sam, I think you like tea for breakfast, do you not? We can have some made in a moment."

I assured her that I like coffee very much, which I do; it is not coffee, but Wilderhope coffee, that I do not like. I was not going, however, to explain this, and declared that when I was abroad I always took coffee for breakfast, which is quite true. But I could see I was in disgrace.

In the course of the morning I went up into the town to look at the papers, and found to my surprise the excellent review of *Erewhon* and *Erewhon Revisited* in *The Times*, Oct. 9 (on which day the books were published), and also the hardly less excellent review in *The Daily Chronicle*. I knew that I ought not to say anything about these reviews to my sisters, but there are few so holy as to be able at all times to resist the temptation to rub a success in, although it be known that it will irritate. So I showed them to my sisters. Harrie made some short slight remark indicating disapproval. May said not a word. They will probably have their revenge when the books are reviewed by the *Spectator* and *Guardian*.

In the evening I again took up the *Life of Archbishop Benson* and came upon the passage on p. 122 of the abridged edition (Macmillan, 1901) wherein the writer describes his meeting with Mr. Gladstone. It runs: "14 *July*, 1871. Last Sunday I had a singular and interesting change. I went to Windsor to preach to the Queen, and saw something of, and *much admired*, Mr. Gladstone. His eyes alone afford sufficient reason for his being Prime Minister."

At this I tittered, and read the passage aloud. "It must have been his nose," said I. "The bishop must have written 'nose' and young Mr. Benson changed it into 'eyes.'"

Harrie fired up and desired me not to read anything more to her. On the following morning the *Life of Archbishop Benson* had disappeared.

Harrie was very cross at breakfast.

"You still continue to like coffee?" said she; "we can have tea made for you if you like."

I still continued to like coffee. But when it proved that there was not enough to give me a second cup, I was firm, and she had to send for more. May was breakfasting in bed, so

it rested with Harrie who ate up all the four little pieces of toast without offering me a single one. The next day I was leaving, and I think it was felt that I had been sufficiently punished, for she insisted on my having two of the usual four pieces of toast. 1901 Aet. 65

What a beast I am for laughing at her! But I cannot help it; it was too comic. [*Nov.* 1901.]

Near the opening of the foregoing note the reader may have observed some dots; they were substituted by me for a passage consisting of critical remarks upon the biographies of Tennyson and Archbishop Benson—a passage which I omitted in deference to one for whose opinion on a question of literary taste I have the highest regard. I did not understand his opinion to extend to what Butler says later about Mr. Gladstone's eyes; nevertheless I will here depart from my usual practice of leaving the reader to settle for himself when Butler is serious and when he is jesting, and state clearly that in this case he is jesting. He was burlesquing the commentators of the *Odyssey* and the Sonnets, and throwing out a conjectural emendation which he would not have supported seriously if challenged. In printing it I intend no disrespect either to the memory of Mr. Gladstone or to that of the Archbishop or to the Master of Magdalene. Nor did Butler aim his remark at them or at any one of them. It was all part of that laughing at Mrs. Bridges for which the conclusion of the note is an apology.

CHAPTER XLI

1902—Part I

EDITING HIS REMAINS

1902 Aet. 66 On our return from Boulogne, where we had been, as usual, for Christmas, I went to Hampstead to stay for a few days with my sister Lilian in her flat at Downshire Hill, and developed pneumonia. My sister nursed me, and I did not return to Staple Inn till 10th March. During my illness Butler came to see me frequently, and when he could not come he wrote. It was a long journey from Clifford's Inn to Hampstead, the weather was cold and he was ill, though we did not realise till afterwards how ill he was; consequently he wrote a great many letters—some were addressed to my sister and some to me, but they were all written with the intention of entertaining me. "Mrs. Gallup's cipher," in the first extract, is a reference to the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy.

Butler to Miss L. I. Jones.

6 *Jan.* 1902—I am keeping for him a copy of this day's *Times* with facsimiles of some of the italic writing from which Mrs. Gallup's cipher is derived, and an exhaustive explanatory article therewith.

My sonnet is in this week's *Athenaeum.* Gogin has written—all well—so has [Lionel] Smythe. It seems we don't understand the humour of *Old Mortality.* He says: "It should be read slowly with much imaginary north country accent, thus what he [H. F. J.] takes for dullness will be seen to be humour, Scottish, and possibly a joke at the reader's expense. The verbosity is of his period and far and away better than Bulwer Lytton whom he

[H. F. J.] admires." I would not tell Jones this till he is pretty far advanced towards recovery. As for his admiring Bulwer Lytton I must hear it from his own lips before I believe it. 1902 Aet. 66

This is the sonnet mentioned in the foregoing letter. It appeared anonymously in *The Athenaeum*, and is given in *The Note-Books of Samuel Butler* (1912).

Μέλλοντα ταῦτα

Not on sad Stygian shore, nor in clear sheen
Of far Elysian plain, shall we meet those
Among the dead whose pupils we have been,
Nor those great shades whom we have held as foes;
No meadow of asphodel our feet shall tread,
Nor shall we look each other in the face
To love or hate each other being dead,
Hoping some praise, or fearing some disgrace.
We shall not argue saying "'Twas thus" or "Thus,"
Our argument's whole drift we shall forget;
Who's right, who's wrong, 'twill be all one to us;
We shall not even know that we have met.
Yet meet we shall, and part, and meet again
Where dead men meet, on lips of living men.

Butler to Miss L. I. Jones.

7 *Jan.* 1902—A man has written to *The Athenaeum* that he wishes the right hand of the man who wrote my sonnet had been paralysed before he wrote it! But he likes the two last lines.

Butler to the Editor of The Press, *N.Z.*

January 7th 1902—Your very kind letter of November 18th and copies both of the Jubilee *Weekly* and the daily *Press* reached me a few days ago, but an influx of foreign visitors on whom I have to attend and the dangerous illness of my friend, Mr. H. F. Jones (who is now on the mend) have prevented me from thanking you until now.

The *Weekly Press* is really an astonishing performance as well as a most interesting one—I need hardly say that I shall value it very highly. The illustration which affects me personally most is the one of Dr. Sinclair's grave which is on my own run (that was). I was away down at Christchurch when poor Dr. Sinclair, who was staying at my station, was drowned, and never heard of what had happened till I actually reached home and found that the body had been already buried—with a service, I blush to say, read from my bullock-driver's Mass-Book by Dr. Haast, as he

1902 Aet. 66 then was, no Church of England Prayer Book being found on the station. Possibly I had taken mine with me for use at Christchurch, but at this distance of time—nearly forty years—who can say?

I am glad also to possess photographs of my old friend, Mr. William Sefton Moorhouse, who dwells ever in my memory as one of the very finest men whose path I ever crossed, but who also haunts me bitterly as one of the very few men—at least I trust it may be so—who treated me with far greater kindness than I did him. His memory is daily with me, notwithstanding all these years, and ever will be, as long as I can remember anything. But, alas! it is as that of one who showed nothing but extreme kindness and goodwill to me and who did not receive from me the measure which he had meted out. Not that I ever failed in admiration and genuine affection but (it is true, under great stress) I did not consider things which a larger knowledge of the world has shown me I ought assuredly to have considered.[1] Enough! He dwells ever with me as, perhaps, the greatest man all round that I have ever known. I was also very glad to have the photo of my old and valued friend J. Colborne Veel whose inimitable articles on "Public Gardens" (I need not say, a parody on the *Canterbury Standard*), "Kaiapoi Address," and "Shall Mr. Ollivier have a Statue?" are often read by me to friends with never failing appreciation on their part and delight on mine.

I thank you for your most kind and too flattering article on the announcement of my *Erewhon Revisited*. I immediately sent it to Mr. Grant Richards and asked him to send you copies. You will see reminiscences of my own first crossing the hills above Lyttelton and riding across the plains in chapter xxvii., but I have deliberately altered a good deal, for I had to make the writer get up the Rakaia Gorge, whereas I have really taken him to the Rangitata.

I suppose I am probably the last survivor of those who rode on the trial trip of the first locomotive that ever travelled in New Zealand. Moorhouse, Reeves, myself and one other (but of this I am not certain) were the only ones on the engine as it started from Christchurch and ran to the Heathcote.

As an after-thought, I may express my gratitude to the writer of the *Odyssey* for not having taken anything like the same liberties with the neighbourhood of Trapani that I have taken, both in *Erewhon* and *Erewhon Revisited*, with the topography of Canterbury. Had she done otherwise, I doubt whether I should have ever felt so confident of having hounded her down and brought her back to her own people as I now fearlessly am.

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[1] Cf. ante, I. pp. 169, 170.

Strange—the way in which Baker and I discovered the pass to the West Coast over the head waters of the Rakaia is drawn closely from fact. We went up the Rangitata and actually overlooked the pass over the Rakaia ranges that was exactly opposite us and which we should not otherwise have found. Alas! that our having found it should have cost poor Whitcombe his life. 1902 Aet. 66

The foregoing letter was published in the Jubilee number of *The Press* (N.Z.) on 25th May 1911. Dr. Gerald Harper sent me a copy in time for me to read the letter at the Fourth Erewhon dinner in July. When I came to the part about the Prayer Book the guests laughed, and, I believe, thought that his saying that possibly he had taken his to Christchurch was a polite fiction. But I believe it was the fact. It was on 14th August 1862 (ante, I. p. 98) that he wrote to Marriott: "As for going to church I have left it off this twelvemonth and more." Dr. Sinclair was drowned in 1861, and Butler might easily have been at church in Christchurch at the time with his Prayer Book. Perhaps he also took with him the Bible given to him by "his affectionate Godmother and Aunt Anna Worsley," the prototype of the one which Ernest Pontifex kicked into a corner before going to call upon Miss Maitland in chapter lx. of *The Way of all Flesh.* In any case it is satisfactory to know that some one on the run had a book of services of some kind, otherwise Dr. Sinclair's funeral might have had to be conducted with, if not a chapter from *Tristram Shandy*, perhaps one from *The Origin of Species.*

Butler to Miss L. I. Jones.

9 *Jan.* 1902—I have edited several of your brother's 1883 letters from Venice, Padua, and Verona; if he has any of mine, and if they contain as much treasonable matter as his to me, I trust he will allow me, when he gets better, to edit them by writing over those parts that give my true opinion concerning those most near and dear to me as follows:

> Hail, holy Light, offspring of Heaven first-born!
> Or of the Eternal coeternal beam
> May I express thee unblamed? Since God is light,
> And never but in unapproached light
> Dwelt from eternity, etc.—

1902 Aet. 66 lines which, I take it, no one will credit me with knowing and which I assuredly should not know if I had not had to write them and the next 45½ lines of the third book of *Paradise Lost* many a hundred times over when I was a boy at school. They are the most abiding of all the lines that I ever learned at Shrewsbury—[here follows a line cancelled by writing a line of Milton over it] cancelling . . . as per line cancelled.

Read that, Mrs. Gallup, if you can!

He was editing his correspondence, and sent some of Miss Savage's letters to be read to me. Of my letters he said: "Treated with a moderate application of 'Hail, holy Light' they are quite safe; in all cases of doubt I apply the Milton."

Butler to Miss L. I. Jones.

16 *Jan.* 1902—I am editing the very painful years in my correspondence, 1883–1886. I am at the point when I was sent for post-haste to Shrewsbury to a supposed perfectly hopeless illness of my father who recovered and lived three years longer. I see I wrote to Miss Savage that it was Orpheus and Eurydice only the other way about.

She wrote back: "Your father will be sure to take great care of himself; bronchitis patients always do take care of themselves—I have told you so before. It is a most interesting occupation—more satisfying even than a hobby for collecting things—always to be taking thought for oneself and looking at the weathercock and thermometer. If I had plenty of money there is nothing I should like better than to be a bronchitis patient."

I fear that being a pneumonia patient will not be found quite such a delightful occupation by your poor brother.

Butler to Miss L. I. Jones.

20 *Jan.* 1902—I have been to the Old Masters. There are a few good things, especially a very fine and well preserved Jan Steen "Grace before Meat," which I hope your brother will be able to see, and a large, important, and certainly genuine work by Raffaelle, which I hope will do his reputation the harm that it ought to do.

That odious paper *Literature* is dead; I am delighted. It is now amalgamated with *The Academy*, which appears as *The Academy and Literature.*

The Times has taken to publishing a Weekly Literary Supplement on a separate sheet or sheets of a size different from that of the rest of the paper. This contained last Saturday an article (I should think by Miss M. E. Coleridge) on Aldis Wright's last volume of FitzGerald's *Letters*. The extracts given do not strike me as quite to my taste; but I am getting the book from Mudie's, for I want to make up my mind about FitzGerald more definitely than I have yet been able to do. 1902 Aet. 66

I went to Mrs. X's yesterday afternoon. X and the man who married the daughter were there. Mrs. X was most affectionate. She said my hands were cold, which they were. She placed them on the sofa by her side, without, I need hardly say, detaching them from the rest of my body, and laid her own beautiful paws upon the top of them, saying that she should keep them there till mine were warm. I said that that would be delightful; but I writhed inwardly; happily, she did not carry out her threat to the bitter end. There were lots of enquiries about your brother, and I was to convey all sympathy, etc.

The son-in-law is a very nice man, about 45, plain, quite bald, but acute, sympathetic, and without any kind of side. He was most attentive and friendly to me, and this, as your brother will readily believe, inclined me to think highly of him. His wife has just presented him with a little boy.

Who should come in while I was there but Mr. and Mrs. Z, who said they thought I had dropped them altogether, etc., etc. This comes of calling on anybody at all. I was very angry but I was caught, and I suppose shall have to call there next Sunday. Then Mrs. X brought out my photo, and they admired it so much that I was each moment in alarm lest I should have to spend 2/9 in giving them one. Happily they did not ask for a copy, and I breathed freely when the conversation flowed into another channel. Of course they were properly sympathetic about your brother.

I forgot to tell your brother that Waddington, who was to have come on Friday, did not turn up, and has not written. I sent a p.c. last night to enquire.

Alfred this afternoon began to show signs of wobbling about Rudyard Kipling. He asked me what an "oaf" was. "It is an abbreviation," said I dogmatically, "for loafer." I knew that this would be plausible enough to catch him, and also that he would be indignant with Kipling for calling football-players loafers.[1] I believe I have done for Kipling's high estate with Alfred much as I did with my tobacconist years ago in respect of Gladstone's reputation as a financier, and about as truthfully

[1] This is an allusion to Kipling's poem "The Islanders" in *The Five Nations*.

1902 Aet. 66 [cf. *The Note-Books of Samuel Butler*, p. 165]. I fear I have a good deal of my younger sister in me. I see I wrote to Miss Savage in 1884: "My sister May has been sending for my nephew from Liverpool and has been telling him some truths; this seems to have made her ill for some days. If she really has been telling the truth to anyone I wonder that it did not kill her outright. She seems all right now, so I suppose she has got back to lying again." *Milton, please.*

As for poor dear Miss Savage, she has only a very few months to live, and I can see now that she is forcing herself to a light-heartedness which she does not feel.

Alfred sends his best respects to you, and his love to your brother, about whom I am very unhappy. No doubt I shall have a p.c. to-morrow to say what Sir Douglas Powell's opinion is. I trust that no operation will be necessary, and that he will make us all comfortable about the rise in temperature, but I confess to being very much afraid that tapping may be necessary. Please to give him my best love.

In reading FitzGerald's Letters Butler hit upon some praise of Crabbe; it was probably this passage:[1]

I wish some American Publisher would publish my Edition of *Tales of the Hall*, edited by means of Scissors and Paste, with a few words of plain Prose to bridge over whole tracts of bad Verse; not meaning to improve the original, but to seduce hasty Readers to study it.

This occurs in a letter to Professor C. E. Norton of 22nd December 1876; and in 1879 FitzGerald's *Readings in Crabbe* was issued. Butler knew nothing about Crabbe, so I sent him this passage from a note to the preface to the imitation of Crabbe in *Rejected Addresses*:

It is not a little extraordinary that Crabbe, who could write with such vigour, should descend to such lines as the following:—

> Something had happened wrong about a bill
> Which was not drawn with true mercantile skill,
> So, to amend it, I was told to go
> And seek the firm of Clutterbuck & Co.

Surely Emanuel Jennings compared with the above rises to sublimity.

These are the lines which Butler refers to in the next letter. They may occur so in some editions of Crabbe,

[1] *Letters of Edward FitzGerald*, vol. ii. p. 211; Macmillan, 1894.

but in the edition which I possess (Paris: Galignani, 1829) in *Tales of the Hall*, No. vii., "The Elder Brother," they occur in this form, which would have done as well as the other for the preface to *Rejected Addresses*: 1902 Aet. 66

> Something one day occurred about a bill
> That was not drawn with true mercantile skill,
> And I was asked and authorized to go
> To seek the firm of Clutterbuck & Co.

Butler to Miss L. I. Jones.

22 *Jan.* 1902.

DEAR MISS LILIAN—I was much relieved yesterday morning by the account you gave of your brother. I trust that he will now go on conquering and to conquer till every enemy to his recovery be subjected and pneumonia itself, etc. etc. I doubt whether "subjected" is the right word but my New Test. memory is getting very unsafe—or does the passage come from Dent's Family Prayers? But let that pass.

I note the lines from Crabbe. Now what did FitzGerald mean by being so enthusiastic about a man who could write like that? Is it possible that a man who could stand that should be one of those that should redeem Israel? God knows whether such a man shall inherit his kingdom, but, for my own part, I am doubtful. Enough, again, of this.

And now Mrs. X wants to come to tea. Give that woman an inch, etc. Her husband got an *Iliad* and an *Odyssey* out of me. They are just like Gaetano. See how they made me hump my big camera twice to photograph their rooms, and would have made me hump it a third time only I vowed that I had sold it. They were quite cross about it.

As I was going out of the Museum yesterday and getting my umbrella, MacColl[1] came up looking very dull and cross and heavy. They handed him his coat and I helped him to put it on, but, as I had my umbrella and packet of papers in my hands, I did not do it well, and I heard several stitches crack as he struggled to get his arm in. Of course I ought to have put my umbrella and parcel down before I helped him on, but I was too lazy, and I was not altogether sorry that the stitches cracked. He walked with me to the gate, or rather shambled, for he does not walk, and on the way said he had seen my sonnet in *The Athenaeum* and had thought it very fine. He had asked Rendall who wrote it, and when I heard this, I was quite sorry about the stitches.

[1] Mr. Norman MacColl, formerly editor of *The Athenaeum*. He retired early in 1901, and Mr. Vernon Rendall succeeded him.

1902 Aet. 66 I said how far more beautiful the Shakespearean form of sonnet was than the Petrarchian. He said "You must not say this to Watts-Dunton. He was always very angry with me when I put in a sonnet in the Shakespearean form. He says that anyone can write a sonnet in the Shakespearean form."

"Very likely," said I, "but nobody can write one in the Petrarchian—at least I have never yet seen one that I could read with pleasure." To my suprise he endorsed this, and called the Petrarchian form Procrustean, whereon I was even more penitent about the stitches. I told him about your brother's illness and he was duly sorry—but he is a dull thing. But he blew on Kipling's "Islanders."

By the way, it is borne in upon me that it was very possibly Watts-Dunton who wrote that atrocious review of my Sonnet book in *The Athenaeum*. Yes; it shall be Watts-Dunton. He tried to cotton up to me years ago in the old *Erewhon* days, but I detested him and would have none of him.

I have heard from Mrs. Waddington. Her husband had not yet come back from Germany, but was to return to-morrow. If he does, he is to come to me on Friday. I will then give him your brother's message, and all news about him. I shall have my chorus, I believe, complete for him to cut about.

There have been articles both in *The Times* and in *Nature* about Stonehenge. It is declared to be a Solar Temple, and, if so, by various astronomical calculations is declared to be of date from 1780–1680 B.C. This seems a reasonable date. The flint implements unearthed during the excavations and evidently then used upon the stones, confirm the supposition that it belongs to a pre-bronze age. Exit, therefore, all the nonsense talked by Flinders Petrie about its being post-Roman of the 6th or 7th century A.D.

Alfred and I went to Drury Lane last night and found it all or nearly all spectacular. He is to take me to the Surrey next week as an antidote. We are not to go to Drury Lane any more.

I am to dine at the Morses' on Feb. 6 so they condone *Erewhon Revisited*. And I am to lunch at Miss Sichel's next Sunday at 1.30. Renseignements about how to get from Downshire Hill, Hampstead, to S. Kensington will be gratefully received.

If Waddington comes on Friday I shall be unable to write much on that day, but I have a letter of Miss Savage's jumping upon me for one of mine, which will be an efficient substitute. I have copied out the last of her letters, but have a few more to copy from other people in respect to her. I am sorry, but am also glad.

Please to give my best love to your brother and believe me, with a few additional postcards,—Yours very truly, 1902 Aet. 66

S. BUTLER.

The postcards were addressed to himself so as to save my sister trouble; she was to use them for bulletins about my progress.

Butler to Miss L. I. Jones.

24 *Jan.* 1902—Thank you for your letter received last night with its good account of your brother. I note your renseignements but will explain on Sunday how I think I can do better. I won't waste space on this now.

I forgot to say that I met Y in the street. He was looking quite well and evidently still under the impression that he had solved the mystery of the Sonnets once for all, by classifying them according to their subjects. God may forgive him but I never can.

I have the second volume of FitzGerald's *Letters*. I have read 40 very monotonous pages not one of which, I should say, is worth publishing at all. I shall read some more, but I do not believe that FitzGerald will ever take higher rank than that of a most amiable man of very average ability who once made a great hit which he could not live up to.

I called on Grant Richards this morning but he is out of town. I find that up to 31st December, 638 copies of *Erewhon Revisited* had been sold, and 480 of *Erewhon*. The manager considered this to be very satisfactory. No more reviews save one in *The Tablet* for December 14; quite genial. I have sent for it and will send it later.

There is an article in this day's *Times Literary Supplement* declaring that the *Dictionary of National Biography* abounds with the grossest inaccuracies in respect of dates, facts, and references and appealing for a supplementary volume to consist entirely of corrigenda. I am pleased and perhaps spiteful.

Cavaliere Negri has written saying that his paper on Crea is definitely to be published in the Casale Archaeological Magazine about May, and asking for any blocks I may be disposed to let him have. This means that I can now proceed with my work on Tabachetti. I am in doubt as to form and whether I will not do it by way of a completely new edition of *Ex Voto*. I lunched with Bernard Shaw to-day (by accidental coincidence) and left him an *Ex Voto*. He is to advise; the desideratum is to get Grant Richards to publish, at his own risk, either a work on Tabachetti or a new *Ex Voto*. I have told Negri that he shall

1902 Aet. 66 have some blocks, but that it will be some days before I can give exact size. I have asked him by what date he will want the blocks. The Shaws were *most* gracious and enthusiastic about the *Erewhons*.

Waddington came. He will write to your brother. My chorus was declared to be somewhat too like the poor curate's egg, but before he left it was quite creamy and new-laid. It is settled and really I believe very good now. He has started me with the scoring.

Butler to Miss L. I. Jones.

27 *Jan.* 1902—I write to-day because I know I shall not be able to do so to-morrow by reason of the Surrey Pantomime and I am sure your brother will be glad to have the *Times* facsimiles of the types on which Mrs. Gallup relies. I think these facsimiles want supplementing with Mallock's article in (I feel sure) the *National Review* for November. There is a letter from Mrs. Gallup; if le style c'est l'homme holds good also for la femme, I do not think we need hesitate about knowing where to place her. I enclose her letter.

I note that in the forthcoming *Cornhill* there is to be an article on the Sonnets. Now I wonder what we shall have there! Some rubbish no doubt.

At Miss Sichel's I was shown a short but most friendly review of *Erewhon Revisited* by Miss Sichel in the *Monthly Review* for January. They were all of them very friendly, but I got no such choice morsel for your brother's delectation as one that I told him of months ago—I mean about having to do without art or nature.[1]

A lady whom your brother knows told me that she was on the top of a bus one summer's afternoon and saw Leslie Stephen cross in front of the bus in an undecided sort of way, whereon the driver said, "Now then, come up, Monkey!" I wonder, as Kennedy said, that the earth did not open and swallow him up. What a pity that Leslie Stephen should be so deaf.

I received a message from Mr. Fuller Maitland that I was not to go on to Phillimore Gardens, inasmuch as it was his first day of coming down stairs. Some virtuoso was to come and play before him and this, he thought, would be as much as he could stand. He is mending, but only slowly.

I cannot get on with FitzGerald's *Letters*; they are all right, but so fearfully monotonous—and uninterestingly monotonous. I shall be glad to change them for the *Cornhill*, but really the blame rests with Aldis Wright and not with FitzGerald.

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[1] This is introduced in the conversation at the dinner party in *Erewhon Revisited*.

I suppose now that I may write to your brother direct, may I not? 1902 Aet. 66

Mr. Roskill (Cooke's son-in-law) sent me a translation of parts of the famous speech of Pericles, by Frederic Harrison, and I was to admire it. I did not admire it, and translated a few sentences of it myself as an example of how I thought it should be done. He has written me a very obliging letter to the effect that he now agrees with me, and I am confirmed in the good opinion that I had already formed of him.

Miss Coxhead has asked me to dine at her club in Albemarle Street on Feb. 13. at 7.45. I have accepted.

I have no more Miss Savage, and am at the end of the notes I had made of things that your brother might care to hear, so will add no more.

Butler's solicitor, Russell Cooke, married the widow of Ashton Dilke, whose daughter is the wife of Mr. John Roskill, K.C., so that strictly Butler ought to have written "Mrs. Cooke's son-in-law."

Butler to Mr. J. Roskill.

25 *Jan.* 1902—Frederic Harrison's translation is his own, at any rate it is not Dale's nor Crawley's; but on reading it more critically I do not think it is what it ought to be. It does not flow musically on from sentence to sentence. I will not go into detail. I find it too often clumsy, stilted, Johnsonian, and affected.

I spent an hour this morning in translating ten or a dozen lines more as I think they should be translated, and on doing so found that I should want at least another hour before I could get what I wanted, so I gave it up; but overleaf you will find both Harrison's and my own attempts.

F. Harrison

The republican government is one that feels no jealousy nor rivalry with the institutions of others. We have no wish to imitate them; we prefer to be an example to them. It is true that our constitution is a democracy, for it is framed in the interest of all, not of any privileged class. Yet while the law secures to all in their private claims equal justice without favour of persons, we still recognise the claims of personal superiority, when a citizen is in any way distinguished by his attainments; and he is raised to eminence in the public service not as a matter

1902 Aet. 66 of privilege but as the prize of his merits. Nor again is poverty a bar with us to hinder a citizen who can confer some service on the state.

S. BUTLER

It is not we who look with envy on the polity of our neighbours, we hold our own, rather than theirs, to be the more worthy of imitation. We are a democracy inasmuch as we look more to the well-being of the many than of the few, and hence it is that our laws are no respecters of persons but will redress the grievances of any man without fear or favour. Moreover, as regards public honours, according as a man may deserve well of the state so will he be preferred, whether he be high or low, apart from class considerations. If again he is poor, no poverty will keep him down so long as he can do good service.

Butler to H. F. Jones.

31 *Jan.* 1902—And now for what little gossip, and it is very little, that I can collect. I have edited a few of your letters this morning—no Milton required—you are at St. Moritz—the Ristori, Mr. Browning, Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, Soglio and Promontogno year. That was the year, I think, in which I saw your mamma in her petticoats and stays at Bassano—but this incident was later—or was it the following year? I shall find out as I go along.

The Surrey Pantomime was a success. Victor Stevens was as good as ever—and when he came on in full fig, I was quite surprised to see how young he still was. His, "No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, *NO*" was as quick as ever, but the vulgarity was a good deal toned down from what it was in the old days. True, there was still some vulgarity; the dear old familiar allusions to delirium tremens, of which there had been no trace at the Grand or at Drury Lane, were at the Surrey once more in evidence; indeed, one man made quite a long speech whilst he "had got them." Then the Sultan had taken advantage of his Grand Vizier's hospitality and accepted a night's lodging; but he had got up early and gone away with two shillings which the Grand Vizier had imprudently left on the mantelpiece. The reiterated references, on the part of the Grand Vizier, to this 2/- forms one of the subjects, diversified treatment of which holds the piece together; but the clothes were too good, and we missed the tattered and torn apparel of years ago. We missed the last seven pounds of coal being all slate; the funny man did not talk seriously to the cat and tell it that "it would get it at

the oil shop" or enquire "if its mother had said that it was to leave tuppence on the jar." Still, there was a baths and wash-house scene in which Victor Stevens in stays, bathing-drawers, and long dishevelled black hair, as also all the other protagonists in extreme dishabille, came almost up to the old Grecian level. 1902 Aet. 66

The article about the Sonnets in the *Cornhill* [February 1902] is . . . . It is by a Rev. H. W. Beeching, Professor of English Literature at King's College, London.[1] He speaks of Sidney Lee with much respect, but does not agree with him. Of me he says that my prolegomena are good reading enough when I am demolishing my predecessors, but that my own conclusions "are negligible," and he says not a word about them. Sonnet 107 ("Not mine own fears nor the prophetic soul" (Alfred shakes me)) can be *certainly* dated 1603. I think we may neglect him.

There are two scathing letters on the *Dictionary of National Biography* in this morning's *Times Literary Supplement* aimed chiefly at Lee.

Lee has an article in the *Nineteenth Century* on oral traditions about Shakespeare—adding nothing to our knowledge.

Butler to Miss L. I. Jones.

4 *Feb.* 1902—This letter is going to be so stupid that I inflict it upon you rather than your poor brother and you can retail as much of it to him as you think fit. The fact is that on Sunday I never left my rooms after I once got into them, and saw nobody; yesterday I was at the Museum, but again saw not a soul save Alfred, and never stirred out in the evening. To-day I have been to see some houses that I have in Attwell Road, Peckham, and you can tell your brother that though I shall have to lay out a great deal, I shall get out of it better than I expected, but it has been very raw and cold work standing about. I do not think, however, that I have taken any harm.

I am to lunch at the Shaws' to-morrow and have said I will eat vegetarian. I shall then hear what courses he recommends re my projected work on Tabachetti. When I last lunched there I met a man named Salt who has sent a prospectus of "The Humanitarian League," of which he is honorary secretary, and a card for a lecture by Mr. Leighton Cleather on "Wagner as a pioneer of Humanitarianism." Have we not here Mrs. Gallup in another form? He has also sent me a pamphlet on

[1] Butler means the Rev. H. C. Beeching (now Dean of Norwich). He was Professor of Pastoral Theology (not of English Literature) at King's College, London, 1900–1903.

1902 Aet. 66 Animals' Rights—"The immediate question that claims our attention is this: If men have rights, have animals their rights also?" This sentence, on which I lighted at random, is so absurdly suggestive of the Rights of Animals chapter which I have intercalated into my enlarged *Erewhon* that Mr. Salt (who published his pamphlet in 1900) may be excused for thinking that I had him in view when writing my own chapter—but I am innocent of all knowledge of his pamphlet. By the way, Shaw said that he regarded my chapter on the Rights of Vegetables as a direct attack upon himself—but he was not serious.

I saw the following in *The Times* a day or two ago. Farinelli (Handel's Farinelli) having made a large fortune in England returned to Italy and built himself a villa which he named "England's Folly."

I may get some pabulum at Shaw's to-morrow, or again at the Morses' where I dine on Thursday. If I do it shall be duly chronicled, but till then I am afraid my stock is exhausted.

Butler to H. F. Jones.

Feb. 7, 1902—Waddington has come and gone—full of enquiry about you, and of kind messages. He has cordially approved the alterations I have made in my chorus, and I believe I may say thinks the whole chorus very satisfactory. The two parts together make 108 bars. We have begun to score it.

The dinner last night [at the Morses'] went off, I should say, excellently, but on beginning to undress [after getting home] I found that my trousers, which I had tucked up on leaving the Tube, were still tucked up and I have no doubt were so during the whole evening. Poor me! But I do not think it much mattered for I was distinctly the lion of the evening, all the guests being eager to talk about *Erewhon Revisited* except one man, who deflected me on to *Life and Habit* and would not let me leave it. He and another man asked if I had read Helvetius, and said that Schopenhauer had declared that if the Almighty had to limit his reading to a single book he would choose Helvetius. They said it would be a nice subject to select half-a-dozen books for the Almighty's reading. I said that at any rate we may be sure he would not read the Bible. There were several other things, but you must get them out of me on Sunday, as also whatever I can get from Gogin.

Butler to the Editor of The Spectator

15 CLIFFORD'S INN, E.C.,
8 *Feb.* 1902.

SIR—I called your Ap. 20, 1872, review of *Erewhon* "favourable" and so it was; I should have been captious if I had called it anything else, for it, and the *Pall Mall Gazette* article of Ap. 12, 1872, at once lifted the book into the position which, with all its faults, it has maintained. But I did not say that I liked, much less endorsed, everything in its whole four columns. On the contrary, I disliked extremely the passages quoted by your reviewer in your this day's issue. 1902 Aet. 66

Your reviewer of to-day does not say that his predecessor in 1872 had also written as follows:

"What he" (the author of *Erewhon*) "seems to want to impress upon his readers is . . . the wisdom of quietly taking your notions of what is best from the society round you. In one page the author confesses that the 'high Ydgrunites,' *i.e.* the higher worshippers of Ydgrun (Mrs. Grundy) . . . have got 'about as far as it is in the right nature of man to go'—a judgment which he only modifies by saying that they ought to speak out more clearly what they think. Of course this, too, may be veiled satire; but if it is, the book is without definite drift, which no one who reads it carefully will readily believe."

I should hope not. The above passage comes to this: that my "object" and "intention" was sufficiently plain, viz.: to uphold the current conscience of a man's best peers as his safest moral guide. I intended this, intend it, and I trust always shall intend it. What sane man will uphold any other guidance as generally safer—exceptis, of course, excipiendis?

My "object" and "intention" having been thus clearly and correctly expressed, I disregarded the subsequent passage quoted in your this day's issue, as merely a reviewer's parting kick, and as rendered comparatively harmless by the fuller one that had gone before. The subsequent passage runs:

"It is certainly quite true that if anyone will accept the implied satiric teaching of the book, he will find himself morally and intellectually 'nowhere,' *i.e.* in Erewhon, when he has done."

Your reviewer of to-day, ignoring the first of the two passages quoted above, tries to fasten it on me that I regard the second as "praise" inasmuch as speaking of the article as a whole I called it "favourable." Hence he deduces that "it rightly describes Mr. Butler's *object*, and correctly indicates the result to which his satire is *intended* to lead." (Italics mine). He, or she, evidently

1902 Aet. 66 does not consider these words as involving a very disgraceful imputation; if he (as we will say for brevity) did indeed so consider them, he would not use them so lightly. I differ from him; and out of respect for the good opinion both of your readers and yourself must request you to publish the foregoing letter.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

Butler to H. F. Jones.

February 11th, 1902.

MY DEAR JONES—How I am to fill this sheet I know not. If I succeed, the feeding of the 5,000 will be a small miracle in comparison, for I have, as it were, but a single literary loaf and fish for my nucleus.

Talking of fishes did you see what I am told was in the *Daily Mail* about the sea-gulls? I was going last Friday over London Bridge to Delph Street where I have a big job on (everything seems to come at once) and saw thousands of gulls and people on the bridge feeding them. They were lovely, but they are unprincipled. A man was walking over London Bridge last week with a crate of fresh herrings on his head. The gulls swooped down on the fish in such numbers that he was powerless against them and half his fish were gone before he could get his crate down on to the pavement.

The job at Delph Street will cost me near £100. Sanitary inspector of course; but it is a good job done—entire reconstruction of drains, and a lot more. The houses are freehold and will stand a large increase of rent, so that I shall be a gainer rather than loser by the job.

Alfred and I have again been to Attwell Road this afternoon and were again starved, but I do not think we have taken any harm. Sanitary inspector, of course. I don't suppose I shall get out of it all under £400, and lucky if that covers it. The rents here, too, will stand some increase, but it is a nuisance.

I told you of my visit to the Fuller Maitlands; but I forgot to say that they told me Nice is *very* full of small-pox now. So you had better not go and stay with your sister Cattie. They were very full of going to Sicily in April and May, and it seems quite on the cards that I may meet them and put them through Trapani and Mt. Eryx. We shall see.

I sent my letter to *The Spectator*. I submitted it first to Rendall as well as to Grant Richards, and they both cordially approved of my sending, but they doubted whether the editor would insert it. Rendall said that several people had written to him admiring my Sonnet, and one or two indignantly, but these last fewer and less important.

By the last post I am sure to have a line from Longman declining to publish a new edition of *Ex Voto* at his own risk. I was bound to offer it to him before trying Grant Richards. As soon as he has declined it, I can see whether Grant Richards will do it or no. If he will not, I shall again appeal to Shaw for counsel. 1902 Aet. 66

I have this morning received a long and most flattering review of *Erewhon* and *Erewhon Revisited* from the New Zealand Canterbury *Press*. They are very proud of the fact that *Erewhon* began in their own paper, and nothing is good enough for me. I must show it to Grant Richards when I take him *Ex Voto*, and will send it on to you when he has seen it. It is far the most flattering article that I have ever had.

I am puzzled by something in my correspondence. Do you remember our getting two bottles of some spirit or liqueur from Varese, one of which I was to take to my father? I remember sending him some honey from Promontogno as soon as I got home, but I am pretty sure that on an earlier occasion—say 1883 or 1882—I had taken him a bottle of liqueur which he examined in my presence to see whether or no it had been tampered with. Do you remember my ever saying anything to you about this? I find that some years ago I made a note to this effect as regards the Promontogno honey, which note letters now read prove to have been wrong; but the incident is so strongly vivid to my mind that I cannot believe it to be an unconscious invention of my own. Please help me if you can.

Erewhon (the old book) was casually mentioned quite friendly wise in last Friday's *Times Literary Supplement*.

Monro, an Oxford don, has published the last 12 books of the Odyssey. Merry did the first twelve some years ago. Not a word about my theory. I am told, but have not seen the book, that there is no mention of what I have said about Trapani and Mt. Eryx in Douglas Sladen's *Sicily*. I shall not break my heart in either case.

There—my loaf and fish have held out better than I feared they would, but I fear the loaf has been rather unleavened and the fish but as one of those Mediterranean gray mullets which we get in train restaurants. However, I have done my best.

With very kind regards to your sister,—I am, Yours,

S. BUTLER.

I do not know whether his father really was suspicious, and perhaps Butler himself did not think he was. He said so much about the examining the liqueur and the honey as to make me think that he was trying to persuade himself. In the end it was settled that there was some-

1902 Aet. 66 thing wrong in his notes, and that he had brought or sent his father (1) the liqueur from Varese; (2) the Promontogno honey; and (3) some honey from Bertoli, the famous bee-master of Varallo-Sesia. He talked it over again with me at this time (1902) and inserted a correction in his Note-Book, wherein he wrote that I remembered his telling me about it so long ago as during his father's life-time, and that I intimated that he had "frequently returned to the subject." That is quite correct, and I remember now that I conveyed this intimation in a form which made him laugh by quoting the Duke of Wellington's reply when the King, speaking of the Battle of Waterloo, said:

"I was there, wasn't I, Duke?"

"I have heard your Majesty say so."

I sent to Mudie's for Douglas Sladen's book about Sicily, and found that what Butler had said about Trapani and Mount Eryx is mentioned in it, and I told him so. This is referred to in the next extract.

Butler to H. F. Jones.

Feb. 14th, 1902—I thank you for two letters, one of Feb. 12th, the other of yesterday. Your illustration about the immortality of the tune and not that of the fiddle is very fine. I told it to Streatfeild (as yours) this morning, and he admired it very much. I have edited your 1885 letters; they are very good indeed, and Milton is only necessary in a passage or two about "the horns," our feelings towards whom need not now be expressed. There is also one passage which I have bowdlerised and which I enclose on a separate piece of paper that you may tear it up. If you wish it unbowdlerised I can easily re-insert it in your letter. I am sorry to lose it, but I suppose it had better go.

Certainly my note about my father's examining the lid of the Promontogno honey-jar is wrong. I sent it by parcel post and received a letter next day acknowledging the receipt. I shall wait till I have got through the 1886 letters to see if I can find a clue to what really happened. I cannot think that I dreamed or invented the story, but I am puzzled.

Thank you for telling me about Douglas Sladen's book. I will see it as soon as they get it at the Museum.

Very glad that you are so distinctly gaining ground, but be

careful. I have caught cold—the cooling rooms at the Turkish Bath last Wednesday were much too cold. I was very doubtful about going to Miss Coxhead's, but went, and do not think it did me any harm. I am sitting in my great coat all day, and have been out twice, once to see Streatfeild, and again this afternoon to Islington, where I found all well. Now I am keeping snug and warm and expect to be able to go to Harwich to-morrow. I want a day or two's change. 1902 Aet. 66

At Miss Coxhead's the conversation turned, inter alia, on what one was to do when people consulted one about whether they should get married or no. I said I had a very simple rule. If I thought I should have to give them a wedding present I strongly advised them to refrain, otherwise I left them to follow their own instincts. I advised Cesare Coppo not to marry, but I think in this case I should have given the same advice, wedding present or no.

P.S.—To thwart the American attempt to monopolise the English tobacco trade, I have at Alfred's instigation got 300 cigarettes of Lambert & Butler's, but most of them draw so badly that it is no pleasure to smoke them. Serve me right!

I do not know why he should have told the illustration about immortality to Streatfeild as mine. I read it in I forget what book and never claimed it as mine. The author may have been thinking of the illustration about the harmony and the lyre which Simmias introduces in the conversation with Socrates before his death in the *Phaedo*. At the time neither Butler nor I was reminded of Plato; and perhaps the author was not thinking of the passage, for his object was not the same as that of Simmias. He was drawing the contrast between the life of the corporeal fiddle and the life of the incorporeal tune played on the fiddle. The fiddler perhaps symbolises "the ineffable contradiction in terms whose presence none can either ever enter, or ever escape" (*Luck or Cunning?* p. 153), but I do not remember that anything was said about Him. Nor was it pointed out that neither the life of the fiddle nor that of the tune is, strictly speaking, immortal; the first can continue only so long as the wood holds together, and the second only so long as there are men to remember the tune, to be influenced by it, and to pass it on.

1902 Aet. 66 But using the word loosely, as one may do for the sake of an illustration, he was illustrating the contrast between the immortality in a material sense of the body, and the immortality in a spiritual sense of the work done by the body, the inference being that the latter is the only desirable or comprehensible immortality. I told this to Butler because I knew that he would consider it "very fine." I knew that he was thinking of himself when he composed the Epitaph, reproduced in chapter x. of *Erewhon Revisited*, for Mr. Higgs to copy while resting in the Musical Bank at Fairmead:

I FALL ASLEEP IN THE FULL AND CERTAIN HOPE
THAT MY SLUMBER SHALL NOT BE BROKEN
AND THAT THOUGH I BE ALL-FORGETTING
YET SHALL I NOT BE ALL-FORGOTTEN
BUT CONTINUE THAT LIFE IN THE THOUGHTS AND DEEDS
OF THOSE I LOVED
INTO WHICH WHILE THE POWER TO STRIVE WAS YET VOUCHSAFED ME
I FONDLY STROVE TO ENTER

This is the true life of the world to come, this life which we, like the tune played on the fiddle, live in the hearts and memories of others. It may be objected that this is all very well, but that every man is endowed with this immortality at birth, for everything, however slight, that any one ever does produces an effect which in some way influences others; there is no escape. We can however strive, while the power to strive is yet vouchsafed us, that those others in whose hearts and memories we are to live hereafter shall remember us with love and not with loathing.

Mrs. Boss, though she be all-forgetting, is not all-forgotten. She lives, and is at this moment influencing me as she influenced Butler when, in the foregoing letter, he alluded to "the horns" immediately after the passage about the fiddle and the tune. In moments of depression she used to exclaim: "Oh, I wish the horn would blow for me and the worms take me this very night!" She would never have understood if she had been told that Butler, by putting this aspiration of hers into the mouth of Mrs. Jupp in *The Way of All Flesh*, had conferred

immortality upon her. When she wished the horn to blow for her she meant she was impatient for the sound of the last trump. By some figure of rhetoric, of which she consciously knew no more than she knew of theology, she skilfully shifted the name of the instrument to any person whose earthly loss she considered would not be irreparable. And we caught the trick from her. 1902 Aet. 66

Butler to Mr. O. T. J. Alpers, Christchurch, New Zealand.

17 *Feb.* 1902.

My dear Sir—I cannot allow the receipt of the extremely kind and gratifying article which reached me a few days ago to pass without a few lines expressive of the pleasure it has caused me. The only fault I have to find with it is that it praises both books too highly. As for *Erewhon*, it wanted re-writing; but as that tree fell so it had to lie, save for what additions were necessary in order to secure it a new copyright. *Erewhon Revisited*, I confess, I prefer; and though scales will doubtless fall from my eyes in respect to it if I live a few years longer, at present I am afraid I am better pleased with it than perhaps any author ought to be with his own work.

When I was studying painting in my kind old friend Mr. Heatherley's studio, I remember hearing a student ask how long a man might hope to go on improving. Mr. Heatherley said: "As long as he is not satisfied with his own work." Absit omen! May dissatisfaction greater than I now feel ere long discipline me in great revenue!

Alas, it is not only "more than 30 years" since the embryo of *Erewhon* appeared in *The Press*, but close on 40! What a great gap of time yawns between now and then! And so in those days I was enthusiastic about Titian? No doubt; but he has not held his own with me as Handel has done. Handel, like Homer and Shakespeare, grips me ever with tighter hold; what hold Titian, Leonardo, Raffaelle, and Michael Angelo have over me (and—well, to speak quite plainly, I like none of them) is a hold on brain, not on heart. But let that pass.

If you knew, as none but myself and a few intimate friends know, how fiercely and continuously I have been vituperated almost from the very day on which *Erewhon* ceased to be anonymous, you would understand the relief it is to me to have at last written a book that has met with a cordial, generous reception. There have been few reviews of *Erewhon Revisited*

1902 Aet. 66 to which the most captious author could take exception, but the intermediate books have all been dead failures; so much so that I am now more than £1,100 to the bad with my books as a whole—a sum which being spread over 30 years has never pinched me. I cannot appeal ad misericordiam; I am exceedingly comfortably off; but I mention the sum to show how utterly flat the books have fallen as regards the numbers of their readers, though I doubt whether there is a single one of them that has not made a certain mark.

How could I expect anything else? With *Erewhon* Charles Darwin smelt danger from afar. I knew him personally; he was one of my grandfather's pupils. He knew very well that the machine chapters in *Erewhon* would not end there, and the Darwin circle was then the most important literary power in England.

I fear *Erewhon* did not find favour again with the religious world. Still less did its successor, *The Fair Haven*, do so. With *Life and Habit* the fat was in the Darwinian fire, and it was war to the death between us. This, and its successors, *Evolution Old and New*, *Unconscious Memory*, and *Luck or Cunning?*, to quote the words of a leader of the Darwinian party that were reported to me, "made Butler impossible." I sandwiched *Alps and Sanctuaries* in between the two last-named books, but I had got too bad a name for it to find favour with more than a very few, who, however, were delighted with it. Then came *Ex Voto* in which I fell foul of Layard, and unearthed a whole school of sculpture of which the pundits of art knew nothing. No man can do this and be received with open arms. Then came my *Life of Dr. Butler*—a book which was well received enough, but over which I was thankful not to have dropped much more than £200; and by tilting at Arnold I angered all Arnold's still powerful worshippers. Then came *The Authoress of the Odyssey*. Why more? The fact is that I have never written on any subject unless I believed that the authorities on it were hopelessly wrong. If I thought them sound, why write? The consequence is that I have throughout, I am profoundly thankful to say, been in a very solitary Ishmaelitish position, and I heartily trust that the temporary success of this last book may not tempt me to abandon the attitude which for so many years I have maintained, on the whole greatly to the satisfaction of my own conscience. Pardon me, dear Sir, for the length to which this letter has extended itself (which it would not have done, but for the warmly sympathetic tone of your own article), and believe me,—Yours very truly,

S. BUTLER.

Butler to H. F. Jones.

Feb. 19, 1902.

1902 Aet. 66

MY DEAR JONES—I write a few lines before going to *Alexander Balus*, but I have hardly a thing to tell you; and if it was not for *Alexander Balus* and Handel I should not stir out again this evening, for my cold is still heavy, chiefly through my own fault. This long spell of cold has stopped my Thursday outings, and my Sunday outings (for it is really the cold and not your illness that has stopped them), and put me off twice from Harwich; so that I am not quite at my best, and have stuck too closely to editing correspondence and copying and scoring music. However, I shall do nothing this evening, and to-morrow Alfred and I mean to go for a walk.

Talking of doing nothing, did I tell you that in one of Miss Savage's letters she wrote of a man who had an unexpected holiday on a summer's day and could not make up his mind whether he should go to the Green Park and lie out all day under a tree, or whether he should do nothing?

My knees continuing very stiff and rheumatic, I went to Jaeger's and bought myself a pair of woollen knee-warmers which I hope will mend matters, price 2/9.

I called on old Mrs. Tylor and Mrs. Morse on Sunday afternoon, and learned that the Mr. Guthrie who was very civil to me when I dined at the Morses' was F. Anstey, author of *Vice Versa*, etc. You must tell me what pretty things to say to him if we meet again. He was a very pleasant little man.

Grant Richards has not yet returned the article in *The Press*, but I am to have it to-morrow morning and will send it on. Meanwhile there has appeared a quite friendly review—not very long, but enough—of *Erewhon Revisited* in the *Antologia Nuova*, the leading literary Italian paper. Cesare Coppo copied it out and sent it. Grant Richards has it, and I will send it on when I get it back. I saw him this morning but neither asked nor was told his views about *Ex Voto*.

I have settled my correspondence now as far as the death of my father, Dec. 29th, 1886, and am thankful to have done so, for the period is not a pleasant one to resuscitate, and I think I shall find all subsequent years easier and quicker editing. I am, however, piling up an accumulation of rubbish in this correspondence with you, which when I reach 1902 I shall find troublesome. Pray get well quickly. On the other hand, for the present I know that you are better where you are.

May [Miss Butler] has seen my letter to *The Spectator* and "we are a little sorry you said that about the *he* or *she*—however true the *she*—as your letter seemed to lose a little dignity by it."

1902 Aet. 66 I wonder what hole-picking Shrewsbury neighbour has called and put them up to this. I hope you do not see anything to object to in what I said. Streatfeild, Barwick, Rendall, Grant Richards, and you—none of you made any comment and I can see nothing to object to in the passage. Tell me if you do.

And now, pray get well *as soon as ever you can*, but not faster than is prudent. With kind regards to your sister,—I am, Yrs.

S. BUTLER.

Butler to Grant Richards.

20 *Feb.* 1902—Pray do not return the copy of *Ex Voto* unless, that is to say, you do not even feel inclined to give it house room. I am not surprised at your not being inclined to risk money on a new edition, and I agree with you that it is only the off-chance of getting some young publisher to wish to get my name on his list that would incline any other publisher whatever to take it up—and this is infra dig.

I propose, therefore, to change my scheme and write a new book of about 200 pp. (though how to fill so many, I don't know yet—but they will come) entitled *Jean de Wespin* (*i.e. Giovanni Tabachetti*) with whatever additional condiment consideration may suggest, giving a good deal of what I have already said in *Ex Voto* about him, and all that I have since learned, and shall learn from Cav. Negri's forthcoming monograph about him. The illustrations should give (from new blocks) most if not all those given in *Ex Voto*. Those in *Ex Voto* are collotype and no more can be got.

I propose to say nothing about the other Valsesian sculptors, but to limit myself to Jean de Wespin (alias Giovanni Tabachetti) and I think a pretty book enough might be made on this subject.

My point is this. At Namur the Archaeological Society and at Casale Monferrato my friend Cavaliere Negri are begging me to help them with blocks of Tabachetti's chapel. I have promised them some which, of course, I must have made at my own expense, but I shall insist on having the blocks returned to me for use in my own book. The size of those used in *Ex Voto* would suit them very well, and I should think would suit my book. Kindly consider whether you think the *Ex Voto* page a suitable one for the work I contemplate. I will call in a day or two and hear your opinion. I want if possible to have blocks made that will suit the Namur people, the Casale people and myself.

Perfidious man! You have not returned the *Antologia* review. It will do quite well if you give it me when next I call. I write to Alpers at once.

I know you will give me a chalk for showing you exactly the poverty of my hand in respect to sales of *Ex Voto*. 1902 Aet. 66

Butler to H. F. Jones.

21 *Feb.* 1902—Grant Richards is very reasonably afraid of taking up *Ex Voto* so I change my tactics and contemplate a short book entitled *Jean de Wespin, otherwise known as Tabachetti.*

Waddington has been here this afternoon full of sympathetic enquiries about you as usual. He said Stanford was a great admirer of *Narcissus*—but I think we have heard that before. I went to *Alexander Balus* and stayed to the last note. The overture is excellent. "Calumny," of course, tremendous. They murdered "Convey me to some peaceful shore" by dragging it past endurance. There were two fine airs that I had forgotten, "Strange reverse of human fate" and "To God, who made the radiant sun." No part was dreary except the recitatives, but there was a good deal which did not rise above Handel's more common form music.

By this time I was recovering and beginning to go out and so the "accumulation of rubbish in this correspondence" with me began to lessen. The next extract refers to my going down to Clifford's Inn to see him.

Butler to H. F. Jones.

22 *Feb.* 1902—Any afternoon will suit Alfred and me (Alfred, by the way, has been telling me that he does not mean to allow me to be cremated in my teeth—meaning my false teeth with the gold frame) except Tuesday, when we go again to Peckham, and Thursday till 4.30: by 4.30 we are sure to be at home.

Butler to H. F. Jones.

25 *Feb.* 1902—Thank you for returning the *Antologia*. I do not suppose it will make a single Italian read the book but it will get talked of in Sicily and indirectly do some good to my *Odyssey* theory.

I send you now a long and very illegible letter from Rendall (*Athenaeum*) about my book on the Sonnets. What a comfort it is to find that someone else besides yourself is gifted with intelligence!

Butler to Mr. O. T. J. Alpers, Christchurch, New Zealand.

6 March 1902.

1902 Aet. 66 DEAR SIR—My answer to your very kind letter of Jan. 29, posted by me by anticipation on Feb. 17, is already by this time half way on its journey to Christchurch, and as it was, I fear, rather long I will ask you to be kind enough to consider this as a simple P.S. When I wrote the body of the letter I supposed myself indebted to you for the copy of your article, which, pray believe me, is much the most appreciative that any of my books has ever received, and much the most flattering to myself.

When Sir Julius von Haast was here in 1887 I gave him a complete set of all the books that I had published up to that date, with a request that he would place them in whatever public library (I rather think he named that of the College) was the most appropriate. I have often wondered whether his death, which happened not long after his return to New Zealand, might not have prevented the carrying out of my intention. Since 1887 I have written about as many books as I had done up to that date. Perhaps you or Miss Colborne-Veel would be kind enough to see whether the books were placed in any of the public libraries, and if so, in which. I shall be very glad to send a complete set (except my book about Canterbury of which I have only one copy and which has been long out of print) or the balance of those that have appeared since 1887 in case the earlier ones are already in your library. On being advised, by you, or Miss Colborne-Veel, or Mr. Triggs, as to what is wanted, I will send them at once. I should perhaps say that *Unconscious Memory* is a very scarce book —some years out of print. I have only 3 copies. Again thanking you, and resolute not to overrun the page.—I am, Dear Sir, Yours very truly,

S. BUTLER.

Butler to Mr. T. L. Agar.

28 *March* 1902—One line before I start for Sicily (as I do in an hour's time) to say that either the Coin Room people have modified their opinion, or I (which is perhaps more probable) misunderstood them, and that they now do not see much analogy to Eryx and Segesta coins in the Iakin coin [*The Authoress of the Odyssey*, p. 227] and do see considerable analogy to Catanian coins in the head of the river-god. Therefore, without professing to be confident either way, they incline to place the coin as coming from the neighbourhood of Catania.

This does not touch the fact that the coin on one side is

intended to represent Ulysses's brooch. We are all agreed about that. Nor yet that the subject was chosen as indicating some special connection with the *Odyssey*; here again we are all agreed. 1902 Aet. 66

The question is why a city on the West side of Sicily should claim connection with the *Odyssey* and why they should be Ionians.

For reasons far too long to write I can understand this perfectly well. The city was wrong, but within ten miles north of Catania we have Aci-Trezza (always by the common people called Iaci-Trezza), Aci-Reale, Aci-Castello (also pronounced by the vulgar Iaci), and Aci-Trezza claims to this day to be the site of Ulysses's adventure with Polyphemus. I therefore give up the Ionian city near Trapani and think it likely that the coin came from some Ionian town on the East side of Sicily; the sea that washes this is given in the maps of to-day as the "Mare Ionio," so that Ionians as well as Dorians were probably settled there.

My own argument that the *Odyssey* was written entirely at Trapani remains where it was. I always said I gave the coin as a hors d'œuvre. If the Coin Room people continued to place it as an Eryx and Segesta coin I should have stuck to it, but as they do not I very willingly abandon it.

CHAPTER XLII

1902—Part II

LAST DAYS

1902 Aet. 66 Butler left London for Sicily on Good Friday 28th March 1902. He had been looking forward to the journey and had written to his friends in the south that he was coming. Mr. and Mrs. Fuller Maitland were going to Sicily also; they were to meet him and he was to accompany them to Trapani and to show them the country of the *Odyssey*. I was not sufficiently recovered to go, but it was settled that I should start later and meet Butler in North Italy on his return.

From Paris Butler wrote to me that on the boat, crossing to Calais, he met a man he slightly knew who told him—

> . . . a very singular thing, *i.e.* that Eustathius, the earliest commentator upon Homer in post-Christian times, circ. A.D. 900–1100, says that Homer took much of his poems from a poem written by a woman, which was preserved in the temple of Memphis in Egypt. At Rome I will verify. I hope you are mending. I am all right now.

He followed his usual route to Casale-Monferrato where he found himself so unaccountably weak that he sent for Dr. Giorcelli and stayed two days to recover. The Negri family and the Coppo family both tried to make him rest. "Stay here a fortnight," they said, "you are not well enough to travel; recover your health and then go." But he only replied that he had promised to go to Sicily and intended to keep his promise. They

return (if it fail to reach)
to S. Butler - 15 - Clifford's Inn
London E.C.

Bertolini's Palace Hotel
Naples. Wed May 14. 1902
a perfect Hotel

Dear Mr & Mrs Fuller Maitland

I did not answer Mr Fuller Maitland's very kind letter sent to Palermo, for lack of sufficient address. This may, & I trust will, be forwarded from Rome - I now write to say that there is no doubt that I am far more gravely ill than was suspected by any of us, & am only being hurried home as a prelude to consultations, operations, and artificial prolongations of what Xtian charity should curtail -

So be it! Alfred starts from London to day - He & the nurse are to accompany me both of them to Basle & Alfred to London. The doctor fully believes that I may reach London much as now, and there may be weeks or even months before the end comes, but I can see he has not the faintest doubt what the end is to be -

Therefore with infinite thanks for infinite kindness received from both of you and every cordial good wish for many years of happyness & health to to you both I bid you both heartily farewell - No answer, please - Always very affectionately to both of you -

S. Butler -

You will not forget the pretty roundness of my literary career! A. Erewhon - W. Erewhon revisited.

continued to try to persuade him, and he continued to put them off; at last he told them that his father, at the end of his life, had gone one day to his farm at Harnage against the advice of his family; there he had caught a cold from which he did not recover; he said that he was like his father and intended to go to Sicily if it cost him his life. For many years after Butler's death, when I went to Casale, they referred to this, and repeated that if he had stayed with them, he would have recovered and could have gone to Sicily later on. I do not think they were right, but I did not tell them so; I believe that he was already too ill for any resting or moving about to make much difference one way or the other.

1902 Aet. 66

Butler to H. F. Jones.

ROME.

6 *April* 1902—Feeling very good for nothing at Casale I called in Giorcelli, who did not think there was much the matter with me, gave me a prescription which I never had made up, and told me to take a couple of sulphur baths at Rome. This was last Wednesday morning. Later in the day it struck me with much force that the real mischief was a return of last summer's malarial fever, much as it had returned at Wassen in September. I could not consult him further because I had not taken his medicine, but Cesare and Cavaliere Negri agreed with me.

Thursday—I left at 8 A.M. and reached Rome towards 1 in the morning.

Friday—I was dog-tired but saw the Fuller Maitlands and discussed plans. I did nothing but rest and became more and more aware of what was the matter with me. Took a sulphur bath which did me harm.

Saturday—I saw the homoeopathic doctor in the Via Frattina who said: "Neglect everything else, it is all unimportant, but attend to the fever." He prescribed quinine to an extent which I thought heroic. I was to begin this morning, but last night I consulted an English doctor who happens to be staying in the hotel and is an enthusiastic admirer of my books—a nice man I should say—and I spoke to him this morning. He is to overhaul me thoroughly this evening and to decide whether I am strong enough to be allowed to go on to Sicily, or whether I should at any rate wait here for some days. At present I am decidedly more feeble than when I left England, and more anaemic, but I do not feel as though there was permanent mischief.

1902 Aet. 66 There! now you see why I cannot give you an address. Better write here. I miss you very much, but at the same time am *most thankful* that you are not with me. It is a great relief to me and makes things much easier for me, for I can run myself quite well. . . . I sauntered to the Collegio Romano yesterday and found my passage. It runs:

"'Tis said that one Naucrates has recorded how a woman of Memphis, named Phantasia, a teacher of philosophy, daughter of Nicharchus, composed the stories of the war before Ilius and the wanderings of Ulysses, and placed the books in the temple of Hephaestus at Memphis. Whereon Homer came there and having obtained copies of the originals wrote the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. Some say that either he was an Egyptian born, or travelled to Egypt and taught the people there."

How like this is to the corruption of the story of Owen Parfitt given in my *Life of Dr. Butler*, or to the change of Stefano Scotto in the "Ecce Homo" chapel [at Varallo-Sesia] into a portrait of Tanzio d'Enrico in vulgar Varallo tradition: the truth being that the next figure to Stefano Scotto was a portrait of his brother, Giovanni d'Enrico. Eustathius died A.D. 1023 Bishop (or Archbishop) of Thessalonica.

The English doctor who was staying in the hotel was Dr. Rowland Thurnam. I made his acquaintance a few years after Butler's death; he came to the Fifth Erewhon dinner in July 1912 and made a speech telling us about his meeting with Butler. It seems that Dr. Thurnam got into conversation with a stranger during dinner at the hotel in Rome; something was said about Sicily—I think Thurnam was returning from there—and the stranger said he was on his way to Trapani and Mount Eryx and added something about the *Odyssey*. Thurnam, who had read *The Authoress*, said:

"Oh! but in that case you ought to talk to old Butler."

"I am old Butler," replied the stranger.

So they sat up talking till about three in the morning, with the waiter looking in time after time to see how soon it would be possible for him to turn out the lights and go to bed. And this midnight conversation with "an enthusiastic admirer," like the conversation at Pesaro with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Strong the year before, did him more good than any medicine.

It happened that there was also staying in the hotel Mr. John H. Baker whose daughter, at the table d'hôte, pointed out Butler to her father saying: 1902 Aet. 66

"Do you see that old gentleman with the shaggy eyebrows sitting over there? I've nicknamed him the Philosopher."

Baker looked at the gentleman and felt as though he had come into his life at some time, but could not remember under what circumstances. An idea occurred to him and as soon as an opportunity offered he went and sat next the Philosopher, and said:

"Were you ever in New Zealand?"

"Yes. About forty years ago."

Baker looked at him again and then said:

"You're Sam Butler."

"Yes—and, by God! you're John Baker."

These two had not met since the days of their prospecting for country in New Zealand—the days when they had found the pass, afterwards crossed by Whitcombe, which is described as the entry to Erewhon, the days when they lived, when they were all agog for "country"; as Colonel Lean says in his letter to Butler (ante, p. 170)—

> . . . when I found you at the club with a rim above your sun-and-glacier-burnt mask which told me of your explorations before your own narrative. You found a better thing than 'country'—you found Erewhon.

After a rest in Rome he considered himself well enough to go to Naples and by boat to Palermo, where he arrived 12th April, the Fuller Maitlands arriving there about the same time. He wrote asking me to send him a sixpenny novel or two; he had read *Man and Wife* and had looked into *Phroso* and liked it fairly well; but, as he did not like *Quisanté*, which he found in the hotel in Rome, he thought he would not try any more Anthony Hope. He wrote to me from Palermo:

> No, please send me a volume of George Meredith (I think there is a cheap edition) and my blood be upon my own head.
>
> *Later on.* No, I am not better and must stay here a day or two, I think; but will see how I am to-morrow and will let you know.

1902 Aet. 66

So it went on for a month. He wrote that he was better and repeatedly said how thankful he was I was not with him to add to his anxieties. Nevertheless, if I had been well enough I should have gone to him and chanced his objecting to my doing so, and I should have found him very much worse than he would admit. Mrs. Fuller Maitland was ill also. Fuller Maitland spent most of his time between the two sick-rooms and the chemist's shop, and sometimes Mrs. Fuller Maitland sent her maid to offer help to Butler. After he had been in Palermo about a fortnight the doctor made him have a nurse, a very competent Austrian woman. The coming of the nurse cheered him up and he wrote that he had turned the corner. There were also Ingroja, who came down from Calatafimi, Angelo Li Bassi, and Ingroja's nephew, Michele Utveggio; they all came to see him and he found them about as much as he could stand; but I think he would have missed their visits if they had left off coming, and he merely put it as he did to support his statement that he did not want Alfred or me.

One day he received a letter from one of his sisters and talked about her to Fuller Maitland, taking the line adopted by Edward Overton in the passage from chapter lxxxvi. of *The Way of All Flesh* where he speaks of Ernest's sister Charlotte:

> There is a de haut en bas tone in all her letters; it is rather hard to lay one's finger upon it, but Ernest never gets a letter from her without feeling that he is being written to by one who has had direct communication with an angel. "What an awful creature," he once said to me, "that angel must have been if it had anything to do with making Charlotte what she is." . . . Her letters are supposed to be unusually well written and I believe it is said among the family that Charlotte has far more real literary power than Ernest has. . . . I daresay she writes very well but she has fallen under the dominion of the words "hope," "think," "feel," "try," "bright," and "little," and can hardly write a page without introducing all these words and some of them more than once. All this has the effect of making her style a little monotonous.

"Come now," said Fuller Maitland, bantering him, "aren't you rather hard on your sister? Isn't she really

a very good sort of woman? I'm sure of one thing: When she dies she will go straight up to Heaven, whereas you——" 1902 Aet. 66

"I'm not afraid of anything of that kind," interrupted Butler; "the Almighty's taste in literature is far too good to allow of his committing such an error."

Then he talked to Fuller Maitland about his books and how *Erewhon* was his Alpha and *Erewhon Revisited* his Omega. This is the conversation he alludes to in the P.S. of the following letter.

Early in May he was considered well enough to be moved and on the 11th the nurse brought him to Naples, and he sent for Alfred to go out and help to bring him home.

Butler to Mr. and Mrs. Fuller Maitland.

Return (if it fail to reach) to S. BUTLER. 15. Clifford's Inn, London E.C.

BERTOLINI'S PALACE HOTEL
NAPLES *Wed.* May 14, 1902.
A perfect Hotel.

DEAR MR. AND MRS. FULLER MAITLAND—I did not answer Mr. Fuller Maitland's very kind letter sent to Palermo, for lack of sufficient address. This may, and I trust will, be forwarded from Rome. I now write to say that there is no doubt that I am far more gravely ill than was suspected by any of us, and am only being hurried home as a prelude to consultations, operations, and artificial prolongations of what Christian charity should curtail.

So be it! Alfred starts from London to-day. He and the nurse are to accompany me both of them to Basle and Alfred to London. The doctor fully believes that I may reach London much as now, and there may be weeks or even months before the end comes, but I can see he has not the faintest doubt what the end is to be.

Therefore with infinite thanks for infinite kindness received from both of you and every cordial good wish for many years of happiness and health to you both, I bid you both heartily farewell. No answer, please.—Always very affectionately to both of you, S. BUTLER.

You will not forget the pretty roundness of my literary career! α *Erewhon*, ω *Erewhon Revisited*.

Butler to J. A. Fuller Maitland.

1902 Aet. 66. 16 *May* 1902—Alfred is expected hourly but not yet come. . . . I am no better and dread the journey to England, but I doubt whether the doctor takes quite so gloomy a view of my ultimate chance as he did when I wrote.

You shall hear as soon as we reach London—*if we reach it*—but please send an address. We travel as fast as we can. No more please, but all love to you both.

Alfred arrived and they travelled straight through, dropping the nurse at Calais and reaching London on 19th May. The editor of *Quo Vadis?* sent from Trapani a copy of his newspaper which I suppose contained some allusion to Butler or his books.

Butler to the Editor of Quo Vadis?

15 Clifford's Inn, E.C.
Maggio 22, 1902.

Caro Signore—Tornato a casa con grande difficoltà, un paio di giorni fa, sotto le ali di una guardia di ammalato da Palermo, e del mio domestico chiamato da me a Napoli, in uno stato di estrema debolezza, e con poca speranza di guarigione, scrivo queste righe per ringraziarla di aver mi spedito due numeri del *Quo Vadis?* di Aprile 2, 1902, i quali ho letto con vivo piacere. Al medesimo tempo, saluto gli amici Trapanesi, li abbraccio, alzo mio cappello, e li dico cordialmente addio.—Sono sempre il suo servitore aff^mo^ e dev^mo^ S. Butler.

(*Translation*)

15 Clifford's Inn, E.C.
May 22, 1902.

Dear Sir—Having returned home with great difficulty a couple of days ago, under the wing of a nurse from Palermo and of my servant whom I sent for from Naples, in a state of extreme weakness and with little hope of recovery, I write these lines to thank you for having sent me two copies of the *Quo Vadis?* of April 2nd, 1902, which I have read with real pleasure. At the same time I salute my Trapanese friends, I embrace them, I raise my hat and I bid them a cordial farewell.—I am always, Your very affectionate and devoted servant, S. Butler.

The doctor at Naples had alarmed Butler; he started too suddenly and travelled too fast for me to join him on

the Continent, but as soon as I knew he was in London I followed. By an odd chance Mr. and Mrs. Fuller Maitland were in the train by which I travelled from Basel to Folkestone, and Fuller Maitland told me many of the particulars given above about Butler's illness in Palermo. 1902 Aet. 66

On reaching London I went at once to the nursing home to which Dr. Dudgeon had had Butler moved from Clifford's Inn. Physically he had changed very much since I had last seen him, two months before. He was shrunk, feeble, and shockingly pale. His complexion had always been florid—Gogin complained of the difficulty of painting it in 1896—and even before starting for his last journey to Sicily his face was the colour I had always known it; but now he was as white as the sheets of his bed. His letters from Palermo had shown me that he was not himself mentally; he forgot whether he had written yesterday; he told me the same thing twice; he had an idea, and this worried him terribly, that if one of us were to die there would be trouble about our respective rights in the music we had published together, whereas the matter had already been considered and dealt with by his will and mine. When I saw him in London I noticed at once that mentally he was himself again; the thing that troubled him most, after his physical health, was his will which he wanted to revise. But he knew that in a few days he could re-make his will, and Dr. Dudgeon had assured him that the doctors he had seen in Italy were wrong and there would be no need for any operation.

In altering his will he directed Mr. Clark, who came from Russell Cooke's office, to put himself down for a legacy of £100. On reflection, he said it was hard lines to dangle £100 before the poor man and then get well:

"When you have told anyone you have left him a legacy the only decent thing to do is to die at once, and here am I getting better and better and stronger and stronger every day."

So Alfred had to fill up a cheque for £50 for Clark to go on with until such time as the legacy might become payable.

1902 Aet. 66 In spite of his gaiety and cheerfulness it was obvious that he was very ill—far worse than he had ever been before. I also knew, as soon as I saw him, that he had really wanted me at Palermo and that I should not have added to his anxieties if I had been well enough to travel so far. My presence there could not have made any real difference; he was far too ill for that; but I shall never cease to regret that things fell out so that I could not be with him.

He was not comfortable in the home, and Alfred and I moved him to another which Dr. Dudgeon found in St. John's Wood where there was nothing to complain of. He wrote and told his sisters the provisions of his new will as soon as it was executed, because the knowledge might influence them in dealing with their own property; and he wrote this letter himself in case they might not have liked to receive a letter touching on their private affairs in Alfred's handwriting.

He talked about his books and of what he intended to do if he got well. There was the novel to be revised; a new edition of *Ex Voto*, with the mistakes corrected, to be prepared; the book about Jean de Wespin, alias Tabachetti, to be written; the *Universal Review* articles to be reconsidered and perhaps republished; more sketches to be painted and more music to be composed. While lying ill and very feeble within a few days of the end, and not knowing whether it was to be the end or not, he repeated to me something like what he had said to Fuller Maitland in Palermo about "the pretty roundness" of his literary career:

"I am much better to-day; I don't feel at all as though I were going to die; of course, it will be all wrong if I do get well, for there is my literary position to be considered. First I write *Erewhon*—that is my opening subject; then, after modulating freely through all my other books and the music and so on, I return gracefully to my original key and publish *Erewhon Revisited*. Obviously now is the proper moment to come to a full close, make my bow and retire; but I believe I am getting well, after all. It's very

inartistic, but I cannot help it. However, we shall see." 1902 Aet. 66

I tried to comfort him by telling him that his recovery would give him an opportunity for a coda of considerable length on a tonic pedal. "You might make that very artistic indeed; you know you always liked a tonic pedal."

But it was not of much use, for in himself he believed he was dying, but he was not going to say so.

One day he asked me to bring *Solomon*, that he might refresh his memory as to the harmonies of "With thee th' unsheltered moor I'd tread." It was almost the last thing he ever asked me to do for him. And I did not do it. I knew he was not equal to looking at the music, and next day he had forgotten all about it.

Dr. Dudgeon told him that when he got well he must not go back to Clifford's Inn; he must have a flat in a more airy situation. So he gave notice to quit Clifford's Inn; and I gave notice to quit Staple Inn and was to look for a flat for myself, not too near his new flat, about as near as Staple Inn is to Clifford's Inn. In the meantime, as my sister Lilian was going to Sweden for a holiday, it was arranged that she should lend us her flat at Hampstead during his convalescence. Next day it was:

"Have you done anything about your flat?"

Then the water came in at his flat, and he could not play his piano for fear of disturbing the neighbours. That was because Vernon Rendall had been to see him and had complained of the inconveniences of his own flat. So then he was to have a whole house and I was to have a house too. Alfred brought his accounts from which it appeared that his income was just over £1100 a year and he could afford a leasehold house at a low rent. Next day it was:

"Have you done anything about your house?"

So Alfred and I looked for houses, and then suddenly it was to be a freehold. This was because Mr. W. H. Gray, a solicitor whom he had met at the Phipson Beales' and had known for many years, had been to see him and

1902 Aet. 66 told him he lived in a freehold house in Curzon Street, and found it a great comfort to have no landlord.

"I don't know how he got hold of his bit of land," said Butler to me; "I suspect he found it in some abstract of title."

So Alfred and I looked for freeholds, and at last actually found one at Hampstead for which £1500 was asked, and Reginald Worsley went to inspect it and report. Then he said:

"I am not behaving like a man who is going to die. I make my will, and tell my sisters all about it, and then here I am buying a freehold house at Hampstead!"

He was being attended only by Dr. Dudgeon, who was eighty-two and deaf, and Butler also was a little deaf. The question of a second opinion was started; whereupon Butler said to Dudgeon:

"I am perfectly satisfied with you; but if you would like a second opinion, say so, and get any one you like."

Dudgeon replied: "I am sure I know what is the matter with you, and I am perfectly satisfied with your progress; but if you would like a second opinion, say so, and I'll get one in a moment."

It sounds like a deadlock; but next day, 6th June, Dr. Byres Moir was called in and said that the patient was suffering from pernicious anaemia. I had a private talk with him and told him how ill Butler had been in 1895, when he went to Greece and the Troad, and that he had never been really well since, and about his recent symptoms. All of which confirmed his view.

So things went on. He lay there cheerful and very good, in no pain, but growing feebler every day. He complained that he did not want to smoke and that they would not let him have any wine; but then, he admitted, he did not want any wine nor did he want to smoke.

"I don't suppose," he said, "that I shall ever drink another glass of wine or smoke another cigarette."

To comfort him, I said he must not be impatient and in a little time he would be returning to all his old vices. This made him smile but he was not convinced.

Sometimes he complained of rheumatism, but, except

for that, he had no pain, though he had some discomfort arising, as it seemed to me, chiefly from weakness. 1902 Aet. 66

Presently there came a change for the worse, and on the 18th June he had great difficulty in breathing. They took him out of bed and put him into an armchair. I was with him in the late afternoon and he seemed to be asleep. When I got up to leave he opened his eyes and said :

"I'm going away soon. I'm to be left alone."

I fetched his cousin Reginald Worsley and brought him in with Alfred. He knew us. I said :

"I've brought Reggie to tell you about your house. He has been to Hampstead and seen it."

"Well, and what do you think of it, Reggie?"

"It's a very nice house, Sam ; it will do very well for you."

"Drains all right?"

"Yes, the drains are in very good order."

"Very well ; then you'll send your report to Russell Cooke."

The next thing he said was that he knew he was dying. He spoke with difficulty and was breathing heavily.

As I went away I told him I should come and see him in the morning, but he replied that he did not suppose he should be there in the morning.

Miss Patten, the lady of the house, would not let me leave. I stayed downstairs and presently Alfred came for me. We went into the room. He knew us and said it was a dark morning. It was really a very fine evening ; I think he supposed it was the next day. Then he said :

"Have you brought the cheque-book, Alfred?"

After that he lay in his chair and in a little while became unconscious. In half an hour, at about 8.40, he breathed for the last time.

We met at Waterloo on the 21st June : his cousins Richard and Reginald Worsley, Amy Worsley (daughter of Reginald), and Richard Burton Phillipson (who married

1902 his niece Elsie Butler)—these were the members of the family; Jason Smith, William Phipson Beale, Alfred Marks, Gaetano Meo, Miss Patten and Nurse Cawley, Charles Gogin, Richard Alexander Streatfeild, Russell Cooke, Edward Tanner (who used to collect the rents of his small houses near London), Alfred, and I; counting the undertaker we were altogether seventeen.

We found carriages at Woking and drove to the crematorium. The coffin was put on trestles, there was no pall, there were no flowers, and there was no service. We waited. Presently the doors were opened and the coffin was taken through and put into the furnace.

Formerly he used to wish to be buried at Langar, and as I have said at the end of chap. xxiii. he wished to have on his tombstone the subject of the last of Handel's six grand fugues. But he left off wanting any tombstone or epitaph long before he died, and when cremation became practicable he determined to be cremated. The question then arose as to what was to be done with his ashes. At one time he wished Alfred and me to scatter them over the grass plot in Clifford's Inn. But my mother was cremated at Woking in 1900, and I saw her ashes and told him that they did not consist entirely of dust, but that there were pieces of calcined bone among them. I pointed out that we could not scatter calcined bones over Clifford's Inn garden; we should have to borrow a spade and bury them properly, and this might easily lead to trouble. Besides I did not like putting his ashes where the laundresses came to "lose their cats," and the place would no doubt be sold for building purposes sooner or later, and——. He said I was making difficulties. Alfred then begged to have the ashes, saying he should like to keep them on his mantelpiece. Butler agreed to this and the subject dropped.

After a time Alfred said one day: "Do you know, sir, I don't think I care to have your ashes after you are dead."

Which landed us back in the original difficulty. So he directed by his will that his body should be burnt and

the ashes not preserved. Accordingly, on the Saturday after the funeral Alfred and I returned to the crematorium at Woking and received the ashes. We took them into the garden and watched the attendant dig a grave among the bushes. We dropped the ashes in, covered them over, and left nothing to mark the spot. 1902

CHAPTER XLIII

1902–1916

ON LIPS OF OTHER MEN

1902

1902 THE following is a short statement of the main provisions of Butler's will which is dated 31st May 1902 :

He desires that his body shall be cremated and the ashes not preserved

He appoints his cousin Reginald Edward Worsley and Richard Alexander Streatfeild his executors

He bequeaths the following legacies

To Alfred Emery Cathie £2000 and until payment Alfred is to receive his usual weekly wages

To Alfred E. Cathie his furniture (excluding his oak chest) his clothing and household effects watch and chain and plate (excluding two silver spoons with "S B" on them and excluding his drawings pictures and books) also his photographic cameras and materials and the negatives of Alfred and his family and any two negatives of the testator that Alfred may select

To Alfred E. Cathie and his aunt Ann Cathie his carpets rugs bedding sheets etc

To Charles Gogin his picture "The Robing of Joseph by Pharaoh's Order" believed by the testator and by Charles Gogin to be an early work by Rembrandt

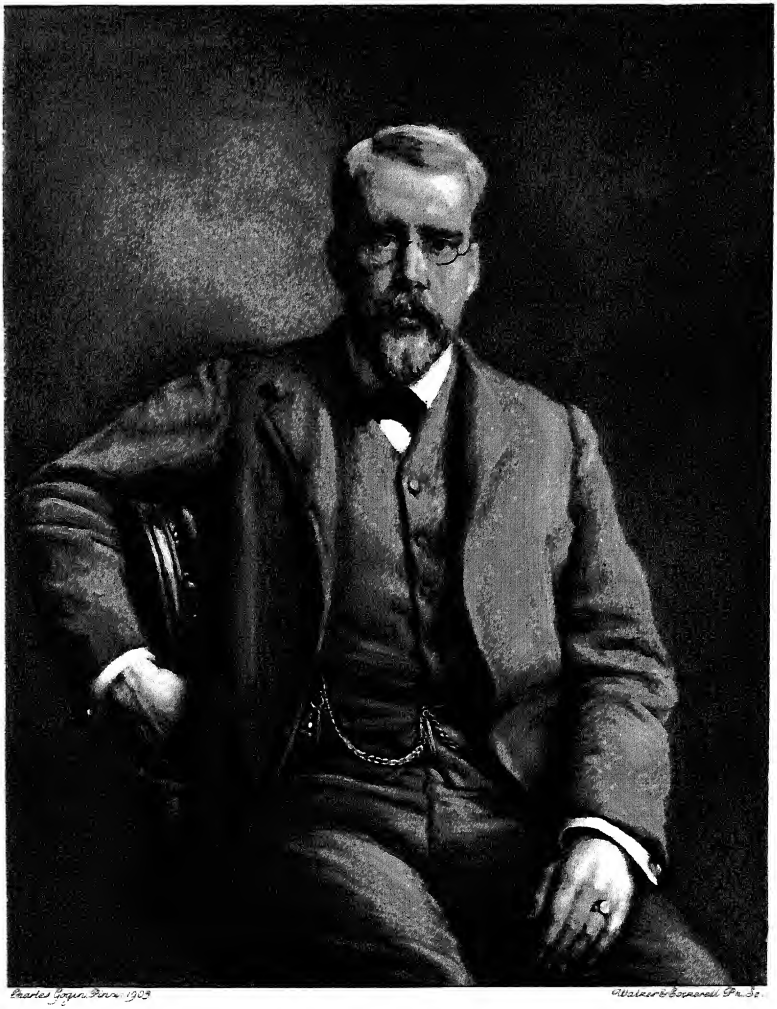
To his sisters Mrs. Harriet Fanny Bridges and Miss Mary Butler £200 each

To each of his executors £200

To each of the daughters of his sister-in-law Mrs. Henrietta Phillips Butler £100

To John Taylor Bather £100

To Herbert Robert Clark £109



Charles Gogin Pinx. 1909 Walker & Boyerell Sc.

Henry Festing Jones.

To Henry Festing Jones £500 and all interest in musical compositions upon which they had been jointly engaged and all copyrights etc in all works published in common by them 1902

To William Russell Cooke £15 : 15 : 0 to purchase a memento

To Jason Smith his picture of "Mr. Heatherley's Holiday" as a slight recognition of his kindness to the testator in the time of his poverty

To his nephew Henry Thomas Butler his two big silver spoons marked "S B" which had belonged to Dr. Butler and his carved oak linen chest which was given him by Mrs. Henry Butler of the Stone House Kenilworth

He appoints R. A. Streatfeild his literary executor and bequeaths to him all unpublished manuscripts notes etc and all his copyrights

He bequeaths all his pictures sketches and studies to his executors to be destroyed or otherwise disposed of as they may think best the proceeds (if any) to fall into residue

To Charles Gogin for life and after his death to his wife Alma Gogin during her widowhood an annuity of £100

To Mrs Ann Cathie an annuity of £1 a week for life

He devises his freehold estate at Watford Gap Northamptonshire upon trust for Mrs. Henrietta Phillips Butler for life with remainder to her son Henry Thomas Butler absolutely

He directs that all duties are to be paid out of his estate

He devises and bequeaths his residuary estate to his nephew Henry Thomas Butler absolutely

The entry in the register gives as the cause of Butler's death "Intestinal catarrh, two months: pernicious anaemia, one month: certified by R. E. Dudgeon, M.D." This, I know, does not agree with what Dr. Byres Moir told me. Doctors proverbially disagree, and we have not the information necessary to enable us to decide between them.

After Butler's death my sister Lilian and I agreed to start housekeeping together. I had already given up my rooms in Staple Inn, she gave up her flat at Hampstead, and, following Butler's idea of living on one's own freehold, we bought the house and garden 120 Maida Vale.

1902 In that house I have written this book. And in the garden I have a campanula given me by a friend; it is descended from one that grew in the garden of Charles Darwin at Down. I also have Apium graveolens grown from seed given me by the gardener of Lincoln's Inn Fields, who took it from the plants which came up from the seed Butler procured at Selinunte. I also have wild yellow auriculas—the sort which we used to find growing on the Alps. I have no doubt that those I have are descendants of some which Butler brought back from the Canton Ticino and gave to his father; mine were sent to me from Wilderhope by Mrs. Bridges and Miss Butler. Butler would sometimes bring back a few auricula blossoms after staying at Shrewsbury, just as he would sometimes bring back a few cowslips which we picked on our Sunday walks, and keep them in water in his rooms. But he did not altogether approve; it saddened him to watch them gradually decomposing, and he preferred, if he was to have flowers in his rooms, to see them in pots with their roots. His view was that plants have limbs and organs as we have, and that it is a shame to cut them about; it is especially cruel to mutilate a plant at the moment when it is laying the foundations of the next generation. This is why there were no flowers at his funeral. It was only his very great love of auriculas, cowslips, and, I should add, fritillaries that excused him for being so inconsistent as to ill-treat them. "Logic and consistency," as he says somewhere, "are luxuries for the gods and the lower animals."

I went to Shrewsbury from the 30th June to the 2nd July and stayed at Wilderhope with Mrs. Bridges and Miss Butler. The last time I had been there was some years before when I went with Butler for a week-end. On the Sunday morning after breakfast, Mrs. Bridges began:

"You know, Sam, we don't wish you to think that we expect you to go to church. We know you and Mr. Jones always go into the country on Sunday for a walk, and we want you to try and think you can do just as you would wish. We shall go to church; and, if you think

you would like to come with us, you would find it a 1902
bright little service; that I can promise you. And the music is good. Or, there is St. So-and-so's where you would have a sermon from the vicar. But of course you can go into the country if you think you would prefer it, and we shall not be in the least offended. All we wish is that you should try and understand that we want you to think you are free to try and do exactly as you think you would like" . . .

This rambled on like a first movement by Beethoven; the two skilfully contrasted themes of Church and Country-walk were worked out and developed, and led to a coda which threatened to assume considerable dimensions. In imitation of the master, Mrs. Bridges introduced "points of independent interest, variety of modulation and new treatment of the themes of the movement being alike resorted to, to keep up the interest until the last."[1] Presently she paused; not that she had exhausted her themes or herself, but she paused; and I interpolated:

"Suppose we toss up?"

It had the effect of silencing Mrs. Bridges.

"Come away!" said Butler sternly.

Thus we got off for our walk. But he was quite cross with me. He said I had disgraced myself and should never be invited to Wilderhope again. I refrained from saying that I might survive such a punishment. And it amused me afterwards to know that I was asked again; that is, he was asked to bring me, but, like Ernest, he had formed a theory and did not tell me of the invitations; I only found out about them indirectly. It happened, therefore, that the next time I went to Wilderhope was in response to a direct invitation, after his death.

I had written to Miss Butler telling her about his illness, how much out of health he had been for years, and what the doctors had said; and I added that, if Dr. Byres Moir was right, the pernicious anaemia might perhaps have been the cause of the attacks of giddiness of which he used to complain so long ago as 1895, when he

[1] Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians* (Ed. 1904), Art. "Coda."

1902 was working too hard at the *Odyssey*. She replied thanking me for my letter, and saying that she had not told Mrs. Bridges about the giddiness, fearing it might make her nervous about herself, because Mrs. Bridges sometimes had attacks of giddiness. And she begged me not to allude to my letter, as she had not mentioned it to her sister, whose health was not good, and more to a similar effect.

Almost the first thing Mrs. Bridges did when I arrived was to take me aside and tell me confidentially that Miss Butler was very delicate, far from well, and very full of nerves in some ways; I must be careful in speaking to her about Sam's illness lest I should make her uneasy and nervous about herself. She added that her sister did not sleep easily, and that many things were not good for her which she (Mrs. Bridges) could bear and liked to hear. This was so like what Miss Butler had written to me about Mrs. Bridges that I re-read her letter, and was startled to find that even the actual words were identical.

Presently Miss Butler took me aside and talked about her brother, asking questions about his illness and death. And now perhaps he saw things more clearly than he had seen them during his life—perhaps he now understood his father better. She then asked me point-blank and rather suddenly whether he had not, after all, come to believe in immortality. I had no doubt that she was thinking of the immortality of the fiddle rather than of the immortality of the tune, and could only say that her brother's opinion on that point had remained unaltered up to the last moment of his life. She accepted my reply as though it were what she had expected, and continued to talk. She admitted that life was an enigma, full of contradictions and difficulties. "But if," and here her eyes filled with tears as she raised them towards the ceiling, and her voice trembled as she continued, "if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, everything becomes quite simple."

I did not think it did; but I felt sorry for the poor woman, and cast about in my mind in search of some drop of comfort to offer her. All I could find to say

was that when I left Sam a few hours before his death, 1902
promising to come and see him in the morning, he had replied that he did not suppose he would be there in the morning. This, I suggested, might be taken to mean that he contemplated being somewhere else. She was not much impressed by my feeble bit of sophistry, and showed an inclination to continue talking about her own faith as though she had lost all interest in her brother's views.

Presently we spoke of his last book, *Erewhon Revisited*, which she said she had not read. I understood her to say that, like her father, she had read none of her brother's books; and, again, like her father, she saw nothing to be ashamed of in this. I said that I thought it a pity she should not have read, for instance, the passage in chapter v. of *Erewhon Revisited* when Mr. Higgs meets George and knows that he is his son, but George does not know that Mr. Higgs is his father; or that other beautiful passage in chapter xxv. when they part.

"No," she said, "no: I hate irony," and she emphasised "hate" with so much vicious determination that I saw it would be useless to tell her that these passages are free from any trace of irony.

When we rejoined Mrs. Bridges the conversation turned on the subject of portraits of Sam, and especially the reproduction he had given them of Gogin's portrait of him which faces the opening of chapter xxxv. of this Memoir. They said they were much pleased with the reproduction. It was a capital likeness. I asked if they would care to see Gogin's original picture.

"Oh no, we should not like to see it at all; indeed not."

"But you think your reproduction of it very like him?"

"Yes; but we did not think so till we touched it. It is now very like him; but we considered it very bad before we touched it. We do not know what was wrong with it, but there seemed to be something about the head and the hair. It was not like him. But now that we have touched it, it is quite good, and we are both so very

1902 pleased to have it. But we could not bear to see the picture."

Of course I told Gogin, and he wrote:

> I do so like what you told me about Mrs. Bridges and the photograph. It *is* curious what a trifle may turn a horror into a perfect portrait. Did she touch up the copy herself or was it done by a local photographic genius? Well, you and I perhaps flatter ourselves we feel things, but, with all our experience, I am afraid we have not reached that insight and subtlety of appreciation which lift their possessor quite above the plane of human artists.

Thinking that Mrs. Bridges and Miss Butler might wish to see their brother's rooms in Clifford's Inn before they were dismantled, which had to be done by the 29th September, I said that, if they were coming to London, or if either was coming, I should be happy to meet them and show them over. And they might like to be introduced to the lady who kept the Nursing Home in St. John's Wood, and to see the room in which he died. This was nearly as bad as the suggestion that they should see Gogin's picture. They could not think of such a thing.

Accordingly, after I returned to town, I received a letter from Mrs. Bridges saying that she was coming to London and would I meet her at Clifford's Inn on the 22nd July. Of course I complied. She did not stay long, and I could not induce her to come on and see my rooms in Staple Inn. Her visit was followed on the 30th by a similar visit from Miss Butler. I met her at Clifford's Inn and showed her everything. Afterwards she came on to see my rooms. Here she sat in the chair her brother used to sit in, and played with the brass bowl which he used to play with and which my brother Edward brought from India. She also called at the Nursing Home in St. John's Wood, and saw over the house and went into the room in which Butler died.

I had told Mrs. Bridges and Miss Butler that their brother had, and that it was still hanging in his rooms, a black and white water-colour portrait of himself made by Thomas Sadler from a faded photograph taken when he was about twenty-three, of which they had a print. A reproduction faces chapter iv. ante. I promised to show

them Sadler's drawing if and when they came to their 1902
brother's rooms. As soon as they saw it they exclaimed :

"Oh! then it is an enlargement?"

I said, "Well, it's larger than the photograph, but it is not enlarged by photography. This is a copy enlarged and painted by hand."

They said, "Oh! but what a pity! Now, why wasn't it enlarged by photography and then touched? That would have been so much better. It is not at all like Sam. Why, it's more like his cousin, George Lloyd."

Nevertheless, they thought they had better have it as a family portrait, and it was sent to Wilderhope.

When I say "they" said so-and-so I mean that first Mrs. Bridges said it, and when Miss Butler came she repeated what her sister had said. Their unanimity in this matter of Sadler's portrait was like their unanimity when they spoke about their healths; but I could not determine in either case whether it was the result of a pre-arranged scheme or an effect of their having lived so much together. I incline to think that it was due to the latter cause, and that Butler had noticed something of the kind so long ago as when he was writing *The Way of All Flesh*. In those early days, no doubt, it was less pronounced, especially while Mrs. Bridges was living at Ventnor; but I suppose it deepened and grew after she joined her father and sister at Shrewsbury, and it became very obvious after the death of Canon Butler. I imagine that during the progress of the novel a prophetic instinct suggested to Butler the propriety of imitating the conjurer who rolls two rabbits into one, and that he therefore rolled his two sisters together into one indivisible Charlotte Pontifex.

In November Ingroja wrote me that the Communal Council of Calatafimi had resolved by acclamation that the street leading from the Nuovo Mercato towards Segesta should be called "Via Samuel Butler, thus honouring a great man's memory, handing down his name to posterity, and doing homage to the friendly English nation." The name of the hotel at Calatafimi

1902–3 was also changed from Albergo Centrale to Albergo Samuel Butler. The street is still (1911) called Via Samuel Butler; but when I was at Calatafimi in 1908 the hotel had been closed in consequence of the death of Don Paolo, and poor old Donna Maria was selling newspapers. She died a year later.

1903

In the spring of this year I went to Italy and Sicily, taking with me some of Butler's sketches and the MSS. of three of his books, viz. *Ex Voto*, *The Odyssey rendered into English Prose*, and *The Authoress of the Odyssey*. I went to Casale-Monferrato, and gave to the Avvocato Negri an oil sketch made by Butler in 1871 from the steps of the church on the Sacro Monte at Varallo-Sesia, showing the mountains as one looks towards Monte Rosa. I chose this sketch for him because he knows well both the mountains and the Sacro Monte. I gave Cesare Coppo an oil sketch of Hendon made by Butler, and I chose this for him because it is an English view, and he sometimes says that the happiest time in his life was when he was in England.

I went next to Varallo-Sesia and gave to the Municipio the MS. of *Ex Voto* and an oil sketch made by Butler in 1871 of the church on the Sacro Monte, historically interesting because it shows the building as it was before the new facciata was built. After the presentation I was entertained at dinner by the Municipio.

I then went to Milan where I saw the painter Cavaliere Angelo Morbelli and his family, and gave them the negatives of several photographs Butler had taken of the children playing in the garden of their country house.

Then I went to Messina where I saw Peppino Pagoto and gave him a card-case of Butler's and a sketch he made on Monte Erice.

At Catania I saw Giovanni Platania and gave him a negative of himself in the railway station at Catania, taken by Butler, and also the MS. of *The Odyssey rendered into English Prose* for the Accademia de' Zelanti of Aci-Reale of which he was at the time acting as secretary.

At Trapani I gave to the Municipio the MS. of *The Authoress of the Odyssey*, and I was entertained at luncheon by the Sindaco and the Municipio. 1903–4

On the way I stayed at Calatafimi and saw Ingroja, and at all the places where I stopped I saw and talked with Butler's friends and told them of his last illness and death.

In August, Remi Faesch, who was in London in a bank, came one morning to see me with a telegram he had received from Peter Hauff, in the Shan States, announcing the death of his brother Hans on 5th August, aged 32. The people of Basel publish a *Basler Jahrbuch* which comes out from time to time and contains records of the lives of those of their citizens who distinguish themselves in any way. In the volume for 1906 the third article contains an account of Hans Faesch, giving particulars of his life and many extracts from his letters home. It is entitled "Erlebnisse eines Basler Kaufmanns in Laos (Indo-China). Autobiographische Skizzen von Hans Rudolf Fäsch." Madame Faesch gave me a separate copy of this article, which I gave to the British Museum where it is indexed under Hans's name.

It had been an understood thing that Gogin, who painted Butler's portrait in 1896, should paint mine. He was also to paint his own. Butler would have liked to possess a gallery of portraits of himself and his friends all painted by Gogin, but during his lifetime only his own portrait was made. In the course of 1903 Gogin painted mine, I going to Brighton where he was then living and sitting to him. Emery Walker has reproduced the picture and it appears at the opening of this chapter. I am aware that it is considered in doubtful taste for an author to include a portrait of himself in his book; I trust that these volumes do not contain any more serious breach of taste than this.

1904

Thinking that Butler's friends in England ought to hear what I had done and how I had been received in North Italy and Sicily in 1903, especially as those to

1904 whom I gave the MSS. were anxious that their gratitude for the gifts should be known, I wrote an account of my journey: *Diary of a Journey through North Italy to Sicily undertaken in the Spring of 1903 for the purpose of leaving the MSS. of three books by Samuel Butler at Varallo-Sesia, Aci-Reale, and Trapani.* The frontispiece of this pamphlet is a reproduction of Gogin's portrait of Butler.

Among Butler's friends to whom I sent a copy of my *Diary of a Journey* was Dr. Dudgeon. In reply I received a letter from his daughter saying that he had been in bed for three weeks, that the doctors thought it impossible he could recover, and that he would be glad to see me. I went, and we talked about Butler. He said that no one had influenced him so much. I assured him that he also had had a great influence on Butler. His house on Carlton Hill was close to mine in Maida Vale, and I went almost every day and had many conversations with him until near his end when he became too feeble to see any one. I always found him perfectly happy and cheerful and not in any pain, except when they dressed his blisters. He liked my coming because he knew no one else to whom he could talk about Butler. I reminded him of how Butler used to prescribe homoeopathic medicines for himself, how he used to take aconite out of a little bottle when he had a cold, and how he used to insist on my taking some too, whether I had a cold or not—"It can't do you any harm," he used to say—and how he made me go and consult Dudgeon every now and then when he thought I appeared to be out of sorts.

"Well," said Dudgeon, "I hope he was right and that the medicines did not do you any harm."

"Oh no," I replied; "that was one reason why he became a homoeopath. He used to say that if you did him no good at all events you did not chuck him about with your medicines as the allopaths did with theirs."

At one of our last interviews he said: "The best thing I can do now is to go to Sam; I am no use lying here like this, and I can never get well."

I said: "We must all go some day, you know, but

there is no occasion to be in a hurry about it. Sam 1904–5
won't mind waiting for us."

He smiled and said: "Ah well, I think his views about meeting again were very much the same as mine. For my part I have never been able to form any clear idea of what people mean when they talk of immortality."

I told him that in any other sense except that which is intended in the sonnet "Not on sad Stygian shore" Sam used to say that immortality was for him unthinkable; and Dudgeon was much comforted.

He died on the 8th September, aged 84. I went to his funeral at Golder's Green where he was cremated on the 12th.

1905

On 3rd April *Ulysses* was sung through at 32 Clanricarde Gardens, the residence of Mr. H. J. T. Wood. The solos were taken by Miss Betty Booker (soprano), Miss Grainger Kerr (contralto), Mr. R. A. Streatfeild (tenor), and Mr. Francis Harford (bass), Mr. Hurlstone accompanied on the piano, and Mr. Wood conducted. This performance was practicable because the pianoforte score of the oratorio had been published in the preceding October by Weekes & Co. It contains this

Note.—At the time of his death, 18 June, 1902, Samuel Butler had completed his part of *Ulysses*. Since then I have finished my share and am now able to fulfil one of his last wishes by publishing the work. I am sure he would have approved of my taking this opportunity to acknowledge the great assistance given to us both by our friend Mr. S. P. Waddington. September 1904, H. F. J.

For some months after my sister and I had moved to Maida Vale Alfred came there daily, just as he used to go to Clifford's Inn; but presently he made up his mind to start in business and, in the spring of 1905, bought a small general shop in Canal Road, Mile End. This did not use up more than about £100 of his legacy; the rest was invested, and he, with his wife and his three children, continued to live on the profits of the shop and the dividends of the investments.

1905–6 In September 1905 Ingroja died at his villa near Calatafimi. He was a man who would have made a considerable mark if his intelligence and his energies had not been confined to such a small place as Calatafimi.

1906

I had long wanted to see Langar and in the autumn wrote to the rector, the Rev. D. F. Wright, to propose a visit. He replied that I should be welcome. I went on 6th November 1906. Mr. Wright met me at Barnstone station and drove me to Langar. He told me that he was of the family of Wright of Derby. He showed me the church and in the church-yard the tombstone to Butler's brother, William Butler, who died 4th January 1839, aged six months, his father and mother "sorrowing but not with bitterness." I thought of how, if Butler was present when people were talking of the earliest events they could remember, his contribution usually was that he remembered seeing the dead body of his brother William lying naked on a bed, Butler being at the time three years and two months old. And I thought of how he would then assume a wistful expression, cast up his eyes and exclaim :

"My poor little brother William! The only one of my relations with whom I never quarrelled."

The pews used to be high, all of carved oak ; Canon Butler pulled them down when he restored the church (ante, I. 116), and Mr. Wright regretted that the oak was not used for panelling the church. I looked for a brass or stone to Canon Butler, but there was none. I half remember having heard that there is a stained-glass window in some church in Shrewsbury, put up in his memory by "two ladies of this town," or something of that kind, but I have never seen it.

Mr. Wright had to consult with his churchwardens about altering the paths and grass, and I went in to tea with Mrs. Wright in the drawing-room, the scene of Butler's picture "Family Prayers." The arch and the window beyond it, shown in the picture, were additions

made to the rectory house by Canon Butler; in the real 1906
room there are behind the row of servants two windows in the wall on which Butler has made the clock and the landscapes throw their contradictory shadows. I went round the garden with Mrs. Wright and found the view of which Butler made a sketch. I gave the sketch to his nephew Harry Butler who, as a boy, used to go to Langar and remembered it. It shows the grass paths and the door in the wall which Ernest sees when he returns to Battersby to his mother's death-bed (*The Way of All Flesh*, ch. lxxxiii.):

> Ernest found himself looking hard against the blue door at the bottom of the garden to see if there was rain falling, as he had been used to look when he was a child doing lessons with his father.

This passage is, of course, a personal reminiscence. And so it is earlier in the same chapter when Ernest is being driven from the station, and Battersby church tower draws near and he sees the rectory on the top of the hill and throws himself back in the carriage and covers his face with his hands.

When I went to live in Staple Inn, that part of Barnard's Inn in which my previous chambers were situated was demolished, but other parts, including the Hall, were left standing. Mr. Dolmetsch used to give concerts in the Hall, and Butler and I went to some of them. One evening we arrived too early and spent the time in visiting my old rooms. The doors were off, the walls were bare, and the boards were up. We picked our perilous way across the rafters, through the sitting-room into the bed-room and the kitchen. And Butler's eyes filled with tears. It was, I admit, a melancholy occasion, but it surprised me that he should be so deeply affected. It was the first time I had observed how peculiarly susceptible he was to those emotions which we all experience in some degree on returning to a place after an interval during which changes have occurred in the place or in ourselves. There are many indications of this in his writings, and when I was helping to correct the

1906 proofs of *The Way of All Flesh* the passages referred to above reminded me of our visit to the ruins of Barnard's Inn.

Presently Mr. Wright came back from his meeting. He showed me over the house and took me into the room in which Butler was born. I knew which it was because Butler made this note :

> I was born in what was afterwards the best spare room, *i.e.* the westernmost first-floor room on the left as you look towards the house. The room which my brother and I had, and which was always called "the boys' room," was the one next to this with nothing but a thin partition between the two, and two windows looking north.

We went downstairs and sat in the study, and he pointed out two curious depressions on the mantelpiece. He said that Mr. Gregory, a former rector, used to stand in front of the fire, leaning against the mantelpiece, and that he made these marks by constantly rubbing his forehead against the painted wood or plaster. In the garden Mrs. Wright had shown me the place where Mr. Gregory's observatory used to stand, and told me that Canon Butler pulled it down and used the material in restoring the church.

Mr. Gregory at Langar

He was my father's predecessor but one, and held the living from about 1780–1820. He used to ride on horseback to London, and the fields near Mr. Harrison's farm are still called the London Fields because he so styled them. He was an astronomer ; I can just remember his observatory being pulled down to give place to my father's coach-house. He built two little steps against the wall nearly opposite our study window, from which to watch the sunset over the garden wall. Mr. Isaac Hall told me that he saw him standing on these steps watching the sunset a day or two before he died. As it was going down he said :

> Good-bye, Sun ; Good-bye, Sun—
>
> And then went in—never to come out again.

Butler used this note in telling of the death of old John Pontifex in *The Way of All Flesh.*

While in the house I thought of the bees going up and down the paper in the drawing-room at Battersby: 1906–8

BEES

The paper at Langar was at one time of a pattern full of roses red and white, or camelias, I forget which. I have seen the bees come in on a summer's afternoon and try flower after flower of them, going from sofa to ceiling and then down the next row. They found it impossible in the presence of so many of the associated ideas to believe in the absence of the one they set most store by—honey.

I looked for this paper; of course it was not there, but Mr. Wright told me that when he came, in 1903, the drawing-room had been repapered and he remembered seeing roses on some of the old papers that were stripped from the walls. His recollection of the pattern was that it was not rows of roses up and down but rather a border of roses along the skirting, up the corners, and along under the ceiling. Butler did not paper the room with it in his picture, his reason being, I imagine, that he felt unequal to it. Mr. Wright also remembered that when he came the roof was still full of bees, and they had got rid of them.

1908

Professor Marcus Hartog, in a conversation with me, suggested that there should be an Erewhon dinner. Having consulted Streatfeild, Desmond MacCarthy, Emery Walker and others, I prepared a list of all who, we thought, were interested in Butler. We fixed the 16th July for the dinner so as to suit Marcus Hartog, arranged preliminaries with the manager of Pagani's, and sent out reply-postcards:

THE EREWHON DINNER

A few admirers of *Erewhon* and its author intend to dine together at 7.30 P.M. on Thursday 16th July at Pagani's Restaurant, Great Portland Street. If you can come you will be welcome. Kindly sign and return the annexed card so that arrangements may be made accordingly. The price of the dinner

1908 will not exceed 5/- exclusive of drinks and there will be two menus (*a*) ordinary (*b*) vegetarian. Evening dress optional.

Mr. Emery Walker generously prepared for the menu a reproduction of the portrait which Butler painted of himself in 1878—the one he gave to me. It is reproduced as the frontispiece to vol. I. of this Memoir. Under the portrait on the menu were printed these words:

Above all things, let no unwary reader do me the injustice of believing in *me*. In that I write at all I am among the damned. If he must believe in anything, let him believe in the music of Handel, the painting of Giovanni Bellini, and in the thirteenth chapter of St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians. (*Life and Habit*, close of chap. ii.)

There were about thirty-two persons present. I was in the chair, with Professor Hartog on my right and Julius Bertram, who knew Miss Savage, on my left. I put Julius Bertram next to me partly because he was a Member of Parliament, and I wanted him to instruct me in the duties of a chairman, of which I knew nothing. After dinner I rose and said:

"Gentlemen, The King."

The company rose and we drank the health of His Majesty. In a few moments I rose again and delivered a speech which I had prepared. I do not suppose I said all I had intended to say, but this résumé will give an idea of the spirit which we intended should prevail at these dinners.

Gentlemen: When my friend Professor Marcus Hartog suggested that we should have this dinner—for the proposal came from him—he said:

"I do not know what Butler himself would have thought of it?"

And I replied: "I think I can tell you. He would have been very much pleased. And especially pleased because he could not himself be present in a material sense."

We know Butler's views about immortality—that it is the living in the thoughts and deeds of other men; and in that sense he is present among us now. But we must be careful that no future meeting shall degenerate into anything like a religious

celebration. We must so conduct ourselves that if he were to return in a material sense to this Erewhon of ours he would never find us doing what Mr. Higgs found them doing when he returned to the real Erewhon. That is why those words from *Life and Habit* are printed on the menu under his portrait which his friend Mr. Emery Walker has kindly reproduced for us. 1908–9

I have written to about twenty Italians and Sicilians telling them of this dinner. They have all replied promising to be present in spirit and Dionigi Negri, of Varallo-Sesia, has sent us a pot of honey made by Bertoli's bees from the flowers of Monte Rosa. We may be sure that all his friends out there are now thinking of us and that they are all drinking a glass of wine to The Memory of Samuel Butler. Let us do the same.

Whereupon the guests stood up and in silence we drank to his memory.

Speeches were made by Professor Hartog, Professor G. S. Sale who, having retired from the University of Dunedin, was living in London, and by Butler's fellow art-student, Mr. H. R. Robertson. Some one came and told me that the company would like to hear particulars about Alfred; so I told them all about him, and assured them that he would be much pleased to hear that they had asked after him. After this Streatfeild said a few words and we separated.

1909

On July 15th we had the second Erewhon dinner at Pagani's, that date being fixed to suit the convenience of Mr. George Bernard Shaw. There were about fifty-three persons present, including Alfred; and Dionigi Negri sent some more of Bertoli's honey. The Rev. Canon M'Cormick said grace.

I proposed The King, followed by The Memory of Samuel Butler. Among those who spoke were Canon M'Cormick, who told some anecdotes of Butler at Cambridge, including the mishap to the Johnian boat when Butler was steering it in 1857 (ante, I. 52); Mr. John H. Baker, who was in New Zealand with Butler, and who told us how he had accompanied him on the journey which is described as the entry into Erewhon, and about his pathetic meeting with Butler in 1902, forty years later, in

1909–10 Rome (ante, p. 391); Mr. H. R. Robertson, Professor Marcus Hartog, and Bernard Shaw.

1910

In February I read a paper on Butler before the British Association of Homoeopathy at 43 Russell Square, W.C. The paper was practically the obituary article which I had written for *The Eagle*, December 1902, revised, and with references to homoeopathy inserted. Some of Butler's music was performed by Miss Grainger Kerr, Mr. R. A. Streatfeild, Mr. J. A. Fuller Maitland, and Mr. H. J. T. Wood (the Secretary of the Association).

On 14th July the third Erewhon dinner took place at Pagani's. The date was fixed to suit the convenience of Mr. Augustine Birrell. There were about fifty-eight persons present, and Dionigi Negri sent some more of Bertoli's honey. After the toasts of The King and The Memory of Samuel Butler, speeches were made by Marcus Hartog; by Mr. (afterwards Sir) Johnston Forbes Robertson, to whom, when he was a boy, Butler gave a copy of *Erewhon*, not for him to read but for him to take home to his father and mother; by Richard Whiteing, who said we were not digging out a forgotten reputation, we were building up and creating a new reputation; and by Bernard Shaw, who reminded us that Butler laid great stress upon the importance of money, poverty was a crime; that he also laid great stress on the importance of luck, to be unlucky was a crime. The real reason (he said) why Butler was unknown during his lifetime was that he was always showing wherein accepted people were wrong, so that they were afraid of openly approving of him lest he should turn and rend them. Butler, he said, would not play at being a lion, and these dinners were only possible because he could not be present in person and tell us wherein we were wrong to hold them. Mr. H. R. Robertson and Dr. Nairn also spoke. I then called on Birrell, who told us about his meeting with Butler at Miss Edith Sichel's.

On 16th November I read a paper on Butler before 1910
the Historical Society of St. John's College, Cambridge. The paper was founded upon my previous address, with the omission of the homoeopathy and the insertion of recollections of school and college days. The Historical Society met in the combination room of the college, and the Master (Mr. R. F. Scott), who was also Vice-Chancellor of the University, was in the chair. A vote of thanks was proposed by Professor William Bateson, F.R.S.

In the autumn Mr. Jason Smith died, and his daughter consulted me about Butler's picture, "Mr. Heatherley's Holiday," which, since 1902, had been hanging in her father's dining-room in Lancaster Gate. I spoke to Sir Charles Holroyd, Director of the National Gallery, about it. Eventually Mr. Jason Smith's representatives gave the picture to the nation, and it was hung in the National Gallery of British Art.

In December I received from Miss Butler *A Kalendar for Lads* (A. R. Mowbray & Co., Ltd., 28 Margaret Street, Oxford Circus, London, W. and 9 High Street, Oxford). It is dedicated to Patrick Henry Cecil Butler, the son of Butler's nephew, Harry Butler. There is a note thanking various publishers for leave to use extracts from works issued by them, and this note is dated Shrewsbury, 1910, and signed with Miss Butler's initials, but the full name of the compiler is nowhere given. On the back of this note occurs the following:

NEMO NISI CHRISTUS*

THE MOTTO ADOPTED BY SAMUEL BUTLER,
SOMETIME BISHOP OF LICHFIELD AND COVENTRY,
AND FORMERLY HEAD MASTER OF SHREWSBURY
SCHOOL

* None save Christ.

A text from the Bible is allotted to each day, and is followed by a quotation in verse or in prose, sometimes more than one. They are perhaps not all of them, strictly speaking, quotations, for some are signed M. B. and others are unsigned; but they are chosen and placed so as to emphasise the teaching of the text, thus:

JANUARY

1910 4. *They will go from strength to strength.*—Ps. lxxxiv. 7.

Good—Better—Best,
Never let it rest,
Till your Good is Better,
And your Better, Best.

. . . . .

JUNE

21. *Even Christ pleased not Himself.*—Rom. xv. 3.

Choose, lads, which shall it be—self-will, self-conceit, self-indulgence; or the poet's "self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control."

M. B.

. . . . .

AUGUST

20. *The soul of the people was much discouraged because of the way.*—Num. xxi. 4.

A wise traveller goeth on cheerily through fair weather and through foul,

He knoweth that his journey must be sped, so he carries his sunshine with him.

M. TUPPER.

Be the day weary or be the day long
At last it ringeth to Evensong.

In thanking Miss Butler for her present I was careful not to say that I had met with "Be the day weary" etc. in Ernest's bed-room at Battersby (chap. lxxxiii.), or to let her suspect that I remembered his comment:

"There's not enough difference between 'weary' and 'long' to warrant an 'or'" he said, "but I suppose it's all right."

I was probably intended to recognise her in the initials M. B. My recollection is that I taxed her with having composed also some of the unsigned selections, and that she treated this part of my letter with ostentatious silence. I remember especially thinking that she composed the verse "Good—Better—Best," but I repeated it recently to a friend, who assured me that he was familiar with it as an old rhyme; so I daresay she also selected the others.

This incident, settling that a supposed author was merely a selector, reminded me of a similar incident which also occurred recently about a passage in one of Miss Savage's letters. In the postscript of her letter to Butler of the 13th August 1881 (ante, I. 359) she enclosed some scraps of conversation at her club. This is the final one: 1910

> Mrs. A. hears from her friend of the good fortune of some bad people (dissenters probably) and exclaims: "Dear, dear; to think now of their having such good luck!" Her friend says: "Well, well, it rains alike on the just as well as the unjust." I, smarting with a sense of wrong, say from the other end of the room: "It rains more on the just, for the unjust take the umbrellas." I hope you will laugh at my little joke. They did not.

In his reply Butler wrote: "I liked your plum about the umbrellas. I must try and get it in somewhere." He was writing *Alps and Sanctuaries* at the time, and meant that he must put her remark into the book; he used to say that one can get anything in anywhere if one sets to work; but I have not found this particular plum in the book.

I read Miss Savage's postscript to another friend, who mused and muttered:

"Let me see. One moment. 'The rain it raineth'—yes—that's it:

> 'The rain it raineth every day
> Upon the just and unjust fellers,
> But more upon the just because
> The unjust take the just's umbrellers.'"

And this rhyme it seems is also well known as an old saying. Evidently Butler assumed that Miss Savage originated the jest, which she was quite capable of doing; but I suppose he was wrong and that he omitted it from his book because she explained to him verbally that she was not claiming it as her own; she thought he would know she was alluding to a common saying. I omitted the plum from her postscript because it appeared to me then that the necessary explanation would be cumbrous;

1910–11 but I want it now, because it points the contrast between the literary taste of Miss Savage and that of Miss Butler.

1911

In March 1880 Butler finished and dated a portrait of himself and soon afterwards gave it to Gogin, who in 1911 gave it to Shrewsbury School; it was hung in the headmaster's dining-room.

I gave this year to St. John's College, Cambridge, the portrait of himself which Butler painted in 1878—reproduced as the frontispiece to vol. I. of this Memoir.

On the 14th July we had the fourth Erewhon dinner at Pagani's. The date this year was fixed to suit the convenience of Mr. William Phipson Beale, afterwards Sir William Phipson Beale, Bart. There were about seventy-five persons present. After the two toasts, speeches were made by myself, by Mr. H. W. Nevinson, Desmond MacCarthy, Phipson Beale, J. H. Baker, W. H. Gray, and Dr. Reginald Hughes. William Bateson also spoke, and referred to the changes which had taken place in public opinion since the publication of *Erewhon*; for instance, legislation had lately been proposed for the isolation of those suffering from consumption, which reminded him of the imprisonment of sick persons in the satire. He was also pleased to think that Butler's portrait was now hanging in the Hall of St. John's College, on equal terms with ecclesiastics in wigs and lawn sleeves—another significant change.

There is a passage in *Erewhon* (pp. 100–102 in the early editions, and pp. 120–122 in the 1901 edition), in the chapter headed "Malcontents" (which is chapter xii. in both editions), it begins: "I write with great diffidence, but it seems to me that there is no unfairness in punishing people for their misfortunes, or rewarding them for their sheer good luck," and ends, "because lunacy is less infectious than crime." One cannot always remember things at the right moment or, apropos of Bateson's speech, I might have told the guests of this passage; and I could have told them further that in the second-hand

copy of *Erewhon* which I bought in 1906 (referred to 1911
ante, I. 363), this passage has a pencil line and crosses all down the margin, and where it begins are these words in Butler's handwriting: "Meant seriously." Perhaps my omission was not of much consequence, for I do not think that at the Erewhon dinners we have ever had many of those who protest that they never know when Butler is jesting and when he is serious.

Dionigi Negri sent no honey for this dinner, and I wondered why. In the autumn I went to Varallo, where they told me that earlier in the year he had had a fall, from which he never recovered, and in October he died, aged 67, about the same age as Butler was at the time of his death.

Mr. (now Sir) Francis Darwin, when President of the British Association, in September 1908, in his Inaugural Address at Dublin, had spoken with approval of Hering's theory connecting the phenomena of heredity with memory, and quoted from Butler's translation of Hering's Lecture on Memory, which is contained in *Unconscious Memory*. There had been a fire at Ballantyne's, as I have said before, and this book had become scarce. Streatfeild and I considered that it ought now to be made accessible, in case any one might wish to read Butler's translation of Hering's lecture, either in consequence of Mr. F. Darwin's reference to it or otherwise. We therefore published through Fifield a new edition which appeared during the spring of 1910. Almost immediately after the book was out I received from Mr. Sydney C. Cockerell, Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, a letter addressed to him by Francis Darwin asking him to find out whether any one was writing Butler's Life, and saying that he had letters from Huxley and Leslie Stephen containing information which ought to be seen by Butler's biographer. I replied direct to Francis Darwin, saying that I was writing the Life, but that I hardly saw how letters from Huxley and Leslie Stephen could find a place in it; nevertheless if he thought I ought to see them I should be pleased to consider them. Thus began the

1911 correspondence which is referred to at the opening of chapter xviii. ante. I concluded my first letter thus: "Of course I reserve absolute liberty of action, and must be free to treat my subject as I think fit." I said this because I had inherited Butler's distrust of Charles Darwin, and remembered his saying somewhere that Francis Darwin and his brothers had descended from their father with singularly little modification. Perhaps I ought not to have said what I did. I ought to have remembered Francis Darwin's public references to Butler, not merely the one at Dublin in 1908, but also the one at the Cardiff Meeting of the British Association in 1891, mentioned ante, p. 116, and another in 1901, when Mr. F. Darwin delivered a lecture at the Glasgow Meeting of the British Association *On the Movements of Plants.* The report of this lecture in *Nature*, 14th November 1901, contains this sentence: "If we take the wide view of memory which has been set forth by Mr. S. Butler (*Life and Habit*, 1878) and by Professor Hering, we shall be forced to believe that plants, like all other living things, have a kind of memory." And I ought to have remembered that it was partly because of these public allusions to *Life and Habit* by Francis Darwin that Butler had come to be more considered, and that people were beginning to understand that a very serious purpose underlies his humour.

Nevertheless I am glad I used the words, because Francis Darwin, in replying, commented upon them thus: "I do not think my letter to Mr. Cockerell showed any wish to interfere with your liberty; I certainly have no such desire." Then after reading the papers he sent me, which I did with the greatest interest, I saw what a different light they threw on his father's silence, and I was able to write to him about my liberty in treating my subject: "You have not interfered with it, but you have done something else—you have altered the subject I have to treat."

Mr. Francis Darwin and I corresponded about these letters until December 1910. In the course of our correspondence I asked him whether he consented to my making public the fact, disclosed in the letters he sent me,

that he and some of his brothers disapproved of the advice given by Huxley and Leslie Stephen; at the same time I inquired whether he had had any other special reason for sending me the papers. He gave his consent, and added: "I had hoped that the general impression of the papers sent you would have led you to suspect that Butler was mistaken, but I do not mean to complain if this is not in any degree the case." 1911

I understood him to mean mistaken in supposing that Charles Darwin had undertaken his book, *Erasmus Darwin*, because of or with reference to *Evolution Old and New*. Even in 1879-80, when the events were proceeding, I had suspected that Butler might have been mistaken in this, and I therefore told Francis Darwin so. I could not tell him that my suspicion arose in consequence of reading the letters he sent me, but I told him that on reading them, and thinking them over again, I had become convinced that Butler must have been mistaken. Further, I said that if he had known what was contained in the letters he would have been confirmed in what he wrote in his preface to the second edition of *Evolution Old and New*, that Charles Darwin may have been right and he wrong, and would have taken or made an opportunity of putting the matter straight.

The case then stood thus: Butler's accusation was in three counts:

(1) That Charles Darwin undertook *Erasmus Darwin* because of or with reference to *Evolution Old and New*;

(2) That his preface contained an error;

(3) That he made a mistake in the line he took when the error was pointed out to him.

Francis Darwin admitted (3) by saying that he disapproved of the way in which the matter was treated; I gave up (1) by admitting that Butler must have been mistaken; and we agreed about (2).

Having reached this point, Mr. F. Darwin wrote in a subsequent letter: "I have often regretted that when the quarrel began I did not go to Butler and have it out viva voce. I also think I was mistaken in not publishing in *Life and Letters* [of Charles Darwin] a full account of the thing."

1911–12 All this correspondence was utilised by me in preparing a pamphlet, *Charles Darwin and Samuel Butler: A Step towards Reconciliation*, which was published by Fifield in November 1911; and, as is said at the opening of chap. xviii. ante, the expenses of publication were shared equally by Francis Darwin and myself at his request.

1912

During this year the British Museum held an exhibition of prints and drawings, and included two of Butler's water-colours.

Soon after Butler's death Gogin handed to me the portrait of Butler which he had painted in 1896, and it hung in my house in Maida Vale until 1911, when it was given to the National Portrait Gallery, where it was hung soon after the 18th June, 1912. They have a rule not to hang portraits until ten years after the death of the subject. When I opened negotiations with the Gallery I told them that this portrait belonged to Gogin, and that he was giving it to them. On my telling Gogin I had done so, he objected, saying that he considered he had given the picture to me, and that I was giving it to the Gallery. "Besides," he said, "Butler would have liked the picture to have on it our three names: Portrait of Butler, painted by Gogin, presented by Jones." Knowing that this was the case, I went to the Gallery and saw Mr. Holmes, who, as I understood, promised that it should be so recorded. But when the picture was hung I saw that this had not been done. I suppose I must have been too insistent with my first idea, and that the red tape was too strong.

The fifth Erewhon dinner took place at Pagani's on 12th July, the date being fixed by Mr. Edmund Gosse, C.B., LL.D. There were about ninety persons present.

After the two toasts, The King and The Memory of Samuel Butler, I told the guests about the discovery of Butler's lost "Dialogue on Species," which is related more fully in chapter vii. ante. Speeches were made by Mr. Edmund Gosse, Phipson Beale, Dr. Rowland Thurnam, Desmond MacCarthy, and Sir Charles Holroyd.

1913

I gave to St. John's College, Cambridge: (1) A water-colour sketch made by Butler, when an undergraduate, of a part of the river; (2) the two copies of his pamphlet, *The Evidence for the Resurrection*, cut about and bound into one, mentioned ante; (3) the two copies of the Greek Testament, full of marginal notes in Butler's handwriting, also mentioned ante. 1913-14

The sixth Erewhon dinner was held at Pagani's on the 11th July. The day was fixed to suit the Master of St. John's College, Cambridge (Mr. R. F. Scott), and there were about 112 persons present. After the two toasts, The King and The Memory of Samuel Butler, speeches were made by Professor W. H. Hudson, who was an undergraduate at St. John's with Butler, and by Mr. William Aubrey Willes, who accompanied Butler from New Zealand to London in 1864, and gave us an account of the voyage, the substance of which is contained in his letter, ante, I. 109-110. The Master of St. John's, Mr. Spenser Wilkinson, and Mr. E. S. P. Haynes also spoke.

Mr. John F. Harris, of St. John's, wrote an account of the proceedings, which appeared in *The Cambridge Magazine* of 11th October, 1913.

1914

The seventh Erewhon dinner was held on 3rd July. John Harris came and stayed with me for a few weeks before the dinner, and made himself extremely useful in sending out the cards and generally assisting in the preparations. He wrote an account of the dinner and the speeches, which appeared in *The Press* (Christchurch, N.Z.). There was an innovation on this occasion and ladies were present; also we had to move from Pagani's, because there was not room for us all there, and the dinner took place at the Holborn Restaurant. There were about 160 present. The date was fixed by Mrs. Bernard Shaw,

1914 who was accompanied by her husband. After the two usual toasts, The King and The Memory of Samuel Butler, and an opening speech from me, the Right Hon. Mr. Justice Williams gave some account of his friendship with Butler during early years in New Zealand.

The Hon. Mrs. Richard Grosvenor, formerly Mrs. Alfred Bovill, spoke of the honour conferred on her in being asked to speak at the first Erewhon dinner to which ladies were invited. She introduced herself by quoting Butler's note about the clergyman being a kind of human Sunday, his sister being a kind of human Good Friday, and Mrs. Bovill a human Easter Monday or some other Bank Holiday (ante, p. 94). This, she said, was the greatest compliment that had ever been paid to her in words. She concluded with several anecdotes, including the one about Butler's losing his "bloody ticket" (ante, p. 119), and a description of Butler as she remembered him.

Among the other speakers were Desmond MacCarthy, who spoke of Butler's philosophy and humour, and said that his religion might be described as "a good rollicking broad church paganism"; George Bernard Shaw; Gilbert Cannan who, alluding to Butler's declining to take orders in 1859, said that the doing of something "awful" was a necessary preliminary to finding oneself; and Henry Marriott Paget, who gave some reminiscences of his student days with Butler at Heatherley's. Among those who did not speak was Miss Grace Stebbing, a daughter of the Rev. Henry Stebbing, who is mentioned ante, I. 230. The fact that her father wrote the opening review in the first issue of *The Athenaeum*, and was for many years closely connected with the paper to which Butler so frequently contributed, made Miss Grace Stebbing an appropriate link with the past.

I had Mrs. Shaw on my right and Mrs. Grosvenor on my left, and when the dinner was over I signed to Alfred that I wanted him. He came and shook hands with Mrs. Grosvenor. He did more; he patted her on the back and said;

"Thank you, Mum. I heard every word you said, 1914
and you done it very nice and very feelin'."

On the 16th August Alfred's son, Alfred John Cathie, the nipper who in 1897 got lost in Leather Lane and was brought home by a policeman, "otherwise he would or rather was being taken to the police station," went to France and served with his regiment. He had enlisted in the Royal Field Artillery in February 1914. Here are some samples of his letters home:

Alfred John Cathie to his Mother.

Thursday, Oct. 8th, 1914.

DEAR MOTHER—Many thanks indeed for parcel received on Oct. 7th. There was only one fault with it, that was, the smell from the soap had penetrated into the cake and chocolate which gave it a beautiful flavour; still we got through it alright. So please don't send any more soap as we now get well supplied with it.

I am glad to say I am still well and hope to remain so. We have been very busy since we arrived here, but hope it will soon be over so as to get back. We get on alright under the circumstances, the food is alright and we don't do at all bad.

When we arrived at Boulogne we had a fine reception, arriving on Wednesday morning and remained in the town until the evening, then left for a camp about three miles outside the town. There we stopped till Friday afternoon when we entrained for Veaux. We had a fine journey; the French people gave us a splendid reception all along the line. At each stopping place there was refreshments of all description, one could have anything they required. Arriving at Veaux at midnight we disentrained and billeted in a field about half a mile from the station. After fixing up the horse-lines it was three o'clock, so we had two hours sleep.

We left there at 5 o'clock on Saturday morning, and started on the march and were marching all day and, it being very hot, some of us felt it. In the evening we came to a halt and had a few hours rest and resumed our marching on Sunday morning.

Crossing the frontier we arrived in Mons Sunday, midday, when we stayed in a field to have dinner. We had not been in there half an hour when we received an order to pack up and the brigade had to go into action. We were then in action the remainder of the day. On Monday the firing was resumed until the afternoon when an order was given for a general retirement.

1914 We were then retiring for two weeks towards the South of France, to a place called Fontenoy just below Meaux. There we started our advancing towards the Aisne. I think I'll finish now and let you know more in my next letter.

Give my love to Dad and the girls, and I shall be very pleased to hear from them.

Hoping to hear from you soon and with very best love. From your affectionate son, ALF.

Alfred J. Cathie to his Father and Mother.

3 *Nov.* 1914—We are at present in the thick of it, having shifted our position from the Aisne and gone further north. My word! we did have a warm time there; we were in action for thirty days. Our Headquarters are now billeted in a farm-house, and we had rather a quiet time until three days ago, when two French batteries came into action in the next field, and since then we have had it rather warm.

The Germans have been dropping shells all about us, trying to find these batteries. The colonel has given orders for us to dig trenches, so as to take cover when a hot fire is on. Here I am at present writing this letter in my trench shared by a chum, and the batteries are keeping up a constant fire, and shells bursting all around—it's very exciting. Still, apart from this, we haven't done so bad; of a morning, first thing, when there are no shells about, a couple of us go out and milk a cow.

Alfred J. Cathie to H. F. Jones.

9*th Nov.* 1914—We found it very trying on the retreat from Mons, we were marching on the average twenty-five miles every day with little rest. How pleased we were when we reached Fontenoy, a small town a few miles below Meaux, and started advancing on Sept. 6th. Then we knew something was being done; but on the retreat we seemed to be running away every day from the enemy and making no attempt to stop their advancing. This greatly disheartened the troops; of course we did not know the scheme at the time.

Alfred J. Cathie to his Father.

2*nd Dec.* 1914—We are still in the rest camp . . . I can tell you we are living like lords at present, but God knows we have earnt it. It's quite a pleasure to get out of range of the beastly Jack Johnsons and shrapnel shells, and this is the only time we

are able to have a good time. The drivers take their horses out for exercise in the morning, then turn them in the fields to graze. I now hear that one of our batteries have gone into action fourteen miles away to support the Indian Division, so that leaves us with two batteries. 1915–16

We have with us a small French cart which the officers use to put their food in, the colonel bought it on the retirement at a place called Guise. When we were coming out of our last position we had a slight accident with the cart. As we left the farm-house where we were staying and got on the road, the fellow who was leading the horse at the time (it was the colonel's servant) did not know the road, and about 50 yards down there was a big shell hole and, of course, it had been raining very hard two or three days previous to this, so the hole got filled up with mud and water and not noticeable. When we got to this a part of the harness broke, the wheels of the cart went into the hole and the body and shafts went up in the air and the driver went walking on with the horse. Laugh—I thought I should have died, it was so funny; we were all standing in mud up to our knees trying to get the cart out. And we were all sweating in case a shell coming; before this we had had a heavy shelling, anyhow we got out of it alright. I sometimes take the cart out into Hazebruck to get supplies for the officers. I go with one of the French interpreters (we have two in the brigade), and he goes mounted and I drive the cart. I think I best ring off now and tell you some more another time.

I am happy to say that this boy, Alfie, is still (June 1916) "in the pink," as he expresses it. He has been home on leave twice; on each occasion he came to dine with me, and we went to a theatre. His two sisters are living at home with their parents. Florrie is assistant in the Home and Colonial Stores in the Roman Road, Bow; and Annie is machinist to a firm that makes underclothing in Bunhill Row.

1916

Miss Butler died at Shrewsbury on the 6th of January.

In March Mr. Edward Clodd wrote that he was preparing a book of Reminiscences, and wished to include in it some letters he had from Butler. Streatfeild had no objection, but asked him to send copies of them. They were written at the time Butler was finishing *Life and Habit*, and disclosed what was to me a new and interesting

1916 fact, namely, that Mr. Edward Clodd was the friend who introduced him to Mivart's book, *The Genesis of Species* (ante, I. 258). This friend is referred to again, with his name again suppressed, on p. 34 of *Unconscious Memory* (1880), "How I wrote *Life and Habit*."

Butler's pictures, sketches, and studies were distributed, some to the British Museum, others to friends, but no list was kept. The destination of some of them has been already mentioned. Alfred has several, and I took those that were left over. One of his portraits of himself was sent to Christchurch, New Zealand, and hung in the Museum there, where also hangs his portrait of Mr. Cass (ante, I. 128). Gogin took one of the early portraits—a very curious one—and I have another.

The MSS. of his books and music have been nearly all given away, and particulars will be found in the bibliography at the beginning of this Memoir. We did not find the MS. of *A First Year in Canterbury Settlement*; it may have been lost or destroyed; in any case it was not likely to be among Butler's papers, because the book was seen through the press by his family. Nor did we find any MS. of the pamphlet, *The Evidence for the Resurrection*. All his other papers and MSS. are with Streatfeild, including a translation of the *Works and Days* of Hesiod, which he made while he was engaged upon the *Odyssey*. It has not yet been published, and it is the only work of his which has not hitherto been referred to in this Memoir.

As a consequence of Mr. A. T. Bartholomew's publication of Butler's Simeonite Tract in *The Cambridge Magazine* of March 1, 1913 (ante, I. 47), I made his acquaintance on the 7th of May following, and soon after the seventh and last Erewhon dinner I was talking to him about this Memoir. I had written it, in the sense that I had covered the canvas, before the publication of *The Note-Books of Samuel Butler* in 1912. The reception of that book showed me that I had laid the Memoir on lines that were unnecessarily reticent. I spent about eighteen months in going through the MS. and in putting in many more letters, reminiscences, and notes. Then I

had it copied and gave it to Bartholomew to read. There 1916
were reasons why it could not be published immediately, and, in the meantime, I was growing older and becoming less able to work. I knew that the printing of a book is always a troublesome business, and was beginning to feel the force of what Elmsley must have meant when, in one of his letters to Dr. Butler, he wrote of an author as being the worst person to put one of his own works through the press. Butler quoted this in his Note-Books, and added: "It seems to me that he is the worst person also to make selections from his own notes or indeed, in my own case, even to write them." Whether I am the worst person to write a Memoir of Butler is a question not to be decided by me; it cannot be decided by any one until some other person shall write another Life of Butler which may be compared with mine. I realised, however, that during the necessary delay in publishing my work I should inevitably be growing still older and becoming a still less suitable person to put it through the press. I told Bartholomew of my difficulty, and he urged me to print the book at once and keep it ready. This idea commended itself to me, especially as he was willing to help. Early in 1915 I was so fortunate as to make terms with Messrs. Macmillan, and by June 1915 we had gone to press.

I cannot say how much Bartholomew has helped me with the preparation of the MS. for the press and with the correction of the proofs; and besides all this, he has compiled the bibliography and the index. If I were to attempt adequately to express my obligations to him he would give me more trouble than I could successfully contend with, and at the end of a book of this length one may be permitted to shrink from a struggle with the scruples of modesty.

It was one of his many wise counsels that formal mention should not be made in this chapter of the publication of the novel, or of new editions of Butler's books, or of the books and articles about him which have appeared since his death. They are included in the bibliography, and the omission of them here has helped to

1916 make this chapter less scrappy and diffuse than it would otherwise have been. Nevertheless I fear that, more than any other chapter in the book, it lays itself open to the charge brought by Mr. Murray against *The Life and Letters of Dr. Butler*—that it is an omnium gatherum. I console myself by remembering that Butler replied, "Yes, but life is an omnium gatherum," thus converting a defect into a merit. If I could discover the many other defects which I am sure must be lurking in these volumes, I would do my best to convert them also into merits if I could not remove them before it is too late.

I have one other consolation. My final chapter is, as Butler said of "The Righteous Man," "the end, at any rate, of a very long thing." His "very long thing" being a discussion of ethical problems, and mine being a biography, our two cases are not strictly parallel. There is length and length. This Memoir is, I admit, long in the sense that it contains many thousands of words; it could not be otherwise; Butler would have been displeased with me if I had given him fewer words than he gave his grandfather. Numbers of words, however, may escape censure unless they result in tediousness, and I do not admit that this book is tedious. But that is to raise another question, which can only be decided by the reader.

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APPENDIX A

REVIEW OF *EREWHON*, BY MISS SAVAGE, FROM *THE DRAWING-ROOM GAZETTE* (8 JUNE 1872)

(Cf. *MEMOIR*, I. 158)

EREWHON. Trübner & Co.

CHAMFORT says in one of his maxims that "what generally 1872
makes the success of a book is the affinity between the mediocrity of the ideas of the author and the mediocrity of the ideas of the public." We will hope for the sake of the author of *Erewhon* that this aphorism does not contain more than the usual measure of aphoristic truth, otherwise we should predict for his book only a very limited appreciation, for it is abounding in ideas of which not one may be accused of mediocrity. We do not think, however, that *Erewhon* will fail to be popular. It is a satire sharp and caustic enough, but tempered throughout by fun so irresistible that we laugh while we wince, and even when we might think the author's satirical powers misdirected we feel disposed to forgive. The hero of the tale, who tells his own adventures, is what he himself would call "a young gentleman." He is a very good young gentleman, of a religious turn of mind; one may say of him, as Mr. Disraeli said of Mr. Gladstone, that he is "a man without a single redeeming vice"; and he is possessed of an inestimable treasure in the shape of a never-failing spring of serene self-satisfaction. He is orthodox in all his opinions and glories in the fact that his mother was the daughter of an archdeacon. In spite of his clerical descent, however, he is considerably misinformed with respect to the ceremonies of the English Church and fancies that baptism and christening are two distinct rites. He jumbles up Paley's *Evidences* with Butler's *Analogy*, and charmingly misquotes Shakespeare. But he is always pleased with himself, he is always deeply impressed with his own superiority. In fact, he is a prig, and never has the character been more amusingly set forth. Molière would not have disowned

1872 it; and, indeed, there are touches here and there, which, if it were possible for departed spirits to be moved by earthly passions, would make him writhe with envy. Such, for instance, is the passage where he says that "the recollection of the many falsehoods he was obliged to tell would render his life miserable were it not for the consolations of his religion." Now and again, however, the author drops the mask and makes his hero speak as he would himself. It is in these intervals that we are treated to the few charming bits of description that are scattered through the book—brief and but sparingly introduced, they add picturesqueness and vividness to the narrative without in the least overloading it. We extract from the first chapter a description of the scenery in the colony whence the adventurous hero started on the journey that resulted in the discovery of the kingdom of Erewhon, the signification of which name our readers will probably be able to find out for themselves:

> The country was the grandest that can be imagined. How often have I sat on the mountain side and watched the waving downs, with the two white specks of huts in the distance, and the little square of garden behind them; the paddock with a patch of bright green oats above the huts, and the yards and wool-sheds down on the flat below; all seen as through the wrong end of a telescope, so clear and brilliant was the air, or as upon a colossal model or map spread out beneath me. . . .
>
> Never shall I forget the utter loneliness of the prospect—only the little far-away homestead giving sign of human handiwork; the vastness of mountain and plain, and river and sky; the marvellous atmospheric effects—sometimes black mountains against a white sky, and then again, after cold weather, white mountains against a black sky—sometimes seen through breaks and swirls of cloud—and sometimes, which was best of all, I went up my mountain in a fog, and then got above the mist; going higher and higher, I would look down upon a sea of whiteness, through which would be thrust innumerable mountain tops that looked like islands.
>
> I am there now, as I write; I fancy that I can see the downs, the huts, the plain and the river-bed—that torrent pathway of desolation, with its distant roar of waters. Oh, wonderful! wonderful! so lonely and so solemn, with the sad grey clouds above, and no sound save a lost lamb bleating upon the mountain side, as though its little heart were breaking. Then there comes some lean and withered old ewe, with deep gruff voice and unlovely aspect, trotting back from the seductive pasture; now she examines this gully, and

now that, and now she stands listening with uplifted head, 1872
that she may hear the distant wailing and obey it. Aha! they see, and rush towards each other. Alas! they are both mistaken; the ewe is not the lamb's ewe, they are neither kin nor kind to one another, and part in coldness. Each must cry louder, and wander farther yet; may luck be with them both, that they may find their own at nightfall. But this is mere dreaming, and I must proceed.

He could not help speculating on what might lie on the other side the ranges, and hoping to find good pasture land and, perhaps, gold, he set forth on a voyage of discovery accompanied by an old native called Chowbok, whom he endeavours to convert to Christianity. Chowbok, however, has an invincible repugnance to crossing the main range, and deserts his master just as the latter is on the point of discovering a pass over the nearer mountains. But undaunted by the probable dangers of the enterprise our hero pushes on alone, and, as he says himself, "by good luck, Providence being on his side," he reaches the kingdom of Erewhon, after passing through many and various perils, very graphically related, and being frightened almost to death by a circle of gigantic stone figures of fiendish aspect that guard the last pass, and that utter fearful and most unearthly noises, their heads and bodies being, as he afterwards discovers, hollowed out into a sort of organ pipes which sound with every breeze. The inhabitants of the country are a magnificent race of people, and they treat the adventurer with much kindness and some distinction. They hold that physical health and beauty is the highest good, and our hero has inherited from his clerical ancestors an excellent constitution and a splendid physique as well as blue eyes and yellow hair, which being extremely rare in Erewhon are very greatly admired. His health and his complexion, therefore, win for him a good deal of respect; but at first he was regarded with suspicion; he had a watch in his possession, and that in Erewhon is considered a capital crime. It appears that some centuries ago the Erewhonians had reached our stage of civilisation, overpassed it, and then, frightened by a book written by a learned professor, and convinced by his arguments that the perfection towards which machinery was so rapidly tending would result in the subjection of the human race to the machines, they decided after long years of civil war to destroy all machines that had not been in use for 271 years, this period being fixed so as to exclude a certain kind of mangle in use among the washerwomen, and held to be dangerous. The learned professor's essay is translated, and his arguments are so logical and so precise that they almost carry conviction to the reader's mind and cause him to look upon the simplest mechanical contrivances with much

1872 the same sort of uneasiness as that with which Goethe's student of magic must have regarded the broomstick.

These strange people have other peculiarities. They look upon all diseases as crimes to be punished severely, in some cases even with the penalty of death. Consequently they conceal with the greatest cunning any tendency to ill-health. We have an account given us of the trial of a young man for pulmonary consumption, who, though his disease is the result of necessary antecedent causes, is treated as if his health was completely under his own control, and condemned to imprisonment with hard labour for the rest of his life; the only curative treatment adopted towards him being the administration of two table-spoonfuls of castor oil daily. On the other hand, Erewhonians are perfectly frank and open about their moral failings, and they have among them a sort of soul-doctors called "straighteners," whom they consult, as we do our physicians. Mr. Nosnibor, a gentleman of vast wealth, who received our hero into his house, is, at the time of the visit, undergoing medical treatment for having swindled a confiding widow out of the whole of her fortune. The treatment prescribed by the "straighteners" consists mainly in money fines and floggings. We are also introduced to a young lady who conceals her real weakness of health under the mask of dipsomania. The meaning of this satire on the treatment of our own criminals is easy enough to read, and may be profitably pondered in our minds. We have not space enough to enlarge on the other institutions of the Erewhonians; their religious dogmas; their theory of the pre-existence of souls; their worship of the dread goddess Ydgrun, who is the personification of the "Que dira-t-on?" that frightens so many honest people. It is enough to say that the lash of the author's satire falls fiercely on many of our social and religious hypocrisies and unrealities.

In the account of the Colleges of Unreason we have an amusing parody of the education bestowed in our own universities. The young men are instructed principally in the science of hypothetics and the hypothetical languages, the study of possibilities and remote contingencies being considered as an infinitely better preparation for the business of life than that of actualities, a knowledge of which they are expected to pick up as they go along. This part of the satire, though the driest in the book, is nevertheless sufficiently diverting, especially the defence of "Unreason" and the account of the schools of Inconsistency and Evasion, in which last science the more "earnest" and "conscientious" students acquire a proficiency that is quite amazing. Many besides narrow-minded old Tories will enjoy the sly hit at the present Government, and chuckle over the inscriptions above the doors of the lecture rooms of the professors

of these two sciences: "Consistency is a vice which degrades human nature and levels man with the brute"; and "It is the glory of the Parliament to make a law—it is the glory of the minister to evade it." 1872

After a residence of two years in the country, the hero, who has fallen in love with a young lady, elopes with her in a balloon. The narrative of the escape is told with much power and is very interesting. After various adventures he arrived with his wife in London where he is now, supporting himself, he tells us, by writing good little stories for the magazines. He has decided on purely arbitrary grounds that the Erewhonians are the descendants of the lost Ten Tribes of Israel, and he is ambitious of converting them to Christianity, as by doing so he would secure a position such as has not been attained by more than fifteen or sixteen persons since the creation of the universe; he would rank above the minor prophets, and possibly above any Old Testament writer except Moses and Isaiah. But he is not ambitious of religious distinctions only; "il vise au solide," and wishes to combine a commercial enterprise with his missionary efforts. He has, therefore, elaborated a plan for a joint-stock company which shall bring vast profits to the shareholders. In this scheme, suggested by a speech of Lord Normanby reported in *The Times*, the author's irony throws so clear a light on the unrighteous nature of the dealings of certain of our colonists with the Polynesians that it should make them hang their heads for very shame.

APPENDIX B

SUMMARY OF LETTER FROM BUTLER TO THOMAS WILLIAM GALE BUTLER ABOUT THE *LIFE AND HABIT* THEORY (18 FEBRUARY 1876)

(Cf. *MEMOIR*, I. 234)

1876 1. Actions which we have acquired with difficulty we now perform almost unconsciously, *e.g.* playing the piano, reading, writing, walking. As soon as we know how to do a thing exceedingly well, consciousness in respect of it vanishes. As long as we know that we know a thing we do not know it; we only know it when we do not know of our knowledge.

2. Whatever we do in this way is all one in kind, the difference is in degree. We play the piano almost unconsciously, we write more unconsciously, we read very unconsciously, we walk and talk still more unconsciously; our breathing is, to a certain extent, under our control, our heart's beating is perceivable but not under control, our digestion is unperceivable and beyond control.

3. A baby cannot grow itself in the womb unless it knows how to do it, and to know how to do it, it must have done it before or it will be contradicting all human experience. Its unconsciousness is the result of over-knowledge.

4. It learnt to do it when it did it before; that is, on the previous occasions when it was an impregnate ovum.

5. It has attained to unconscious knowledge of how to do it by doing it a very great number of times in the persons of its ancestors.

6. But how about identity? There is no identity of matter between me as I am now and me as I was when I was an impregnate ovum, but there may be continuity of existence. And there may be a modified identity between me as an impregnate ovum and my father and mother as impregnate ova. Let us consider my ovum as the means adopted by my parents' ova not for reproducing themselves but for continuing themselves, and let us see the intermediate lives as a long potato shoot from one eye to the place where it will grow its next tuber.

7. Given a single creature capable of reproducing itself and it must reproduce a creature capable of reproducing itself and so on *ad infinitum.* 1876

Then comes Descent with Modification. Similarity tempered with dissimilarity and dissimilarity tempered with similarity—a contradiction in terms like almost everything else that is true or useful or indeed intelligible at all. A begets A′ which is A with the additional experience of the dash. A′ begets A″, which is A with the additional experience of A′ and A″ and so on to A^n, but you can never eliminate the A.

8. Let A^n stand for a man. He begins as the primordial cell splitting himself up for ever, and for ever gaining experience, always doing as he did before when last he was in the same position but always with the additional experience gained by his having done it once oftener than when he did it last. First he will do his tadpoles by rote, so to speak, on his head, from long practice; then he does his fish trick; then he grows arms and legs, all unconsciously from the inveteracy of habit till he comes to doing his man, and this lesson he has not yet learnt so thoroughly. Some part of it, as the breathing and oxidisation business he is well up to, inasmuch as they form part of previous rôles, but the teeth and hair, the upright position, the power of speech, though all tolerably familiar, give him trouble—for he is very stupid, a regular dunce in fact. Then comes his newer and more complex environment and this puzzles him—arrests his attention—whereas consciousness springs into existence, as a spark from a horse's hoof.

Thus we are all one animal, and reproduction and death are phases of the ordinary waste and repair which go on in our bodies daily.

APPENDIX C

DOCUMENTS RELATING TO THE QUARREL BETWEEN CHARLES DARWIN AND BUTLER WHICH AROSE OUT OF THE ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF DR. KRAUSE'S *ERASMUS DARWIN*

(Cf. *MEMOIR*, ch. xviii.)

1.	1880	January	2	Butler to Darwin.
2.	1880	January	3	Darwin to Butler.
3.	1880	January	21	Butler to Darwin.
4.	1880	January	31	Butler in *The Athenaeum.*
5.	1880	January	24	Darwin to *The Athenaeum.* Proposed letter No. 1.
6.	1880	February	1	Darwin to *The Athenaeum.* Proposed letter No. 2.
7.	1880	February	2	Darwin to Huxley.
8.	[1880]	February	4	Darwin to Huxley.
9.	1880			Extracts from chapter iv. of *Unconscious Memory.*
10.	1880	December	8	Butler in *The St. James's Gazette.*
11.	1881	February	1	Butler to Messrs. Macmillan & Co.
12.	1881	February	3	Butler in *Nature.*
[13.]	1882			[Butler's Preface to the Second Edition of *Evolution Old and New*, given in the text, ante, vol. I. p. 370]
14.	1885			Translation by Butler of an Extract from *Charles Darwin* by Ernst Krause (Leipzig, 1885), pp. 185, 186.
15.	1885			Butler's Note on the above Extract.
16.	1887	November	26	Butler in *The Athenaeum.*
17.	1887	December	17	Butler in *The Academy.*

I.

Butler to Darwin.

January 2nd, 1880.

Charles Darwin, Esq., F.R.S., &c.

DEAR SIR—Will you kindly refer me to the edition of 1880
Kosmos which contains the text of Dr. Krause's article on Dr. Erasmus Darwin, as translated by Mr. W. S. Dallas?

I have before me the last February number of *Kosmos*, which appears by your preface to be the one from which Mr. Dallas has translated, but his translation contains long and important passages which are not in the February number of *Kosmos*, while many passages in the original are omitted in the translation.

Among the passages introduced are the last six pages of the English article, which seem to condemn by anticipation the position I have taken as regards Erasmus Darwin in my book *Evolution Old and New* and which I believe I was the first to take. The concluding and therefore, perhaps, most prominent sentence of the translation you have given to the public stands thus:

> Erasmus Darwin's system was in itself a most significant first step in the path of knowledge his grandson has opened up for us, but to wish to revive it at the present day, as has actually been seriously attempted, shows a weakness of thought and a mental anachronism which no one can envy.

The *Kosmos* which has been sent me from Germany contains no such passage.

As you have stated in your preface that my book, *Evolution Old and New*, appeared subsequently to Dr. Krause's article, and as no intimation is given that the article has been altered and added to since its original appearance, while the accuracy of the translation as though from the February number of *Kosmos* is, as you expressly say, guaranteed by Mr. Dallas's "scientific reputation together with his knowledge of German," your readers will naturally suppose that all they read in the translation appeared in February last, and therefore before *Evolution Old and New* was written, and therefore independently of, and necessarily without reference to, that book.

I do not doubt that this was actually the case, but have failed to obtain the edition which contains the passage above referred to, and several others which appear in the translation.

I have a personal interest in this matter, and venture, therefore, to ask for the explanation which I do not doubt you will readily give me.—Yours faithfully, S. BUTLER.

2.

Darwin to Butler.

January 3rd, 1880.

1880 MY DEAR SIR—Dr. Krause, soon after the appearance of his article in *Kosmos*, told me that he intended to publish it separately and to alter it considerably, and the altered MS. was sent to Mr. Dallas for translation. This is so common a practice that it never occurred to me to state that the article had been modified; but now I much regret that I did not do so. The original will soon appear in German, and I believe will be a much larger book than the English one; for, with Dr. Krause's consent, many long extracts from Miss Seward were omitted (as well as much other matter) from being in my opinion superfluous for the English reader. I believe that the omitted parts will appear as notes in the German edition. Should there be a reprint of the English *Life*, I will state that the original as it appeared in *Kosmos* was modified by Dr. Krause before it was translated. I may add that I had obtained Dr. Krause's consent for a translation before your book was announced. I remember this because Mr. Dallas wrote to tell me of the advertisement.—I remain, Yours faithfully, C. DARWIN.

3.

Butler to Darwin.

15 CLIFFORD'S INN, E.C.,
Jan. 21, 1880.

DEAR SIR—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 3rd inst. which I should have done sooner had I not been in great doubt what course to adopt in regard to it.

I have now decided on laying the matter before the public and have accordingly written to *The Athenaeum* stating the facts.—I am, Yours faithfully, S. BUTLER.

4.

Butler in "The Athenaeum" (31 *Jan.* 1880).

"*Evolution Old and New.*"

I beg leave to lay before you the following facts:

On February 22, 1879, my book *Evolution Old and New* was announced. It was published May 3, 1879. It contained a

comparison of the theory of evolution as propounded by Dr. Erasmus Darwin with that of his grandson, Mr. Charles Darwin, the preference being decidedly given to the earlier writer. It also contained other matter which I could not omit, but which I am afraid may have given some offence to Mr. Darwin and his friends. 1880

In November 1879, Mr. Charles Darwin's *Life of Erasmus Darwin* appeared. It is to the line which Mr. Darwin has taken in connexion with this volume that I wish to call attention.

Mr. Darwin states in his preface that he is giving to the public a translation of an article by Dr. Krause, which appeared "in the February number of a well-known German scientific journal, *Kosmos*," then just entered on its second year. He adds in a note that the translator's "scientific reputation, together with his knowledge of German, is a guarantee for its accuracy." This is equivalent, I imagine, to guaranteeing the accuracy himself.

In a second note, upon the following page, he says that my work *Evolution Old and New* "has appeared since the publication of Dr. Krause's article." He thus distinctly precludes his readers from supposing that any passage they may meet with could have been written by the light of, or with reference to, my book.

On reading the English translation I found in it one point which appeared to have been taken from *Evolution Old and New* and another which clearly and indisputably was so; I also found more than one paragraph, but especially the last—and perhaps most prominent in the book, as making the impression it was most desired the reader should carry away with him—which it was hard to believe was not written at myself; but I found no acknowledgment of what seemed taken from *Evolution Old and New* nor any express reference to it.

In the face of the English translation itself, it was incredible that the writer had written without my work before him; in the face of the preface it was no less incredible that Mr. Darwin should have distinctly told his readers that he was giving them one article, when he must have perfectly well known that he was giving them another and very different one.

I therefore sent for the February number of *Kosmos* and compared the original with what purported to be the translation. I found many passages of the German omitted, and many in the English article were wholly wanting in the German. Among these latter were the passages I had conceived to be taken from me and the ones which were most adverse to me.

Dr. Krause's article begins on p. 131 of Mr. Darwin's book. There is new matter on pp. 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138,

1880 139, while almost the whole of pp. 147-152 inclusive and all the last six pages are not to be found in the supposed original.

I then wrote to Mr. Darwin, putting the facts before him as they appeared to myself, and asking for an explanation. I received answer that Dr. Krause's article had been altered since publication, and that the altered MS. had been sent for translation. "This is so common a practice," writes Mr. Darwin, with that "happy simplicity" of which *The Pall Mall Gazette* (Dec. 12th, 1879) declares him to be "a master," "that it never occurred to me to state that the article had been modified; but now I much regret that I did not do so." Mr. Darwin further says that, should there be a reprint of the English *Life of Dr. Darwin*, he will state that the original as it appeared in *Kosmos* was modified by Dr. Krause. He does not, however, either deny or admit that the modification of the article was made by the light of, and with a view to, my book.

It is doubtless a common practice for writers to take an opportunity of revising their works, but it is not common when a covert condemnation of an opponent has been interpolated into a revised edition, the revision of which has been concealed, to declare with every circumstance of distinctness that the condemnation was written prior to the book which might appear to have called it forth, and thus lead readers to suppose that it must be an unbiassed opinion. S. BUTLER.

P.S.—A reviewer in *The Pall Mall Gazette* (Dec. 12th, 1879) quotes the last sentence of the spurious matter, apparently believing it to be genuine. He writes: "Altogether the facts established by Dr. Krause's essay thoroughly justify its concluding words: 'Erasmus Darwin's system was in itself a most significant first step in the path of knowledge which his grandson has opened up for us, but the wish to revive it at the present day, as has actually been seriously attempted, shows a weakness of thought and a mental anachronism which no one can envy.'" On this (which has no place in the original article, and is clearly an interpolation aimed covertly at myself) the reviewer muses forth a general gnome that "the confidence of writers who deal in semi-scientific paradoxes is commonly in inverse proportion to their grasp of the subject." When sentences have been mis-dated, the less they contain about anachronisms the better, and reviewers who do not carefully verify Mr. Darwin's statements should not be too confident that they have grasped their subject.

I have seen also a review of Mr. Darwin's book in *The Popular Science Review* for this current month, and observe that it does "occur to" the writer to state (p. 69), in flat contradiction to the assertions made in the preface of the book he is reviewing,

that only part of Dr. Krause's original essay is being given by 1880
Mr. Darwin. It is plain that this reviewer had seen both *Kosmos* and Mr. Darwin's book.

The writer of the review of *Evolution Old and New*—which immediately follows the one referred to in the preceding paragraph—quotes the passage above given as quoted by *The Pall Mall Gazette*. I see it does "occur to" him, too—again in flat contradiction to Mr. Darwin's preface—to add that "this anachronism has been committed by Mr. Samuel Butler in a . . . little volume now before us, and it is doubtless to this, *which appeared while his own work was in progress* [italics mine], that Dr. Krause alludes in the above passage."

Considering that the editor of *The Popular Science Review* and the translator of Dr. Krause's article for Mr. Darwin are one and the same person, it is likely that *The Popular Science Review* has surmised correctly that Dr. Krause was writing at *Evolution Old and New*; yet he seems to have found it very sufficiently useful to him.

5.

Darwin to "The Athenaeum."

Proposed Letter No. I.

Down, Beckenham.
January 24th, 1880.

Sir—Mr. Butler in his letter in your last number seems to think me guilty of intentional duplicity in not having stated in the preface to my notice of the Life of Erasmus Darwin, that Dr. Krause had considerably altered the article in *Kosmos* before he sent it to Mr. Dallas for translation. In my private letter to Mr. Butler I said that it was so common a practice for an author to alter an article before its republication, that it never occurred to me to state that this had been done in the present case. Afterwards a dim recollection crossed my mind that I had written something on the subject, and I looked at the first proof received from Messrs. Clowes and found in it the following passage, here copied verbatim:

> Dr. Krause has taken great pains, and has added largely to his essay as it appeared in *Kosmos*; and my preliminary notice, having been written before I had seen the additions, unfortunately contains much repetition of what Dr. Krause has said. In fact, the present volume contains two distinct biographies, of which I have no doubt that by Dr. Krause is much the best. I have left it almost wholly to

1880 him to treat of what Dr. Darwin has done in science, more especially in regard to evolution.

This proof sheet was sent to Dr. Krause, with a letter in which I said that on further reflection it seemed to me absurd to publish two accounts of the life of the same man in the same volume; and that as my notice was drawn up chiefly from unpublished documents, it appeared to me best that my account alone of the life should appear in England, with his account of the scientific works of Erasmus Darwin, but that he could, of course, publish the extracts from Miss Seward, etc., in the German edition. Dr. Krause, with the liberality and kindness which has characterised all his conduct towards me, agreed instantly to my suggestion; but added that he thought it better that the text of the German edition should correspond with the English one, and that he would add the extracts, etc., in a supplement or in foot-notes. He then expressly asked me to strike out the passage above quoted, which I did; and having done so, it did not occur to me to add, as I ought to have done, that the retained parts of Dr. Krause's article had been much modified. It seems to me that anyone on comparing the article in *Kosmos* with the translation, and on finding many passages at the beginning omitted and many towards the end added, might have inferred that the author had enlarged and improved it, without suspecting a deep scheme of duplicity. Finally, I may state, as I did in my letter to Mr. Butler, that I obtained Dr. Krause's permission for a translation of his article to appear in England, and Mr. Dallas agreed to translate it, before I heard of any announcement of Mr. Butler's last book.

He is mistaken in supposing that I was offended by his book, for I looked only at the part about the life of Erasmus Darwin; I did not even look at the part about evolution; for I had found in his former work that I could not make his views harmonize with what I knew. I was, indeed, told that this part contained some bitter sarcasms against me; but this determined me all the more not to read it.

As Mr. Butler evidently does not believe my deliberate assertion that the omission of any statement that Dr. Krause had altered his article before sending it for translation, was unintentional or accidental I think that I shall be justified in declining to answer any future attack which Mr. Butler may make on me.—Sir, Your obedient servant, CHARLES DARWIN.

[*Note.*—The passage "He is mistaken . . . not to read it" is marked as having been objected to, and there is a note showing that the whole letter was disapproved of by all Mr. Darwin's family.]

6.

Darwin to "The Athenaeum."

PROPOSED LETTER NO. II.

DOWN, BECKENHAM, KENT,
February 1st, 1880.

"*Evolution Old and New.*"

SIR—In regard to the letter from Mr. Butler which appeared 1880
in your columns last week under the above heading, I wish to state that the omission of any mention of the alterations made by Dr. Krause in his article before it was re-published had no connection whatever with Mr. Butler. I find in the first proofs received from Messrs. Clowes the words: "Dr. Krause has added largely to his essay as it appeared in *Kosmos*." These words were afterwards accidentally omitted, and when I wrote privately to Mr. Butler I had forgotten that they had ever been written. I could explain distinctly how the accident arose, but the explanation does not seem to me worth giving. This omission, as I have already said, I much regret. It is a mere illusion on the part of Mr. Butler to suppose that it could make any difference to me whether or not the public knew that Dr. Krause's article had been added to or altered before being translated. The additions were made quite independently of any suggestion or wish on my part.

As Mr. Butler evidently does not believe my deliberate assertion that the above omission was unintentional, I must decline any further discussion with him.—Sir, Your obedient servant,

CHARLES DARWIN.

7.

Darwin to Huxley.

DOWN, BECKENHAM, KENT,
February 2nd, 1880.

MY DEAR HUXLEY—I am going to ask you to [do] me a great kindness. Mr. Butler has attacked me bitterly, in fact accusing me of lying, duplicity, and God knows what, because I unintentionally omitted to state that Krause had enlarged his *Kosmos* article before sending it for translation. I have written the enclosed letter [Proposed letter No. II.] to *The Athenaeum*, but Litchfield [Mr. Darwin's son-in-law] is strongly opposed to my making any answer, and I enclose his letter, if you can find

1880 time to read it. Of the other members of my family, some are for and some against answering. I should rather like to show that I had intended to state that Krause had enlarged his article. On the other hand a clever and unscrupulous man like Mr. Butler would be sure to twist whatever I may say against me; and the longer the controversy lasts the more degrading it is to me. If my letter is printed, both the Litchfields want me to omit the two sentences now marked by pencil brackets, but I see no reason for the omission.

Now will you do me the lasting kindness to read carefully the attack and my answer, and as I have unbounded confidence in your judgment whatever you advise that I will do: whether you advise me to make no answer or to send the enclosed letter as it stands, or to strike out the sentences between brackets?—Ever yours sincerely,

CHARLES DARWIN.

P.S.—Since writing the above I have received another letter from Litchfield with a splendid imaginary letter from Butler, showing how he probably would travesty my answer. He tells me that he took *The Athenaeum* to Mr. P——and asked him (without giving any hint of his own opinion) whether Butler's attack ought to be answered, and he said "No." But I wait in anxiety for your answer *as this will decide me.*

[*Note.*—The two sentences marked by pencil brackets are "I could explain . . . worth giving," and "As Mr. Butler . . . with him."]

8.

Darwin to Huxley.

DOWN, BECKENHAM, KENT.
Feb. 4 [1880].

MY DEAR HUXLEY—Oh Lord, what a relief your letter has been to me! I feel like a man condemned to be hung who has just got a reprieve. I saw in the future no end of trouble, but I feared that I was bound in honour to answer. If you were here I would show you exactly how the omission arose. . . . You have indeed done me a lasting kindness.—Yours affectionately,

CH. DARWIN.

The affair has annoyed and pained me to a silly extent; but it would be disagreeable to anyone to be publicly called in fact a liar. He seems to hint that I interpolated sentences in Krause's MS., but he could hardly have really thought so. Until quite recently he expressed great friendship for me, and said he had learnt all he knew about evolution from my books, and I have

no idea what has made him so bitter against me. You have done 1880
me a great kindness. . . .

9.

Extracts from Chapter iv. of "Unconscious Memory" (published 1880).

By far the most important notice of *Evolution Old and New* was that taken by Mr. Darwin himself; for I can hardly be mistaken in believing that Dr. Krause's article would have been allowed to repose unaltered in the pages of the well-known German scientific journal, *Kosmos*, unless something had happened to make Mr. Darwin feel that his reticence concerning his grandfather must now be ended. . . .

This [Darwin's letter of 3 January 1880] was not a letter I could accept. If Mr. Darwin had said that by some inadvertence, which he was unable to excuse or account for, a blunder had been made which he would at once correct so far as was in his power by a letter to *The Times* or *The Athenaeum*, and that a notice of the erratum should be printed on a fly leaf and pasted into all unsold copies of the *Life of Erasmus Darwin*, there would have been no more heard of the matter from me; but when Mr. Darwin maintained that it was a common practice to take advantage of an opportunity of revising a work to interpolate a covert attack upon an opponent, and at the same time to misdate the interpolated matter by expressly stating that it appeared months sooner than it actually did, and prior to the work which it attacked; when he maintained that what was being done was "so common a practice that it never occurred" to him—the writer of some twenty volumes—to do what all literary men must know to be inexorably requisite, I thought this was going far beyond what was permissible in honourable warfare and that it was time, in the interests of literary and scientific morality, even more than in my own, to appeal to public opinion. I was particularly struck with the use of the words "it never occurred to me" and felt how completely of a piece it was with the opening paragraph of *The Origin of Species*.[1] It was not merely that it did not occur to Mr. Darwin to state that the article had been modified since it was written—this would have been bad enough under the circumstances—but that it did occur to him to go out of his way to say what was not true. There was no necessity for him to have said anything about my book. It appeared, moreover, inadequate to tell me that if a reprint of the English *Life* was wanted (which might

[1] The opening paragraph of *The Origin of Species* is quoted by Butler in his letter to *Nature* of 3 Feb. 1881 given post, p. 460.

1880 or might not be the case, and if it was not the case, why, a shrug of the shoulders and I must make the best of it), Mr. Darwin might perhaps silently omit his note about my book, as he omitted his misrepresentation about the author of *The Vestiges of Creation* and put the words "revised and corrected by the author" on his title-page. . . .

When I thought of Buffon, of Dr. Erasmus Darwin, of Lamarck, and even of the author of *The Vestiges of Creation* to all of whom Mr. Darwin had dealt the same measure which he was now dealing to myself; when I thought of these great men, now dumb, who had borne the burden and heat of the day, and whose laurels had been filched from them; of the manner, too, in which Mr. Darwin had been abetted by those who should have been the first to detect the fallacy which had misled him; of the hotbed of intrigue which science has now become; of the disrepute into which we English must fall as a nation if such practices as Mr. Darwin had attempted in this case were to be tolerated; when I thought of all this, I felt that though prayers for the repose of dead men's souls might be unavailing, yet a defence of their work and memory, no matter against what odds, might avail the living, and resolved that I would do my utmost to make my countrymen aware of the spirit now ruling among those whom they delight to honour. . . .

Here, then, I take leave of this matter for the present. If it appears that I have used language such as is rarely seen in controversy, let the reader remember that the occasion is, so far as I know, unparalleled for the cynicism and audacity with which the wrong complained of was committed and persisted in. I trust, however, that though not indifferent to this, my indignation has been mainly roused, as when I wrote *Evolution Old and New*, before Mr. Darwin had given me personal grounds of complaint against him, by the wrongs he has inflicted on dead men on whose behalf I now fight, as I trust that some one—whom I thank by anticipation—may one day fight on mine.

10.

Butler in "The St. James's Gazette" (8 *Dec.* 1880).

Mr. Darwin and Mr. Butler.

I should fail in respect to your readers if I were to let your review of my book, *Unconscious Memory*, pass entirely without notice.

Your reviewer is mistaken in thinking that I have any quarrel with Mr. Dallas, who, it seems to me, was placed in a

difficult position and behaved very well. Dr. Krause should not have taken passages from me without acknowledgment; but "this is so common a practice that it never occurred to me" to be angry at it. My complaint is against Mr. Darwin only, and rests upon the following grounds: 1880

In February, 1879, Dr. Krause published an account of Dr. Erasmus Darwin in a German periodical, *Kosmos*. At the end of the same month my book, *Evolution Old and New*, was announced. It was published May 3, 1879. It contained a comparison of the theory of evolution as propounded by Dr. Erasmus Darwin with that of his grandson, Mr. Charles Darwin, the preference being decidedly given to the earlier writer. It also contained other matter which I could not omit, but which I am afraid Mr. Darwin and his friends did not like.

In the summer of 1879 a translation of Dr. Krause's essay with a preliminary life of Dr. Erasmus Darwin was announced as forthcoming from the pen of Mr. Charles Darwin. In November, 1879, it appeared. In his preface to this work Mr. Darwin stated that he was giving a translation of the article by Dr. Krause which had appeared in *Kosmos*; he said the accuracy of the translation was guaranteed by the well-known attainments of the translator, Mr. W. S. Dallas. He further expressly stated that my work *Evolution Old and New* appeared since Dr. Krause's article. At the time he said this he was not giving the article as it stood before *Evolution Old and New* was published, but another and very different one—namely, the article after it had been modified by the light of, and with a view to, *Evolution Old and New*, so as to become practically an attack upon that work.

When I say modified, I do not mean a little modified, but greatly and materially so; pages together of the original article being omitted, and pages together of entirely new matter introduced. I may say that one new passage of nearly two pages, consisting of translation from Buffon, was obviously derived from *Evolution Old and New* itself; I thus prove that Dr. Krause had *Evolution Old and New* before him while revising his work. Another new passage is presumably from the same source. The concluding six pages of the professed translation are entirely new. The last, and perhaps most prominent, sentence is as follows: "Erasmus Darwin's system was in itself a most significant first step in the path of knowledge which his grandson has opened up to us; but to wish to revive it at the present day, as has actually been seriously attempted, shows a weakness of thought and a mental anachronism which no one can envy." This passage is in itself an anachronism, as I have elsewhere said, for it is antedated. Through Mr. Darwin's preface it professes to have appeared in February, 1879. It did not appear till November 1879. Mr.

1880 Darwin says it appeared before my book *Evolution Old and New*; it did not appear till six months afterwards. It is spurious—not what it professes to be; for it professes, through Mr. Darwin's preface, to be translated from a certain article in *Kosmos*, whereas the article contains no such passage. It is an interpolation directed at myself. Professedly written by one who had never seen *Evolution Old and New*; in truth written at that book by one who had it before him.

I wrote to Mr. Darwin, and said in substance: "There is an attack upon my last book apparently interpolated into a work for which you are responsible, and you have expressly stated that the attack appeared before my book was published; will you explain?" Mr. Darwin replied that Dr. Krause had indeed altered his article before it was translated, and continued, "This is so common a practice that it never occurred to me to state that the article had been modified; but I now much regret that I did not do so. . . . Should there be a reprint of the English *Life* I will state that the article as it appeared in *Kosmos* was modified by Dr. Krause before it was translated." The rest of the letter is irrelevant. This ignored my complaint. Mr. Darwin's letter, though it sounds like an apology, is a skilful evasion of the gravamen, and, as such, an aggravation of the offence. He neither admits nor denies that a covert attack upon myself had been interpolated and antedated. He does not attempt to repair the mischief temporarily by any of the many and easy means of doing so. The only reparation he offers is contingent upon a second edition of the *Life of Erasmus Darwin* being called for. As a matter of fact, a second edition has not been called for.

The substance of the foregoing appeared in a letter which I wrote to *The Athenaeum*, January 31, 1880. The charge was grave; it was made with great publicity; I gave my name, and referred to accessible documents, but there was no rejoinder. I have therefore gone more fully into the matter in *Unconscious Memory*, in the hope of drawing attention to what, on public grounds, should not be allowed to pass over in silence.

For the rest, let me ask your readers to turn to *Unconscious Memory* itself. The book is short, and printed in a clear large type, which will render it easy reading.

I would also ask your reviewer to be kind enough to refer your readers and myself to those passages of Mr. Herbert Spencer's *Principles of Psychology* which in any direct, intelligible way refer the phenomena of instinct and heredity generally to memory on the part of offspring of the action which it bona fide took in the persons of its ancestors. I shall be delighted to make acquaintance with them.

Dec. 4 [1880].

11.

Butler to Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

15 CLIFFORD'S INN, E.C.
Feb. 1st, 1881.

Private.

GENTLEMEN—I have received a letter from the editor of 1881
Nature declining to insert my letter unless I modify it so as not to make it "a vehicle for attacking Mr. Darwin." It is obvious that this is impossible if I am to reply adequately to Mr. Romanes' article and Dr. Krause's letter.

I received proof direct from the printer yesterday evening, corrected it, made some additions and posted it before I received the editor of *Nature's* letter. The proof as *returned corrected* is the only reply which will set my case adequately before the public. I consider therefore that the editor of *Nature* declines to insert my rejoinder and reply to Dr. Krause.

If I understand my position rightly—and I should say that the counsel's opinion which my solicitors are taking has not yet reached them—the matter is not one between myself and the editor of *Nature* but between myself and you as publishers of the matter complained of. I must inform you therefore that unless my letter as returned amended to the printers last night is inserted in the next number of *Nature* I consider you to have refused the redress which I have applied for.

This letter is written without prejudice to any course I may be presently advised to take.—I am, Yours faithfully,

S. BUTLER.

12.

Butler in "Nature" (3 *Feb.* 1881).

MR. S. BUTLER'S *UNCONSCIOUS MEMORY.*

I must reply to the review [signed by Mr. Romanes] of my book *Unconscious Memory* in your issue of the 27th inst., and to Dr. Krause's letter on the same subject in the same issue.

Mr. Romanes accuses me of having made "a vile and abusive attack upon the personal character of a man in the position of Mr. Darwin" which I suppose is Mr. Romanes' way of saying that I have made a vile and abusive personal attack on Mr. Darwin himself. It is true I have attacked Mr. Darwin, but Mr. Romanes has done nothing to show that I was not warranted in doing so. I said that Mr. Darwin's most important predecessors as writers upon evolution were Buffon, Dr. Erasmus

1881 Darwin, Lamarck and the author of *The Vestiges of Creation.* In the first edition of *The Origin of Species* Mr. Darwin did not allude to Buffon nor to Dr. Erasmus Darwin, he hardly mentioned Lamarck, and he ignored the author of *The Vestiges of Creation* except in one sentence. This sentence was so gross a misrepresentation that it was expunged—silently—in later editions. Mr. Romanes does not and cannot deny any part of this.

I said Mr. Darwin tacitly claimed to be the originator of the theory of evolution, which he so mixed up with the theory of "Natural Selection" as to mislead his readers. Mr. Romanes will not gainsay this. Here is the opening sentence of *The Origin of Species*:

> When on board H.M.S. *Beagle* as naturalist, I was much struck with certain facts in the distribution of the inhabitants of South America, and in the geological relations of the present to the past inhabitants of that continent. These facts seemed to me to throw some light on the origin of species—that mystery of mysteries, as it has been called by one of our greatest philosophers. On my return home, it occurred to me, in 1837, that something might perhaps be made out on this question by patiently accumulating and reflecting on all sorts of facts which could possibly have any bearing on it. After five years' work I allowed myself to speculate on the subject and drew up some short notes; these I enlarged in 1844 into a sketch of the conclusions, which then seemed to me probable; from that period to the present day I have steadily pursued the same object. I hope that I may be excused for entering on these personal details, as I give them to show that I have not been hasty in coming to a decision"—(*Origin of Species*, p. 1. ed. 1859).

What could more completely throw us off the scent of the earlier evolutionists, or more distinctly imply that the whole theory of evolution that followed was an original growth in Mr. Darwin's own mind?

Mr. Romanes implies that I imagine Mr. Darwin to have "entered into a foul conspiracy with Dr. Krause, the editor of *Kosmos*" as against my book *Evolution Old and New*, and later on he supposes me to believe that I have discovered what he calls, in a style of English peculiar to our leading scientists, "an erroneous conspiracy." The idea of any conspiracy at all never entered my mind, and there is not a word in *Unconscious Memory* which will warrant Mr. Romanes' imputation. A man may make a cat's paw of another without entering into a conspiracy with him.

Later on Mr. Romanes says that I published *Evolution Old and New* in the hope of gaining some notoriety by deserving, and

perhaps receiving, a contemptuous refutation at the hands of Mr. Darwin. I will not characterise this accusation in the terms which it merits. 1881

I turn now to Dr. Krause's letter, and take its paragraphs in order.

1. Dr. Krause implies that the knowledge of what I was doing could have had nothing to do with Mr. Darwin's desire to bring out a translation of his (Dr. Krause's) essay, inasmuch as Mr. Darwin informed him of his desire to have the essay translated "more than two months prior to the publication of" my book *Evolution Old and New*. This, I have no doubt, is true, but it does not make against the assumption which I made in *Unconscious Memory*, for *Evolution Old and New* was *announced* fully ten weeks before it was published. It was first announced on February 22, 1879, as about to contain "copious extracts" from the works of Dr. Erasmus Darwin and a comparison of his theory with that of his grandson Mr. Charles Darwin. This announcement would show Mr. Darwin very plainly what my book was likely to contain; but Dr. Krause does not say that Mr. Darwin wrote to him before February 22, 1879—presumably because he cannot do so. I assumed that Mr. Darwin wrote somewhere about March 1, which would still be "more than two months before" the publication of *Evolution Old and New*.

2. Dr. Krause says I assume that "Mr. Darwin had urged him to insert an underhand attack upon him (Mr. Butler)." I did not assume this; I did not believe it; I have not said anything that can be construed to this effect. I said that Dr. Krause's concluding sentence was an attack upon me; Dr. Krause admits this. I said that under the circumstances of Mr. Darwin's preface (which distinctly precluded the reader from believing that it could be meant for me) the attack was not an open but a covert one; that it was spurious—not what through Mr. Darwin's preface it professed to be; that it was antedated; that it was therefore a spurious and covert attack upon an opponent interpolated into a revised edition, the revision of which had been concealed. This was what I said, but it is what neither Mr. Romanes nor Dr. Krause ventures to deny. I neither thought nor implied that Mr. Darwin asked Dr. Krause to write the attack. This would not be at all in Mr. Darwin's manner.

3. Dr. Krause does not deny that he had my book before him when he was amending his article. He admits having taken a passage from it without acknowledgment. He calls a page and a half "a remark," I call it "a passage." He says he did not take a second passage. I did not say he had. I only said the second passage was "presumably" taken from my book, whereas the first "certainly" was so. The presumption was strong, for

1881 the passage in question was not in Dr. Krause's original article; it was in my book which Dr. Krause admits to have had before him when amending his article; but if Dr. Krause says it is merely a coincidence, there is an end of the matter.

4. Dr. Krause, taking up the cudgels for Mr. Darwin, does not indeed deny the allegations I have made as to the covertness and spuriousness and antedating of the attack upon myself, but contends that "this is not due to design, but is simply the result of an oversight"; he is good enough to add that this oversight "could only be most agreeable" to myself. When I am not in the wrong I prefer my friends to keep as closely as they can to the facts, and to leave it to me to judge whether a modification of them would be most agreeable to myself or no. What, I wonder, does Dr. Krause mean by oversight? Does he mean that Mr. Darwin did not know the conclusion of Dr. Krause's article to be an attack upon myself? Dr. Krause says, "To every reader posted up in the subject this could not be doubtful," meaning, I suppose, that no one could doubt that I was the person aimed at. Does he mean to say Mr. Darwin did not know he was giving a revised article as an unrevised one? Does he mean that Mr. Darwin did not know he was saying what was not true when he said that my book appeared subsequently to what he was then giving to the public? Does he pretend that Mr. Darwin's case was not apparently made better and mine worse by the supposed oversight? If the contention of oversight is possible, surely Mr. Darwin would make it himself, and surely also he would have made it earlier? Granting for a moment that an author of Mr. Darwin's experience could be guilty of such an oversight, why did he not when it was first pointed out, more than twelve months since, take one of the many and easy means at his disposal of repairing in public the injury he had publicly inflicted? If he had done this he would have heard no more about the matter from me. As it was, he evaded my gravamen and the only step he ever proposed to take was made contingent upon a reprint of his book being called for. As a matter of fact, a reprint has not been called for. Mr. Darwin's only excuse for what he had done, in his letter to myself, was that it was "so common a practice" for an author to take an opportunity of revising his work that "it never occurred to" him to state that Dr. Krause's article had been modified. It is doubtless a common practice for authors to revise their work but it is not common when an attack upon an opponent is known to have been interpolated into a revised edition, the revision of which is concealed, to state with every circumstance of distinctness that the attack was published prior to the work which is attacked.

To conclude—I suppose Mr. Romanes will maintain me to

be so unimportant a person that Mr. Darwin has no call to bear 1882–5
in mind the first principles of fair play where I am concerned, just as we need keep no faith with the lower animals. If Mr. Darwin chooses to take this ground, and does not mind going on selling a book which contains a grave inaccuracy, advantageous to himself and prejudicial to another writer, without taking any steps to correct it, he is welcome to do so as far as I am concerned —he hurts himself more than he hurts me. But there is another aspect of the matter to which I am less indifferent: I refer to its bearing upon the standard of good faith and gentlemanly conduct which should prevail among Englishmen—and perhaps among Germans too. I maintain that Mr. Darwin's action and that of those who, like Mr. Romanes, defend it has a lowering effect upon this standard. S. BUTLER.

13.

[Butler's Preface to the Second Edition (1882) of *Evolution Old and New* written on the occasion of the death of Charles Darwin appears in the text of this Memoir, vol. I. p. 370.]

14.

Translation by Butler of an Extract from "Charles Darwin" by Ernst Krause (Leipzig, 1885), pp. 185, 186.

Unfortunately there was an oversight in connection with this version [*Erasmus Darwin*] which, though of trifling importance, gave occasion to vindictive attacks upon Darwin. He had forgotten in his preface to say that my essay had been revised and added to before being translated. One of the additions was the concluding sentence of the essay, which ran as follows:

> Erasmus Darwin's system was in itself a most significant first step in the path of knowledge which his grandson has opened up to us, but to wish to revive it at the present day, as has actually been seriously attempted, shows a weakness of thought and a mental anachronism which no one can envy.

These words referred to an English author Mr. Samuel Butler, who three months after the appearance of my essay had published a book (*Evolution Old and New*. London, 1879) which, among other absurdities, sought to show that the theory of evolution put forward by Erasmus Darwin was much more sensible and more near the truth than that of his grandson.

1885 As soon as the English version of my essay, with Darwin's introduction, had appeared, this not very scrupulous writer, in his endeavour to make it a means of gaining notoriety, accused Darwin in several English journals of having had the translation made for the sole purpose of endeavouring to discredit by anticipation his book *Evolution Old and New* which, when the translation was begun, had not yet been published. He contended that, with this end in view, Darwin had purposely said nothing about the revision of my essay, and given the revised translation as though it were an accurate version of the original essay. In vain did Darwin write to his accuser expressing regret for his "serious oversight" and promising in a future edition to remove the cause. Samuel Butler came out remorselessly with a bulky book (*Unconscious Memory*. London, 1880) against "the falsifier." The cause was ridiculous, for, if the oversight had been intentional, the only person whom it could have benefited was Mr. Butler himself, inasmuch as if the essay was what it professed to be the fact of its having been written three or four months before Mr. Butler's book showed that the author could not possibly have been intending to class Mr. Butler with the weak-minded people mentioned in the article. A document which mentions Charlemagne cannot have been written before the birth of Christ, and one who is forging a pre-Christian Codex will be careful to avoid alluding to him.

The occurrence is worth referring to for two reasons—firstly inasmuch as many readers may have heard of it without at the same time hearing the explanation; and secondly because it shows that in spite of the superficial respect that was paid to him there was an ever-smouldering dislike for the disturber of men's peace; indeed many of the best reviews and newspapers in England were not ashamed to notice these attacks which were no less frivolous than absurd, and this shows what their real disposition was. Did it never occur to any of these before receiving such an odious attack to ask themselves why Mr. Butler should attack with such severity a simple act of forgetfulness which hurt nobody and was fraught with the most obvious advantage to himself?

15.

Butler's Note on the above Extract (*No.* 14).

Dr. Krause omits to say that though Mr. Darwin forgot to say that the essay had been revised, he did not forget to go out of his way to say something which he perfectly well knew to be untrue. My gravamen is not the omission of reference to

the revision, but Mr. Darwin's express declaration on the first 1887
page of his preface that he was giving an accurate translation of the essay as it originally appeared, and his no less express declaration on the second that *Evolution Old and New* appeared subsequently to what he was giving to the public, though at the time he said this he was fully aware that what he was giving had been remodelled by the light of *Evolution Old and New* and transformed into a covert attack upon it. The concluding sentence gave the reader to understand that what I had done was something which others had already been doing, and which was notoriously silly. For Dr. Krause's contention of forgetfulness and his argument about Charlemagne to hold good something should have been said which could not have referred to anyone except me. This, of course, was avoided.

16.

Butler in "The Athenaeum" (26 *Nov.* 1887).

MR. DARWIN AND MR. S. BUTLER.

15 CLIFFORD'S INN, FLEET STREET, *Nov.* 22, 1887.

In Mr. Francis Darwin's recently published Life and Letters of the late Charles Darwin I find the following passage:

> The publication of the *Life of Erasmus Darwin* led to an attack by Mr. Samuel Butler, which amounted to a charge of falsehood against my father. After consulting his friends, he came to the determination to leave the charge unanswered, as being unworthy of his notice.[1] Those who wish to know more of the matter may gather the facts of the case from Ernst Krause's *Charles Darwin* and they will find Mr. Butler's statement of his grievance in *The Athenaeum*, January 31st, 1880, and in *The St. James's Gazette*, December 8th, 1880. The affair gave my father much pain, but the warm sympathy of those whose opinion he respected soon helped him to let it pass into a well-merited oblivion.

If the affair "well merits oblivion" why does not Mr. Francis Darwin leave it alone? It has caused as much pain to myself as it can have caused the late Mr. Charles Darwin, and drawn upon me an obloquy not more easy to bear for being

[1] He had, in a letter to Mr. Butler, expressed his regret at the oversight which caused so much offence. [Note by Mr. F. Darwin.]

1887 unmerited. I had resolved never to return to the subject, and, though very angrily attacked in respect to it by Dr. Krause in his German work *Charles Darwin* was advised to say no more unless attacked in English. In *Luck or Cunning?*, therefore, published a year ago, I refrained even from remote allusion to it. Now that Mr. Francis Darwin has reopened the matter let me ask why he has omitted to refer his readers to my book *Unconscious Memory* and to my letter to *Nature*, February 3rd, 1881, in both which places he is well aware that I stated the case with far greater fulness than in your columns or in *The St. James's Gazette*; and why does he not refer to some English publication for a statement of his father's case, instead of to a German book which few of his readers are likely to see?

In *Unconscious Memory* I have explained that the letter to myself, in which Mr. Francis Darwin says his father expressed his regret, was in reality an aggravation of the offence. It is very short; why, I wonder, if it was a sufficient expression of regret, has not Mr. Francis Darwin printed it? He now contends that I brought a charge of falsehood against his father so frivolous that there can have been no necessity to reply to it. I, on the other hand, contend that Mr. Francis Darwin is trying to justify at my expense a high-handed action of his father's and to evade challenges repeatedly made which neither the late Mr. Darwin nor any of his successors has ever ventured to take up. I repeat, then, that the late Mr. C. Darwin's pretended translation of Dr. Krause's article was a garbled, antedated, and hence misleading version; that Mr. Darwin knew the article had, since its original publication, been manipulated in a sense seriously hostile to me and favourable to himself; that, in spite of this knowledge, he said in his preface to *Erasmus Darwin* that he was giving the original article; expressly stated that my own book had appeared subsequently to this, though he knew that what he was giving to the public had been modified by the light of, and turned into an attack on, my book; and on complaint from me he took not one single step towards a public correction of his misstatement.

S. BUTLER.

17.

Butler in "The Academy" (17 *Dec.* 1887).

"*Erasmus Darwin*" *and* "*Evolution Old and New.*"

LONDON, *Dec.* 14, 1887.

On Saturday last a new edition of the late Mr. Charles Darwin's *Erasmus Darwin* was advertised, of which till then I

knew nothing. In this edition a foot-note, which runs as 1887
follows, is added to the original preface:

> Mr. Darwin accidentally omitted to mention that Dr. Krause revised, and made certain additions to, his essay before it was translated. Among these additions is an allusion to Mr. Butler's book, *Evolution Old and New.*

Mr. Francis Darwin, who appears to be responsible for this foot-note, fails to see that what I have always complained of was not an accidental omission, but a deliberate suppressio veri. In the original preface the late Mr. Darwin told his readers he was giving them a certain article and went out of his way to state expressly that "Mr. Butler's work, *Evolution Old and New*," had appeared "since the publication" of that article. When Mr. Darwin said this he knew that he was not giving the original article which he said he was giving. He knew that Dr. Krause had recast his article, had had *Evolution Old and New* before him while doing so, and had turned the revision into an attack upon that book. It is idle to say that Mr. Darwin did not know he was suppressing a material point, which, if expressed, would have done away with the appearance of independent condemnation of my views which, as it was, was offered to the public.

In his recently published Autobiography Mr. Darwin refers to his *Erasmus Darwin* as follows:

> In 1879 I had a translation of Dr. Ernst Krause's *Life of Erasmus Darwin* published, and I added a sketch of his character and habits from material in my possession. Many persons have been much interested with this little life, and I am surprised that only 800 or 900 copies were sold.

There is not here a word of compunction about the alleged oversight. The only thing that seems to exercise him is that he did not sell more copies; and yet in Mr. Francis Darwin's Life and Letters of his father we read that "he had a keen sense of the honour that ought to reign among authors, and had a horror of any kind of laxness in quoting" (vol. I. p. 157).

Mr. Francis Darwin has now stultified his father's original preface; and this, I suppose, I ought to take as an amende. Very well, I take it, somewhat, I am afraid, in the same spirit as that in which it is offered; and shall return to the silence which I had kept for some years and which, if Mr. Francis Darwin had not recently reopened the subject, I should not have broken.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

APPENDIX D

CHRONOLOGY AND ADDENDA FOR *THE WAY OF ALL FLESH*

CHRONOLOGY OF THE NOVEL

MS.		
p. 1	1727	Old Mr. and Mrs. Pontifex born.
	1800	Christina born chap. ix.
	1801	John Pontifex born.
p. 1 p. 20	1802	I born p. 1, and Theobald (my name is Edward p. 7)
	1750	Old Pontifex married p. 11.
p. 12	1765	George Pontifex born in January.
	1780	Mrs. Fairlie came to stay with old P. p. 15.
	1790	G. P. went into partnership p. 19.
	1797	He married p. 19 a woman 7 years younger thn hiself.
p. 67 & 73	1798	Xtina born.
	1805	Alethæa Pontifex born and her mother died p. 20.
	1811	Old Mrs. Pontifex died aged 84 p. 22.
	1812	Old Mr. P. „ „ 85 p. 23.
		Theobald's correspondence with his father found by Ernest and given to myself on Theobald's death. 51.
	1825	spring Theobald took his degree p. 58.
	„	autumn was ordained p. 58.
	1825	Nov. went over first to the Allabys.
	1831	July—married—p. 93.
	1832	January. I go and stay with them. Ellen born.
	1835	Ernest born Sep. 6.
	1838	Old Pontifex died æt. 73 or in the 73d year.
	1836	Sep. Joseph Pontifex born Vol. I. pt. 2. p. 18.
	1837	Aug. the daughter born.
	1848	Jany. He is 12 and goes to school. Chap. xxii.

1848 Jany. He goes to school.
1849 Augt. his aunt Alethæa goes down.
1850 Easter she dies.
„ Ellen went to Battersby aged 18. born 1832.
1851 Mids. his bad character.
„ „ The Ellen row.
1854 Oct. He goes to Cambridge.
1856 Sep. 6. came of age.
1858 Feb. took his degree.
„ Ember weeks was ordained and goes up to London.
1859 Spring, wrote his mad letters.
„ Mar. 26 was arrested.
„ Sep. 28 „ released.
„ Oct. 15 „ married—he just turned 24.
1860 Easter prosperous—his wife begins to drink.
1860 Sep. a girl born.
1861 „ A boy „ All his prosperity now at an end. His wife ruins him. Then he saw what the devil had been at with him.
1862 Mar. 25. he sees John and finds out that he is not married.
1862 Ap. 15. Goes abroad with me.
1863 Sep. 5 is 28 yrs. old and comes into his money.
„ November. Xtina dies.
1867 Chap. xlvi. and chap. lxxxxix.
1881 Theobald died.

ADDENDA FOR THE PONTIFEX NOVEL[1]

Dawson 2 write a letter to Ernest as per one o' Joe McCormick's 2 me. Ernest says "if a man has remembered his creator in e days o' hs youth &c."

But no one ever knew better than Shakespeare that one touch &c.

Have you sd that Theob. and Xtna loved Ernest "too wisely but not well"?

Ernest to know nothing but half pennies.

"May I have the baby when it is worn out."

We unfold our days as one who plays patience.

There are people who will shake their wills at those nearest to them up to the last moment of their lives—no matter how old

[1] At the time Butler wrote these addenda he had adopted on trial a method of abbreviation here preserved, *e.g.* 2 for to; o' for of; v for very.

their children. It is all v. well to say that it is a person's own fault if he allows this &c. He often cannot help it.

If it includes ye bishop, and such men we wl say as Prof. Huxley and Tyndal—let it include ye fortune teller too.

That God *is* a respecter of money, whether he respects persons or no and he seldom goes behind ye money. See remarks in C.P. bk. pp. 822, 823.[1]

If a man sins agst money it is ye sin agst ye H.G.

Y^e rarer virtues 2 be treated as botanists treat rare plants and exterminated.

Give Theobald an epitaph.

Have you got "how hardly shall they that have riches &c."?

Ernest to say of Charlotte "She is an idyllic cat" after reading her letter.

Bishop Ellicott on ye furtive progress o' high churchism—see *Times* Jan. 17 1885 (for note to ye episode re this in the deathbed o' Xtina chapters).

Charlotte to make Mrs. Henty's speech C.P. bk. 228.

Let us settle about ye facts first and fight &c. 744 &c.

If manners make ye man much more do they make the woman 818.

That we shall all one day lose our money is as certain as that we shall all one day die. 822, 823 & 824.

Amy's dogs carrying a bit of ham in their mouths.

"Happily they are rotten at ye core."

Xtina's kitten might have grown into a formidable cat if Theobald hd not killed it when he did.

For ye same scene "He reflected that he and Christina were united it must be for years and it might be for ever."

My father's Woodsias.

Boss—her backbone curdled and her heart jumped out of its socket.

The natural child.

"He is Mr. B's child not mine."

"Its a shilling off ye rent."

What chance wd St. Paul's Epistles or ye gospel o' St. John have o' being admitted into a Xtian journal.

See extract from Bishop Ellicott's charge C.P. bk. 801 or rather *Times* Jan. 17. 1885.

Xt. is indeed abt our bed and abt our path &c. 624.

Bishop Butler worsted in an encounter with y^e evil one when he published y^e analogy 630.

Charlotte put herself on y^e family pedestal, or ws put there by Xtina and all were to bow y^e knee before her.

---

[1] C.P. bk. = Commonplace Book, *i.e.* the Note-Books.

If God would only marry her daughter she cd do all y^e^ rest herself.

Y^e^ mixture o' y^e^ black and white notes being so beautiful.

She was a *very* Gothic woman like a recumbent crusader.

"She committed her soul to him on whom she relied as alone worthy of its care."

She was sensible—as sensible that is to say as she ever was—nearly to the last.

All the house linen was marked "Worsley."

How I called on Aunt Sarah after Uncle John's death.

For Pont. Novel—"At that time every Jewish mother thought herself &c." I give the Jewish mothers credit for more sense.

Mrs. Jupp said she thought two gentlemen together was so very insipid.

She enounced herself like the subject of a fugue.

Charlotte to write and say she "believes it is not unfrequently done" (to tip servants).

Charlotte on his father's death offers him his father's under clothing.

The same old fluff "and the mousedirts was cruel."

"He was a shabby man in his ways and rather busy and not very sincere. In fact they are all shabby. This young man's aunt sold all her father's sermons for waste paper at 1½ a lb. to wrap butter and bacon in, at a shop in this town, and many of the inhabitants out of respect to their old vicar gave 2d. for a whole sermon."

Extract from a letter from my gt. Aunt Mrs. Paley of Easingwold (daughter-in-law of the Evidences &c. mother of Prof. F. A. Paley) to my grandfather
date abt May 20, 1835.

Let Ernest make some remarks about Casabianca.

APPENDIX E

INVENTORIES FOR OUTINGS

[*Note.*—Butler began drawing up Inventories for Outings because, when away from home, he so frequently found that he had brought things he did not want and forgotten things he did want. He reconsidered the lists during every outing until they finally shaped themselves into those which follow, the MS. of which is in Alfred's handwriting. The one headed "Foreign Outing" includes *Erewhon Revisited*, but as he does not say whether he was to take an advance copy or the published book it is not clear whether it refers to the spring or the autumn of 1901 or to his last journey in 1902.]

Boulogne

Night-shirt. 3 pr. Socks. 6 Collars. 8 Handkfs. Necktie. Laces. Menthol. Slippers. Medicine Chest. Sponges, etc., wrapped in Towel. Sticking-plaster. Portfolio fully charged. MS. Music Book and paper. Small Note Book. Cigarettes and Mouthpieces. Clothes and Hat-brush. Scissors. Court-plaster. Looking-glass. Copying-ink. Map.

Sling Bag. Foreign money. Large Rug. Overcoat. Cap. Paperknife. Field Glasses.

Shrewsbury

Night-shirt. 2 pr. Socks. 3 Collars. 6 Handkfs. Dress Suit. Shirt. Studs. Tie. Dress Boots. Medicine Chest. Portfolio. Copying-ink. Menthol. Cigarettes. Mouthpieces. Clothes-brush. Slippers. Sponges. Hair-brushes, &c., wrapped in Towel.

Sling Bag. Overcoat. Rug.

Foreign Outing

Handle Half of Gladstone Bag.—MS. Music Book. Copying paper. Driers. Oil Sheets. Spare drawing-paper. Best Coat & Vest. Flannel Shirt. Rulers. Case for paint-brushes and pencils. Japanned Tray. Slippers. Strop. Medicine Chest. Looking-glass. Hat & Clothes-brush. 2 pr. of Socks. 12 Handkfs. W.C. paint-box and bottle. Top of Camp-stool.

The Other Half.—Best trousers. Collar-box, contg. Collars; Horn Cup; Bootlaces; Ties; Cotton-wool. Towel. *Erewhon* and *E. Revisited.*

Sandwich-box, contg. Menthol; Bread-box; Toothpicks; Scissors; Water-colours; Sponges; India-rubber; Cork of drawing-pins; Sticking-plaster; Elastic bands; Mouthpieces; 2 Note-Books; Studs; Corks; Corkscrew; Spare knife; Stiletto; Paper-fasteners; Waverley pens; Red Chalk; Pencil; Caustic; Compasses; Diarrhoea pills; Magnifying-glass.

Night-shirt. Sponge and Case. Hair-brushes. Tooth-brush. Soap. Tooth-powder. Vaseline. Spare specs.

In the Flap.—Lint. Diachylon plasters. Powders. Paint rags. Visiting Cards. Newspaper Wrappers. Curlpapers.

Sling Bag.—A/c Book. Passport. Ticket. Small Sketch-book. Sketching Portfolio charged. Writing Portfolio charged. Paperknife. Cap. Copying-ink. Telescope.

In Overcoat Pocket.—Cigarettes. Mouthpieces. Gloves.

Roll.—Rug. Umbrella. Under Vest. Drawers. Camp tripod.

Foreign money. Linen Bag.

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